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NOTES

OF A

TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ITALY.

BY

HAMILTON GEALE, ESQ.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"Del bel paese là dove 'l sì suona."

DANTE.

DUBLIN

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TO THE

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FROM

Our Note-Book

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PREFACE.

FROM him who ventures forth as the author of another work upon Italy, some apology will be required; it seems like presumption to tread in the steps of Eustace and Forsyth, and Lady Morgan (not to mention so many others), over the oft-travelled highways of this classic land—and yet, perhaps, there is more to excuse such, than almost any other literary enterprise. While the world endures, Italy will ever present to mankind the same charms and the same interest; but different minds will behold this lovely country with different views, and under different circumstances, though all with feelings such as no other European land awakens. The scholar and the artist will regard her for her past glory and the monuments of her ancient greatness; the lover of nature, for her teeming fertility and lovely climate; the poet, for all combined in that "immaculate charm which cannot be effaced," and which, even in her ruin, has shed upon Italy an undying beauty. It is not, then, surprising that, out of the crowds of pilgrims to this "bright, sunny land," so many, in the pleasure of marking an epoch of their lives, and recording the birth of new ideas, or at least of new tastes, should forget their usual prudence, and rush into print. How far this

"error et levis hæc insania" may have influenced me, I will not say; but I may observe (although I feel it is no excuse for their want of merit), that these notes were written more as an exercise to assist me in recalling what I had seen and studied during our residence in different parts of Italy, than with any definite idea of publication. Recent events, however, in Italy, and the deep interest which I feel in the cause of her oppressed people, now struggling to regain their long-lost liberties, have induced me to re-peruse these papers; and finding here and there some reflections and observations on the religious and political state of Italy, which I think may be useful, I have ventured to publish them. The people of Italy, all things considered, will find England their most powerful ally to aid them in securing for their country the blessings of constitutional government. Her naval supremacy and strong possessions in the Mediterranean, manifestly place her in a position to render them the most effective assistance; while the plainest principles of interest and sound policy point out to her the incumbent duty of promoting the progress of free principles in the Italian peninsula. England has, indeed, long played a conspicuous part in the political changes of Italy; but it has not always been a creditable, or, if I may say so, a national one. Hitherto lending herself to Royal Compacts, and the dynastic schemes of the Continental Courts, England, that ought to stand out amongst the nations of the earth as the hope, as well as the home of freedom, has lent her free forces to aid the tyrants of Italy in riveting the fetters of her fallen but still illustrious people. But let us hope, that new and juster views may henceforth guide our foreign policy, that it may be made to accord with the free principles of our government, and to reflect the open and manly character

of the English people. In our promulgation of the principles of free trade, we have invited a more intimate and cordial intercourse with the surrounding nations, and have become more deeply interested in their condition. Henceforth it is with the nations, with the people, and not merely with their kings and rulers, that England must seek to establish relations of amity; there are few countries in Europe with which she could carry on a more advantageous commerce than Italy, and nowhere (notwithstanding our past political errors) are all the better qualities of the English character more fully understood and appreciated. An earnest desire for liberty now animates the people of Italy, and they only require that England should protect them from foreign aggression, to succeed in establishing free institutions. Many and striking are the indications of an awakening spirit of nationality amongst the Italians; but I have been more impressed with a conviction of the change that is impending, from all I heard and witnessed at the eighth Congress of the Italian Scienzati, which met at Genoa during the autumn of last year. Seldom of late years had "Genova la Superba" worn so gay and striking an aspect—again were her magnificent streets thronged with crowds of strangers, and her marble palaces thrown open with a splendid hospitality: but the Genoese were not unmindful, on this occasion, of their ancient glory, and departed maritime greatness. One of the most interesting and appropriate ceremonies of the week was the auspicious inauguration of the statue of Columbus; and, while attending one of the sections at the University, I heard a resolution brought forward in favour of free trade, during the discussion of which, sentiments were uttered (in spite of repeated attempts to silence the speakers), that abundantly shewed the liberal tendencies of the public mind of Italy. Surely, I said, such a country

cannot remain much longer in her present state of degradation, without a voice amongst the nations of the world. Unlike the other ancient empires, twice has Italy attained to the highest pitch of glory; and twice has she been the benefactress, if not the mistress, of the world. Such, at least, were the thoughts suggested to me by this my visit to Genoa, accompanied by the desire to aid, to the utmost of my power, in strengthening that sympathy which is now beginning to be felt in England in the cause of Italian liberty.

If I have at all succeeded in this object, I shall feel amply compensated for my imprudence in having engaged in a work which, to so great a degree, has denied me even the hope of novelty; and, perhaps, may venture to expect the reader's forgiveness for having trespassed on a field already occupied by so many abler labourers.

H. G.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

J. Maclure, lith.

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VIEW FROM THE STEPS OF St JOHN, LATERAN.

NOTES

OF A

TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Departure for Italy—Chalons sur Saone—Lyons and the Rhone to Avignon.

THE season being far advanced, we determined to go into Italy by Marseilles, and thus postponed our enjoyment of the glorious scenery which the passage of the Alps discloses, to our return. We had no reason to regret our determination. We had all the advantage of the rapid courses of the Saone and "arrowy" Rhone to speed us on our way, while their banks, as we floated by, continued to open to our admiration, as in a panorama, the most varied and interesting scenery. What a noble country is France! What an extent and unity of territory—how rich and varied its productions—what elements of greatness! Nature certainly appears, in the physical features of this great country, to have marked out to her a high and glorious destiny; and yet, though her chronicles are blazoned in the history of the world, she has never yet fulfilled it. False glory—a false estimate of greatness—has ever perverted the national mind of France. But a great change has been effected; and while her revolutions have swept away some institutions and habits which we could wish had survived, the French have become a far more sober and reflecting people; so that we may hope their future

course amongst the families of the earth will advance (with their own) the happiness of mankind.

The most tedious and disagreeable part of our journey was to Chalons. The road is, perhaps, one of the most uniformly uninteresting in France; and though it runs frequently through a most fertile country, there was little indication of agricultural improvement; and the habits and cottages of the peasantry, generally, exhibited a low scale of living. Numerous are the memorials we met with at Chalons and Lyons of the great genius of Napoleon—a genius at one and the same time displayed in conquest, legislation, and magnificent public works. We are amazed at the varied and wondrous achievements, and can scarcely believe it possible they could have been compassed within a period so brief and eventful. No wonder that when their hero escaped from Elba, the people of this part of France cast off so eagerly the drowsy rule of the imbecile Bourbons, and turned an apparently desperate invasion into an ovation and royal progress.

The scenery along the banks of the Saone, though very inferior in romantic beauty and interest to the Rhone, is rich and varied, particularly where the vine-clad hills of Macan become visible. The situation of this fine town, so famous for its wine, is very striking and beautiful.

Our stay at Lyons was too short to allow us more than a cursory glance at this, the Birmingham of the South of France; but, except in its manufacturing celebrity, it would be unjust to compare this fine town, with its noble quays and bridges spanning the tributary confluence of two great rivers, with the hideous staring streets of brick, with chimneys towering, Babel-like, through the murky sky, the only distinguishable features of that reeking, simmering realm of Plutus. The Hotel Dieu is a noble institution. How poor in comparison

appears the forced relief of our poor-law system, or even the cold aid extended to the afflicted in our hospitals! Here is no callous matron—no hireling nurse—Charity invokes the aid of her elder sister, Religion; and woman, generous, sympathising woman, answers the appeal. One hundred and fifty nuns here fulfil all the duties usually assigned to nurses—watch by day and night over the sick bed of the suffering, prepare diet, administer the medicines, read to and cheer the convalescent, console and support the dying. Why cannot the purer faith of Protestants impel them to such offices?

Lyons contains many interesting remains of the times of the Romans, which, it is said, are well deserving the attention of the learned; but I confess that I preferred strolling along the quays, and crossing and re-crossing the bridges of the modern town, to climbing the heights of Mount Fourvicre, the supposed site of old Lugdunum, in search of some tesselated pavement, or Roman brick-work, although, haply, the ruins of imperial palaces. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast presented at Lyons between the two great rivers which here unite themselves; and the contrast cannot be more elegantly or happily described than in the words of Gray. "The Rhone and Saone," says he, "like two people, who, though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company. The Lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy—

'Incredibili lenitate ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non possit;'

the Gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; with

all her soft airs, she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes *incog.* without the walls, but waits for her a little below."

The houses of Lyons are still as high, and the streets as narrow, as when Gray visited it; and, altogether, the city retains much of that dismal aspect of which he complains.

The *canaille* of Lyons are celebrated for their turbulence and ferocity, and everywhere we observed indications of the recent sanguinary insurrection. A cutting wind, with clouds of dust—a foretaste of the pestilent *vente-debise* we expected further down the Rhone—did not tend to render Lyons more agreeable; and having sufficiently reposed ourselves at the Hotel du Parc, we were glad to find ourselves again in motion, and borne rapidly towards the sunny south by the rapid waters of the Rhone. The scenery along the banks of the Rhone exceeds, in beauty and variety, in my humble opinion, even that of the Rhine. Too much of late years has been said of the latter; but it is now beginning to suffer the punishment of an overpraised beauty. My early admiration of the Rhine, and the happy recollections associated with my first visit to its banks, are still vivid and grateful. At the same time, I think it must be admitted, that, with the exception of that part of the river bordering the Drachenfels and Rheingau, the mere lover of scenery, the pilgrim in search of the picturesque, is generally disappointed. It is only when we come to consider the Rhine as a whole, from the grandeur of its Helvetian source, to its far confluence with the German Ocean—its volume of water and navigable power—the various countries and states united into brotherhood by its equal course—the noble cities,

and rich and teeming agriculture along its banks—that we acknowledge its pre-eminence, and can appreciate and share in the enthusiasm which the sight of that "exulting and abounding river," as Byron beautifully calls it, excites in the breast of the most phlegmatic German; but, without further comparison, the vanity, even of a Frenchman, has enough to boast of, in the Rhone, the scenery of which, almost the entire way from Lyons to Avignon, is uninterruptedly varied and beautiful. The delighted traveller is charmed with a succession of objects, which unite to their scenic beauty so much historical interest; rich vine-clad hills enclose the river on both banks, as we approach the town of Vienne, so celebrated as the chief town of the Allobrogi, whose deputies the classical reader will remember were implicated in Catiline's conspiracy; and from the doubtful though very general tradition of its having been the scene of the banishment and death of Pontius Pilate. It occupies a very fine position on the left bank, overlooked by the extensive and remarkable ruins of an old castle, perched on a craggy rock. I regretted not having an opportunity of visiting Vienne and its antiquities, the remains of its colonization by the Romans; but, with my face turned towards Rome itself, "the mighty mother of dead empire," and anticipating a moonlight visit to the vast Colosseum, I easily consoled myself. "Urbem quam dicunt Romam," as the Mantuan poet beautifully confesses—

> "Hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,
> Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

I was much struck by the scenery of Chateau Bourg, and the romantic situation of the old castle itself, which overhangs the clear and rapid waters of the river. It

anciently belonged to the Counts of Vallentinois, and is still inhabited and kept up by Mons. G——, a wine-merchant; and I little thought, as we passed that evening beneath its tower, that I should find in its hospitable owner a former friend, and quaff, with hearty good-will, a bottle of his best hermitage. Valencè is finely situated on the left bank of the river: a fine suspension-bridge connects it with the opposite side, and, at the distance of a mile or two, with the little village of St. Peray, famous for its sweet wine, resembling champagne. The steamer stopped for the night at Valence. We rejoiced in the opportunity of enjoying the rest of the Lord's day, unfortunately so little regarded in this country—I say rest, and include in that word recreation; for it might almost be questioned which is more opposed to the proper observance of the Sabbath as it ought to be by Christians, the open disregard manifested by the French, or the morose and ascetic deportment required in England, where, in the harsh denial of all innocent recreation to the people, the legislature has more conformed to Pharisaic strictness, than to the mild spirit of our Lord's declaration—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

The steamer was detained a considerable time beyond the appointed hour, by a dense fog, which quite enveloped us. This is a frequent, and one of the many impediments to the safe and continued navigation of the Rhone; and altogether, from the delays we ourselves experienced, and from all I heard, I would hesitate in recommending travellers, whose time is limited, or invalids, to take this route into Italy. The situation of Valence, and the castellated crag of Crusol on the opposite bank of the river, will strongly remind the traveller of the romantic village of Bingen, on the Rhine. We were now, indeed,

passing rapidly through the finest scenery of "the impetuous Rhone"—

> "Its vineyards of such great and old renown—
> Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
> Vanishing fast."

The mountains began to close us in: on either hand vast masses of rock, thrown together in the wildest and most fantastic shapes, at every turn of the river impending over its banks, seemed like gigantic portals to deny us entrance or exit; while, perched aloft on the steepest summit, rose the towers and keeps of feudal castles. Nothing can be grander or more imposing than these ruins, if so they may be called; for they still appear almost as strong and impregnable as when, in the days of Charles Martel, the cross waved defiance from their battlements to the Moorish invaders. In number and extent, these castles exceed altogether any thing on the Rhine; and he who delights to contemplate a feudal castle, and to muse on all the glories of the middle ages, should visit the castles of Cruas and Rochemaure, on the Rhone. The former of these, overhanging the little village of the same name, and which still seems to cling to it for protection, is grand in the extreme. Its donjon-keep, looped and turreted, connected with a vast extent of wall, flanked by towers, all remain entire, and carry us back at once to the days of Christian chivalry.

Rochemaure is equally extensive and interesting. It was at one time held by the Moors, in common, indeed, with a considerable portion of the neighbouring country, till Charles Martel and his brave paladins succeeded in expelling these formidable invaders from the soil of France. Like Cruas, Rochemaure has its keep, perched on an

inaccessible crag, and connected with the other parts of the castle by a great extent of massive walls, flanked with towers springing from the very edge of the precipice.

> "And there they stand, as stands the lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping to the vulgar crowd;
> All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
> Or holding dark communion with the cloud."

The banks of the Rhone are rich in legendary as well as historic lore; and it is strange, and much to be regretted, that the English reader is, as yet, so little acquainted with either. I have remarked upon the wonderful state of preservation in which the feudal castles of the Rhone are found; this we may attribute to the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere, but this circumstance has, at the same time, deprived them of the picturesque charm of greenness, so beautifully noted by the noble poet I have quoted from, in the castles on the Rhine, as—

> "Breathing stern farewells
> From grey but *leafy* walls, where ruin *greenly* dwells."

Early in the afternoon, we passed under the noble bridge of St. Esprit, formerly, and indeed even still, attended with some danger, but always with much excitement, especially to the ladies. The bridge is a noble work, spanning the majestic river on sixteen arches, each intersected by a smaller one; it was erected by the Brotherhood of St. Esprit, and remains a splendid memorial of the power and munificence of the ecclesiastical bodies in the middle ages. This once powerful order has long been scattered, and their beautiful church has a neglected and dilapidated look.

After considerable delays, being frequently obliged to stop the paddles, owing to the low state of the river, we arrived at Avignon at six o'clock in the evening. Avignon, to the lover of history and romance, must ever be one of the most interesting cities of Europe; and as we approach it from the Rhone, its venerable walls, and great fortified cathedral, towering from a gloomy pile of surrounding buildings in the midst of the town, accords well with the historical associations of the place. The town speaks of those times when the aspiring sons of the Gallican Church here, assumed the papacy, and rent all Europe with the rival contentions of popes and anti-popes. The papal court was seated at Avignon for seventy years, and it still, everywhere, retains traces of their residence. So attached did these French pontiffs become to Avignon, that they were not satisfied till they had purchased it from the unfortunate Joanna, Queen of Naples. In the extremity of her misfortunes, she was induced to sever this splendid town from her county of Provence, and to cede all her sovereign rights to it over to Clement VI., for a sum of eighty thousand florins of gold. It was this pontiff who erected, in Avignon, that great palace, unique of the kind in Europe, and whose solid and fortress-like style of architecture is so characteristic of the times in which it was built.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence and luxury that reigned here during the residence of the popes, equalled only by the wide-spread and general immorality that characterised the inhabitants of Avignon. Petrarch himself, in one of his sonnets, gives us a vivid idea of the state of manners there in his day—

"Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quante mal per lo mondo ozzi si spande

Di vin serva, di letti e di vivande
In cui lussuria fal'ultima prova—
Per le camere tue fanciulle e vecchii
Vanno trescando."

We see little of this luxury now in Avignon, but still its women, with their head-gear of velvet, and something of their gracefulness, exhibit much of the beauty for which they were once so distinguished; but, alas! we have little to remind us of that elegance and luxury of which Avignon was the abode in the middle ages. I have never traversed dirtier or narrower streets than in treading our devious way to the Hotel Europe; in dirt, and the number and the originality of its smells, it rivals the famous Cologne itself. We got, however, very comfortable rooms at that excellent hotel, the Europe; and I have only to add my testimony to that of all the travelling world, as to the attention and politeness of the amiable maitresse.

Circumstances required that we should prosecute our journey into Italy without delay; but having a strong desire to visit Arles, one of the most ancient and interesting towns in Europe, and situated lower down the Rhone, I was glad to hear that, by prosecuting our journey on the following morning to Arles by the river-steamer, we would be in time for a large steamer which plies, occasionally, between that place and Marseilles, and so would be able to avoid altogether a land journey of ten or eleven hours.

CHAPTER II.

Arles, its Antiquities and Ruins—Marseilles and the Mediterranean.

ACCORDING to the plan I have just mentioned, we started from Avignon early in the morning, by the steamer, for Arles. All the beauty of the Rhone ceases at Avignon; the banks become wild and arid, without any interesting object to relieve their sterile monotony. We stopped for a short time at Beaucair, to put merchandize on shore, the transport of which is, on the Rhone, the primary object with the steam companies.

Beaucair is a place of some note, and one of the greatest annual fairs in the south of France is still held there. It was returning from this fair, that the celebrated Roman Catholic saint, Vincent of Paul, was taken captive by pirates, and sold as a slave in Barbary. We arrived at Arles before noon.

To the scholar and the archæologist, Arles must be one of the most interesting cities existing. It is just the place an antiquarian would love to bury himself in. Alike eloquent of Roman dominion—of the early history of the Christian Church, as well as of the feudalism of the middle ages. The modern inhabitants seem to burrow in those antique ruins, out of which they have constructed their houses, with very little alteration of their ancient character.

The Hotel du Nord, where we put up, abuts on a

Roman archway, with Corinthian columns, while a great part of the old town lies buried under ground, but so near the surface, that my first walk convinced me of the truth of the saying "Ditior Arleas sepulta quam viva." Arelatum or Arelas, was, in the times of the Romans, the seat of government, and a favorite place of resort to the luxurious masters of the world. So splendid were its streets and buildings, that it was called by them Gallica Roma. It numbered one hundred thousand inhabitants, and enrolled emperors amongst its citizens. Constantine the Great is said to have had a palace there; it was the grand entrepot of commerce and civilization, as well as the chief and earliest seat of Christianity amongst the Gauls. It became the metropolis of an archbishop, who was both primate, and prince.

Amongst the ruins of Arles and *instar omnium* is the celebrated amphitheatre, one of the greatest and most perfect works of the Romans that remains to us; it is said to have been constructed in the time of the Emperor Probus, and gave room to 24,000 spectators. It is of an elliptic form, evidently designed after the great Flavian Amphitheatre at Rome. Nothing in the way of a ruin can give us a greater or more impressive idea of the power and magnificence of the Romans, than this vast amphitheatre at Arles. We are prepared for such buildings in Rome itself; but this mighty monument was erected in a distant province, when their Empire was rapidly declining—torn by civil discord, and invaded by barbarous enemies. And yet what grandeur, and, above all, what solidity! It looks as if the old Roman spirit was not even then extinct, but that in the most desperate times, as when their senate voted thanks to the defeated Consul, "because

he did not despair of the fortunes of Rome," they built for all time, still believing in their poets, that their empire was co-existent with the world. Like the Colosseum, the amphitheatre at Arles has been frequently converted into a fortress, and during the terrible incursions of the Saracens, or Devils, as they are called in the old chronicles (the words being synonymous in their writings), it served as a citadel and last asylum to the wretched people of Arles, during the many sieges they endured from their Moslem invaders. An old cross in one of the streets of the town, called the Croix de Mauro, and the Chapel of St. Michael, were erected to record the defeat of the Saracens, and to consecrate the deliverance of the people of Arles. In the amphitheatre are two large towers, said to have been erected by Charles Martel, but which, however interesting in other respects, sadly disfigure, and interfere with the effect of this noble building.

Near to the Hotel de Ville (a very fine edifice for decayed and fallen Arles), in the Place Royale—what town in France has not such a place?—stands a remarkable monolyth obelisk of red granite, which was dug up from the amphitheatre, where it anciently stood in the midst of the arena; indeed, the amphitheatre of Arles, like the Colosseum at Rome, long served as the general stone-quarry and magazine for building materials, to the modern inhabitants. It has now, however, its guard, and is defended from further depredation; but for all that remains of the rich marbles and sculpture that adorned its interior, we must, as likewise at Rome, seek them out in the adjacent churches. The bishops and priests were naturally amongst the most active agents in carrying into effect the decrees of the newly-converted Emperors, against the heathen rites and

temples; and in the first heat of their indignation and zeal, their devastation was indiscriminating and relentless. But with the complete extinction of Paganism, and permanent establishment of Christianity, this fury abated, and another generation of ecclesiastics perceived it more sagacious to adapt the ancient edifices to the Christian rites, or, where that was not practicable, to build new churches with their rich materials; nor were they at all fastidious, or restricted by architectural uniformity, in the work of adaptation; the traveller must not, therefore, be surprised to find a strange combination of orders, or if he is shewn, in a Gothic niche, for a Christian saint, a togaed Roman.

In pursuance, perhaps, of the same policy that dictated the remarkable letter of Pope Gregory to the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, quoted in Hume, the monks erected a monastery within the amphitheatre, which was all destroyed at the Revolution. The cathedral at Arles is a Gothic building, not particularly remarkable either for extent or style. Indeed the Gothic of the churches at Arles and Tarascon, and through Provence (if Gothic they really be,) are so *submodo;* for they struck me as very different from the buildings to which we give that name. This difference is most striking in their exterior, but they generally, in their construction, partake of the symbolism so interesting and peculiar a feature of Gothic architecture.

A chapel in the cathedral, called, I think, the Chapel of the Kings, caught our attention, and particularly a marble tablet, representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in which the attitudes and surprise of the assembled apostles are executed with much spirit and beauty: but it is the cloisters of the adjacent church of St. Trophimo that will most delight the archæologist.

They are adorned with slender columns of the purest marble, enriched with capitals of the Corinthian order, most probably torn from the amphitheatre, when it was dismantled. The weather being fearfully tempestuous, we determined to abandon our project of waiting for the steamer, whose sailing to Marseilles, we found, is always uncertain, and contingent on favourable weather; and getting post-horses, set off for Aix and Marseilles. We had been much interested with Arles, but the pleasure was, it must be confessed, diminished, by considering the distance we came out of our way to visit it; and in no very agreeable mood, we took our leave of its old crumbling walls, and pursued our way by Tarascon, through a flat, and very uninteresting country.

With no ordinary feelings of pleasure, after a long and fatiguing journey, we at length beheld Marseilles, and "the glad waters of the dark blue sea," promising us an easy passage into Italy. Dr. Johnson has said that the Mediterranean would form the noblest subject conceivable for an epic poem, and no educated man can behold it, considering the mighty events which have passed upon its shores, without a feeling of deep emotion. But to me it had even more than ordinary interest, for it recalled scenes and years long gone by.

Greece—the land of Greece, with the clustering islands of the blue Ægean—the deserted fanes of Athens—the marble steps of Sunium—all that I had too idly gazed upon in youth, seemed again before me, as I beheld the blue waves of this glorious sea. Anxious to get into our winter quarters in Italy, we embarked next day, on board the "Leonidas," a French government-steamer, for Leghorn.

CHAPTER III.

Leghorn—Pisa—Aspect of the Country—The Duomo—Road to Florence—Tuscan Peasantry—Distaste of the Italian Nobility to a Country Life—First Impressions on Arriving in Florence.

On coming on deck, the second morning after leaving Marseilles, we found ourselves passing the island of Gorgona, and discerned the towers of Leghorn, the oldest free port of the Mediterranean. In a little time we had passed the roadstead, and entered this curious old harbour, which, according to the old plans of the port, seems to be little changed from what it was in the days of the Medici. The town, however, is rapidly extending, and, under the enlightened government of Tuscany, its trade and commerce seem to be flourishing. Still it was necessity, more than any natural advantages it possessed, that pointed out Livorno to the merchant princes of Florence. Its port is inadequate to its existing trade, and its roadstead, without a breakwater, must always continue insecure.

Near the landing-place, at the Port, is the statue of Ferdinand I., with the four bronze slaves in chains, the celebrated work of Pietro Tacca, the erection of which has been so justly and severely animadverted upon by Forsyth. It had been well for the memory of the Grand Duke that his triumph over the Turkish galleys, as well as his barbarous treatment of the four Turkish prisoners of distinction, said to be represented in these bronze slaves, had been buried in oblivion. To this monument, however, the religious hatred and fanaticism

of the times, as well as Ferdinand's ducal pride and arrogance, largely contributed.

The Grand Master of St. Stephano naturally conceived, according to the spirit of the age, that, as a Christian knight, he could not be more suitably placed, than above chained and prostrate Mussulmen; nor should we be surprised that these feelings were not displayed alone in inanimate bronze or marble. Whatever may have been the generous chivalry of the old crusaders, certain it is, that the warlike orders invariably exhibited towards their Mussulmen enemies, the most inveterate cruelty.

The Knights of St. Stephano were not behind the Knights Templars and Knights of Malta in holy zeal, and hatred of the Paynim, although their warfare against the Turks, including the achievements of this Grand Duke himself, were little better than piratical expeditions. Apropos of pirates—in walking through the crowded Via San Ferdinando, in which were mingled the crafty Greek and the turbaned Turk, while suspended across the street swung the announcement of the opera, I could not help thinking of the misfortunes of that unhappy company, which

> "In sailing from Livorno, by the pirate
> Were taken, and sold, by the Impressario, at no high rate."

Leghorn possesses little that is interesting to detain the traveller. He, however, who is desirous of understanding to what extent Marianism, or the worship of the Madonna, has been carried in Italy, should pay a visit to the celebrated Church of the Madonna di Montenerő, situated on the dark brow of a headland which overlooks the sea, a few miles from Leghorn. In sanctity and veneration, it is next to the Church of

Loretto; crowds of pilgrims, as well as the halt, lame, and blind, from all parts of Italy, throng its courts on the great festival days; while the mariner, who sees from afar its sacred height, or passes beneath it, forgets not to honour with a royal salute, "la sacra effigie." All implore its aid and protection, nor implore in vain, equally for the miraculous recovery of the afflicted, or the escape of the shipwrecked sailor—

"Tabula Sacer
Votiva paries indicat."

Indeed, the entire walls of the church are covered with these votive tablets, and offerings of the most incongruous and singular character, and amongst other things, the musket or stiletto of the conscience-stricken brigand. While lamenting the errors of superstition, we are glad to find that, in the absence of a purer faith, it can sometimes succeed in deterring, if not in converting, the guilty.

Wonderful are the various legends of the discovery of this miraculous image of the Madonna. It is said, like the statue of the Ephesian goddess, to have fallen from heaven; and, after an abortive attempt, on the part of the people of Leghorn, to place it in their city, to have made a miraculous escape to Monte Nero—here it was enshrined with great pomp.

The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, and may be easily obtained by the curious in such matters—

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls."

There are two roads from Leghorn to Florence, but that by Pisa is the one which every judicious traveller would wish to take. Impatient as he may be to behold

"Firenze la bella," its galleries and museums, he will not be unwilling to pay a passing visit to its ancient rival, to tread the sacred soil of the Campo Santo, and to muse in its vacant and deserted streets, on the departed glories of this renowned republic—nor will he be disappointed, deserted and gloomy as it is. Pisa has preserved in its decay an air of metropolitan magnificence, more striking, perhaps, than that of any of the old towns of Italy. As we walk along its noble quays and bridges, or contemplate the splendour of its cathedral and baptistry, we are impressed with the conviction that Pisa was once the capital of a powerful state; and such, indeed, it was—the rival of "Genoa the Superb"—numbering within its walls a hundred thousand inhabitants, alike distinguished for their commercial enterprise and valour. Her victorious fleets rode triumphant in the Mediterranean, and carried their conquests even to Constantinople and the Holy City. But, alas! all this glory has long since passed away—her palaces have crumbled to decay—her habitations have shrunk from the wide extended walls, and Pisa now scarcely numbers sixteen thousand inhabitants. Its large, wide streets have, in their splendour, an air of sadness, that the traveller strives in vain to shake off; "thick coming fancies," alike conjured up by the muse of Dante and the story of Count Ugolino, that saddest episode in all the woes of his Inferno, or suggested by the fading frescoes of Orcagnos' "Triumph of Death," crowd upon his mind, and heighten his melancholy, as he paces the grass-grown* streets, or the arcades of

* The reader must remember that these remarks were written before the railway existed between Leghorn and Pisa. A great change, I have heard, has been produced in the aspect of the latter city, as everywhere else, by this mighty power.

the Campo Santo; and yet, Pisa is the city in which the poet, the artist, and the moralist love to dwell; here Byron lived and mused, and found all his sympathies and genius awakened; Genoa, Venice, Ravenna, and Pisa were his chosen places of abode in Italy, and they were all suited to his muse. No town in Italy contributed more largely to the revival of learning in Europe than Pisa; civil jurisprudence was here so successfully cultivated, that the sons of the most distinguished statesmen in Europe enrolled themselves as pupils in its famous University. To the artist, Pisa must ever be, in the highest degree, interesting; in the paintings and mosaiques of the Duomo and Baptistry, he traces the Byzantine origin of his art, while the neighbouring arcades of the Campo Santo furnish him with the most remarkable works that remain to us, of the first masters of Italian painting. Nor are the celebrated frescoes only deserving the attention of the artist; the philosopher and antiquarian will find in them equal matter for reflection and inquiry, illustrating, as they do, the religious opinions, as well as the manners and customs of a most interesting period of history. On the whole, perhaps there are few places in Europe that, within the same space, contain an equal amount of monumental magnificence, or historic interest, as that immediately surrounding the Duomo of Pisa. The great pile, itself glistening with polished and variegated marbles, the gorgeous Baptistry and Leaning Tower, of the same rich materials and style with the sacred precincts of the Campo Santo, and the venerable walls of the university, are all seen at once by the traveller, as he stands in the silent and grass-grown enclosure of the Piazza del Duomo.

But, although the *coup d'œil* is so effective in point of style and architecture, all these buildings are open

to criticism; and no correct eye can be satisfied with the Duomo. Its naked Latin cross, and great lateral walls, unadorned by columns or pilasters, are badly relieved by this patchwork display of chequered marble. This does not so much displease us in the Baptistry; its rotund form and elegant lantern, give it an air of classic grace and lightness, in spite of this lavish and vulgar load of ornament. As to the Leaning Tower, if the general belief of its having been built, thus deviating from the centre, was true, it would be an architectural monstrosity; but there is little doubt that it owes its inclination to a lapse in the foundation; and, as it is, the effect is more curious than admirable. There can be no beauty, at all events, in architecture, without fitness and proportion; still, as an object, it is almost sufficiently strange to account for its popular rank among the seven wonders of the world—if, indeed, in this age of wonders, we dare to allude to so humiliating an enumeration. By ascending the tower, one is best enabled to estimate the extent of its departure from the perpendicular; and, at the same time, to enjoy a magnificent view of Pisa and the neighbouring country. To give any detailed account of the interior of the Duomo of Pisa, or indeed of the churches of Italy generally, would be an endless task; all that human art, wealth, and an abundance of the richest materials can effect, has there been abundantly lavished; but has the moral effect produced been commensurate with the prodigious outlay? What was the moral effect intended? I will not believe that all this grandeur and magnificence was merely intended to dazzle and awe mankind into submission to ecclesiastical authority, however largely these feelings may have predominated in the churchmen of the middle ages. No doubt the zealous founders of

these vast and splendid edifices, intended them "to the glory of God;" but we cannot help feeling, at the same time, the painful conviction, that their zeal was misdirected. It was consistent, and in accordance with the ministry of the Jewish church (one of rites and ceremonies), that their temple, by its extent and magnificence, should afford all the proper accessories for their becoming exercise; however, "the law was but the shadow of good things to come;" and, under the Christian dispensation, a more spiritual and simple form of worship of God is required. Man cannot raise a temple worthy of God—the attempt is worse than vanity; "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but, as Hooker, I think, eloquently expresses it, "He condescendeth to dwell in the heart of the humble believer." Let us consider, for a moment, what a vast number of Christian churches might have been erected, in different parts of the world, "where the poor might have had the gospel preached to them," at the cost of St. Peter's alone—and oh! how different would have been the result! What a different spectacle would not our world, and the human race, at this day exhibit? But the retributive justice of that Spirit which speaketh to the churches, is sure and exemplary; and, in the instance of St. Peter's, *instar omnium*, its judgment has been severe and striking. That building, which the Roman pontiffs designed, in the intoxication of their power, to be a "mother church"—a centre of unity for the prayers and offerings of congregating nations—was the immediate cause of the Reformation, which tore some of the most powerful states of Europe from their grasp; and, while vindicating the insulted liberties of mankind, has given them again, as at the beginning, that which alone can make them free or happy—the

inspired word of God. It is remarkable, that since the Reformation, nowhere in Europe, not even in Italy itself, have such colossal edifices for Christian worship been erected; indeed, in this country, the exterior of many churches, erected long before the Reformation, remain to this day unfinished. Some lament over this, as a proof of the decay of piety in modern times; an opinion which, unless we confound superstition with religion, is contradicted by history and the present state of the Christian world; of course I exclude the apostolic era. None of these vast and imposing edifices trace their origin from this period. The views and feelings of the first preachers of the gospel were of another and very different character from their aspiring successors; and in the Scriptures which they have left, so far are we from finding any encouragement to such undertakings, that I do not believe that the term "church," in the modern signification, as applied to a building, will be found throughout the entire of the New Testament. With them the church was the company of believers, themselves "the living stones," fitly joined together, of that heavenly building, to extend and strengthen which, they devoted their lives.

I do not mean to deny that the effect produced on the spectator, as he paces the splendid aisles of the Italian cathedrals, admiring on all sides the treasures and masterpieces of painting and sculpture, is great and striking, nay, often—when sacred music adds its potent spell—solemn and overpowering in the extreme; yet, when the affecting ceremonial has ceased, and we have passed from the gilded roof and towering cupola, and have time to analyze our emotions, we perceive that they were as much, if not more, the result of enthusiasm, and admiration of the wondrous and imposing combination

of human art, as of religious feeling. The senses may have been affected, the imagination excited, but the soul has not been satisfied, and we turn away with the conviction, that God is, indeed, "a Spirit," and that "they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Such, at least, have been my impressions, when visiting the great churches of Italy; and, in these days of compromise and desertion, I think it right to state them here, *in limine*, but henceforth—

"Non ragionamo di loro
Ma guarda e passa."

The road from Pisa to Florence lies through a rich and beautiful country. On every side we see indications of prosperous industry. Even in England, we could not meet with neater or more substantial farm-houses. The farms are very small, but the variety and extent of the crops are quite extraordinary.

The Contadini of Tuscany are altogether a superior race. Frugal and intelligent, simple, and yet highly civilized, their manners mingle self-possession and independence with a natural politeness. The women, in particular, are remarkable for their graceful deportment; and, as the young Contadina passes us by, with her broad Tuscan bonnet shading her pale forehead and dark languishing eyes, her well-proportioned neck, bound with strings of pearl, and a wrought fazzoletta heightening, while attempting to conceal, the beauty of her form, we find it hard to believe that so graceful a creature is not some noble damsel, who has assumed, to take part in a pastoral, the costume of a shepherdess. Until we approach Florence, we do not meet with many villas belonging to the higher orders. Country life (as it is understood with us) does not exist in Italy; although

the Tuscan nobility have a greater taste that way than any of the rest of the Italian nobility. But a villigiatura of six weeks, during the vintage, is, in general, quite sufficient to satisfy all their bucolic inclinations. This is to be lamented; for it is amongst the Italian peasantry that we in general must look for all that remains of the ancient virtues of the country. At the same time, it is remarkable that a taste for rural life (except in the early ages of the Roman republic) was never the characteristic of the patricians, or higher orders of Italy. The muse of Virgil was expressly invited by his imperial patron to sing the charms of the country, and to dignify the operations of agriculture—"Cultus arvorum et sidera cœli;" while Horace, with the same view, not only sang, in melodious verse, the pleasures of his Sabine farm, but often assembled under his humble roof the most eminent men of Rome. Still, the senators and upper orders generally continued to prefer an indolent sojourn amidst the crowded villas of Tusculum, or the rocks of Baia, to engaging in the active pursuits of agriculture, or adopting any permanent residence in the country. The land was in general farmed out as at present—the rents being a fixed amount of the produce. Nor was there a greater disposition for a country life evinced in the modern Italian republics. The citizens of Florence, and the other great cities of Italy, felt that they derived their liberties from their union and commerce, which could only be maintained by their association in towns; and therefore, on principle, discouraged isolated settlements in the country. The different little states were crowded with walled towns, teeming with population, who, without abandoning the habits and feelings of citizens, tilled the neighbouring fields; and thus it was, that, in the midst of feudal tyranny, and assailed by the

armies of the most powerful sovereigns, they acquired and preserved their freedom, and reached a point of glory and magnificence unexampled, if we except the states of Greece, in the history of the world. Indeed, while we are accustomed to laud the virtues and occupations of a country life, we are obliged to acknowledge that mankind are indebted for all that has elevated and ameliorated their condition, to their association and citizenship in towns.

Pursuing the course of the Arno, the approach to Florence is very beautiful. Hills, crowned with venerable convents, or picturesque-looking villas—their white gleaming walls contrasting with the melancholy cypresses that surround them—meet the eye of the stranger, as he wends his way past woods of olive, and teeming vineyards, till at length the beautiful tower of the Campanile, and the great cupola of the Duomo, with Fiesole, made so memorable to Englishmen by the muse of Milton and Gray, and that beautiful theatre of hills, studded with villas, which surrounds Florence, and from which it derives its greatest beauty, burst together on his sight, as he enters the suburbs of this most interesting city, styled, even by its rivals, "the Athens of Italy." When, however, we have passed the gates, it must be confessed that the first feeling of the stranger is disappointment. He is not prepared for the dark streets and gloomy-looking piles, whether churches or palaces, that meet him on every side. We are wont to associate with the name of Florence all that is charming and poetical, and, as they say themselves, *allegro;* and all this we may find; but it is in Florence without the walls—it is amidst the hills where Lorenzo lived and Politian wrote, that we must look for those beautiful scenes so deliciously described by Boccacio. It was so

even in the days of Ariosto, when he uttered the well-known remark, that if the palaces scattered over the hills round Florence were concentrated within one wall, two Romes could not vie with her. As it is, notwithstanding the raptures of Lady Morgan, on entering the Porta San Gallo (certainly the most imposing entrance, although sadly out of keeping with the general architecture of the town), I am satisfied that the impression of most travellers, on entering Florence, will be that of disappointment; and this feeling will be increased, if, like ourselves, they have come direct from the joyous cities of France. Our sombre mood was not dispelled by the gloomy aspect of the Hotel d'Europe, which, retaining its dim grated windows and turreted walls, has by no means an hospitable or inviting appearance; but to the student of Italian history, these sombre streets and massive, gloomy palaces, are only doubly interesting: they are eloquent of the times in which they were erected—they recall the conflicts of Guelphs and Ghibelines, the struggle and emulation of contending parties, or the terrible events of domestic hatred. Many towns in Italy are more beautiful than Florence; but none is so characteristic of its own history, of the Italian republics, and the middle ages.

CHAPTER IV.

General prosperity of Tuscany—Agriculture—Its advanced state in this part of Italy—Division of Italy into so many different States—Coincidence of the Architectural with the Historical Character of Florence—Extreme veneration manifested for departed Genius by the Italians.

NOTHING in Florence and Tuscany is more striking than the prevailing comfort, nay, opulence, which on all sides salutes the traveller. If Italy be the garden of Europe, Tuscany is certainly the garden of Italy; but it is a garden which owes its beauty and luxuriance to patient cultivation. A great portion of its surface is occupied by mountains and marshes—the former offering but small and poor tracts of land capable of being cultivated; and the latter, though, during winter, they support herds of cattle and sheep, yet, during summer, they are unhealthy, and obliged to be abandoned. The art of good farming is promoted, not alone practically, but theoretically; and every improvement in agriculture is liberally rewarded by the state; and in farming societies and agricultural prizes, Florence may now nearly vie with either England or Scotland. The lands capable, in the smallest degree, of cultivation, are well cultivated; and it is in this respect that Tuscany may be called the garden of Italy. In these days of railroads and steamboats, one glides, or rather steams, most unpoetically through the world; and France, losing each year, as she does, so much of her nationality, one scarcely

feels they have left England, till they discover themselves in Central Italy, and find they have exchanged the harsh tones of our native tongue for the melodious sounds of the Tuscan dialect. National characteristics will, perhaps, therefore stand out in bolder relief, and be more apparent to the traveller who enters Italy in the very prosaic way in which we did, than to those who, entering it by land, become more gradually, but less strikingly, aware of the change in external things. It does not, however, require a very attentive observer to perceive that, in Italy, each city has its own proper characteristic, as well in its population as in its public buildings. This marked difference arises, no doubt, in a great degree, from the division of the country into separate states. To keep Italy divided, has been the constant aim of her rulers, and, divide and reign, the maxim of all alliances, whether *holy* or *unholy;* and this disjunction has passed even into the feelings of her people. A native of Italy does not call himself an Italian, but designates himself after that particular city or petty state where he was born. Forsyth caustically remarks, that the only bond of union among Italians is "their mutual hatred of each other." It is this feeling of dislike, or at least distrust of each other, which has prevented Italy from rising to national independence. Even the simple question, the settlement of a capital, will, I fear, offer a serious obstacle to any simultaneous and cordial effort for freedom among her people. There results from this great evil, however, a source of increased and varied interest to the traveller, who merely seeks amusement and the gratification of curiosity. Carrying out this position, I would say, that Florence has a style peculiarly her own. This has given birth to an order of architecture denominated Tuscan, and whose charac-

teristics are, solidity, regularity, and severity. The old Florentine palaces resemble, externally, fortresses more than palaces. They recall, most vividly, the stormy times of the middle ages, when liberty, bursting from the fetters which had for many centuries bound her, was as yet badly defined, and often degenerated into *licence*, and when private rights were defended *more* by the sword than by *law*. But if the middle ages and its monuments want the interest attached to high antiquity, they retrace to us manners and customs in which we can better sympathise. The men of this period were Christian; and, however deformed by bigotry and superstition, they held a common faith with us; their laws and customs, though cast in a ruder mould, gave birth to ours—for, happily, born and educated in a free country, the Florence of the middle ages offers many a link of sympathy. How is the interest attached to the magnificent Sala of the Palazzo Vecchio enhanced, by knowing that this was the place of meeting, when Florence was free; and that here one thousand of her citizens could assemble for debate? The beautiful Loggia of Orcagna, too, in the Piazza del Gran Duca, was the tribune for her orators, when the citizens took part in her public affairs. In later times, when the ambition of her merchant princes subverted her free institutions, it served as a dais to the Medici in their splendid fetes. Now, alas! strange sport of time and fortune, it is used for the drawing of the lottery!. But not alone do her palaces recall the departed glories of the Florence of the middle ages. Who can view unmoved the roofs which sheltered genius? Every person capable of feeling or comprehending their immortal works, must view with interest the humbler dwellings which once belonged to a Dante, a Michael Angelo, and a Machiavelli. Florence is upbraided with having been ungrateful

to her great men; and her treatment of Dante, Petrarch, and Galileo, with too much truth affixes the stigma. But we should make some allowance for the clouds and mists of prejudice engendered by faction. How few of our own great men have, during life, met their just meed of admiration? It is, perhaps, one of the ingredients of genius, to disregard the petty arts which insure present popularity, the truckling to the prejudices and passions of the hour, and to live more in the future than in the present. But the Florentines of to-day would seem to wish to wipe out this stain attached to their ancestors, by the almost religious care with which they preserve all that remains to remind them of their great men. Their domestic dwellings are preserved with a degree of veneration which descends even to the minutest details; and gorgeous monuments to their honor have been erected in the Pantheon of modern Florence, the Church of Santa Croce, even when their bones, as in the case of Dante and Petrarch, moulder in another land. We are forcibly struck by the similarity of this conduct to that of the Jews, whom our Lord so bitterly reproached for their treatment of the prophets—"Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres." This veneration for departed genius is not confined to the Florentines, but is an obviously striking trait in the character of all Italians; and in proportion to their present degradation, so is their respect for their mighty names of old. They still have some memory of the past to love and call their own; and this is a feeling which is not confined, as with us, to the educated and enlightened, but is equally shared by the peasant and the prince.

CHAPTER V.

Galleries of Florence—The "Venus de Medicis," and the "Venus" of Canova—Paintings in the Palazzo Pitti—Churches of Florence—Michael Angelo's "Day and Night"—Academy of the Belle Arti—Palaces—Profusion of Flowers in Florence.

FLORENCE may justly be proud of her gallery of portraits of great masters, but her treasure, *par excellence*, is the so-called "Medicean Venus." I confess I had the temerity to admire excessively the "Venus" of Canova, notwithstanding the proximity of her far-famed rival. The work of Cleomenes is, perhaps, as it is said to be, a *goddess*, but Canova attempts no more than the true, but highly poetical representation of a very lovely *woman*. He has given us no servile copy, but has rather embodied the pure emanation of a pure mind, in a female form. The Grecian sculptor has, perhaps, personified the description of his own poets, and the result is apparent in the impression left on the mind of an unprejudiced person—in a word, it is, perhaps, possible, that one might turn away from the Grecian Venus, "drunk with beauty," as Byron has said, but still, this is a moral intoxication. The "Venus" of Canova does not aspire to such an overweening share of admiration; she is a something rather to be *loved*. Perhaps, taken as a whole, the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti is the most magnificent collection of paintings in the world, and the rooms which contain them are worthy

of such treasures of art. Here is to be seen the so-called "Madonna della Seggiola," the capo d'opera, in that style, of the immortal Raffaelle. There is, in an adjoining room, a "Madonna and Child" of Murillo's, which, were it not that the universal voice of criticism has assigned the first place to the work of Raffaelle, might bid fair to challenge comparison. To those, however, who, like myself, look to works of art only with reference to their effects upon the feelings, and who either do not understand or regard the mechanical means by which these effects are produced, the "Madonna" of Murillo cannot fail to be deeply interesting. The painter has represented the mother of our Lord, at an age almost infantine in its girlishness, yet no one can mistake the look of deep tenderness with which she regards the babe, whose hand calmly rests on her bosom, for a *mother's* glance of love. This "Madonna" possesses, besides, a combination, which the same subject has never conveyed so clearly to me before, viz., the *simplicity*, nay, *humility*, of her earthly condition, with a consciousness of the dignity of the high office to which she had been, by a mysterious Providence, ordained. There is another painting of the same subject, in the gallery, by Murillo, but though possessing the gorgeousness of colouring of the Spanish masters, it has not the happy and touching union of tenderness and dignity which my favorite possesses. Of the churches of Florence, not much can be said. The most interesting is the Santa Croce, not from its architectural beauty, for it possesses none, but for the mausoleums of illustrious Florentines, to which justice could only be done by the glowing and eloquent description of a Corinna. The principal church of Florence, the Duomo, though one of the largest churches in Europe, and possessing much historical interest, is hardly an exception to the general character of

the Florentine churches—its naked walls are almost denuded of either paintings or statues; and, externally, its coating of coloured marbles renders it, perhaps, rather quaint than magnificent. The cupola, however, though it little harmonises with the rest of the building, is a noble monument to the genius of Brunaleschi, and is said to have suggested to Michael Angelo his sublime conception of the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome. The campanile and baptistry are more worthy of notice than, perhaps, is the church itself. Of the former, Charles V. is reported to have said, "that the Florentines should shut up their campanile in a case, and only show it once a-year." The gates of the baptistry are of solid bronze, most exquisitely wrought, and represent subjects from the Old Testament, and events in the life of St. John the Baptist: they are so elaborately executed, that Michael Angelo declared of them, that "they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise," an eulogium which scarcely seems exaggerated. The Church of the Santissima Annunziata, besides glorying in the possession of a silver shrine, dedicated to the Virgin, boasts one or two works of Andrea Del Sarto, particularly a fresco-painting of the "Holy Family" in its cloisters, which is best known as the "Madonna del Sacco," perhaps from the sack of corn on which Joseph is seated, but more popularly said to derive its name from having been painted by Andrea Del Sarto for the monks of the convent, in a time of scarcity, who remunerated the painter for his work by a sack of corn. San Lorenzo contains the gorgeous chapel, commenced by Lorenzo de Medici, and continued by his successors, as the receptacle of the ostentatious monuments of the princes of that family. If porphyry and lapiz lazuli could confer immortality, then would the fame of the princes

of the house of Medici have been undying; but the eye turns away from the senseless glitter—the silver and the gold—to rest on the plain white stone, which genius here seems almost to make breathe and feel. It is the simple grandeur of Michael Angelo's four statues of "Day, and Night," "Evening, and Morning," which are best remembered as an inducement to visit the gorgeous Chapel of Lorenzo. While speaking of Michael Angelo, I cannot refrain from alluding to an unfinished, or perhaps, I should rather say, just commenced work of that great artist, in the corridor of the Belle Arti at Florence: it is the figure of a man, which seems, without metaphor, to struggle into life from the mass of rude work from which the chisel of the sculptor has to liberate it; and it requires but a trifling stretch of imagination to believe that the statue had always resided within the stone, and only required a few strokes of the hammer, to start out a perfectly formed human figure; the statue is most interesting, as proving, *beyond a doubt*, what has been often asserted, and as often contradicted, viz., that Michael Angelo worked without a model. The Church of St. Maria Novella is, externally, an unpleasing structure; nor can one well account for the admiration said to be expressed of it by Michael Angelo, who, it is said, called it "La Sposa;" it may, perhaps, be like many of the sayings attributed to great men, and which, by dint of repetition, at length come to be believed. The old Florentine palaces are more remarkable for their size and strength than for any great architectural beauty. The old Palazzo of the Medici, built by the merchant Cosimo, so justly styled "Pater Patriæ," is one of the most interesting; it was the scene of the foul and treacherous murder of Alexander de Medici

by his own relative, who, under pretence of aiding him in the prosecution of some low *amour*, inveigled him into his palace, and there basely assassinated him; it is now called the Palazzo Riccardi, from the name of the family who last possessed it; but it has again passed into the hands of government, some of whose public offices are held on the ground-floor. It has for many years, also, been used for the sittings of the famous Academy della Crusca;—their device is quaint, and is worthy of being recorded. It is the instrument which is used for separating the bran from the flour, the technical name of which I cannot now recall, and which is carried out in the minutest points, even to the backs of the chairs on which the professors sit.

The Palazzo Strozzi, a correct and imposing specimen of Tuscan architecture, was erected in the beginning of the fifteenth century, by Pietro Strozzi, a wealthy citizen of Florence. The envy which his possessing so magnificent a residence excited in Luca Pitti, another wealthy Florentine merchant, induced him to boast that he would build himself a residence, on such a scale of magnificence, that the Palazzo Strozzi might be placed within the interior *cortile*. The ostentatious Florentine commenced his palace, and it is curious, that the dimensions accord exactly with his boast; but his wealth being exhausted before the completion of his vast design, it was purchased by the Medici, and has continued since the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany; it retains, however, the name of its first projector—a monument rather of his folly and egregious vanity, than of his wealth or greatness.

This palace, as well as many others, has large and massive iron rings fixed on the exterior walls, whose use has furnished fertile subjects of conjecture. The

most probable, however, is, that they were used for affixing the standards of the different companies of the city, when, in times of internal commotions, they were summoned round their patrons and leaders, either for foreign war or domestic protection; for, in these stormy times, these armed retainers were as often opposed to an ambitious fellow-citizen as to an external enemy; indeed, the jealousies of opposing families were more disastrous to the liberties of republican Florence, than the invasions of foreign foes; and the factions of Guelph and Ghibeline, or, as they were more familiarly termed, Neri and Bianchi, effectually paved the way for the usurping sovereignty of the Medici, from which period the decay of Tuscany may be dated. The Palazzo Strozzi at present contains a respectable collection of pictures, and is said to be rich in the works, particularly, of Salvator Rosa. The private collections, however, of Florence, will not bear comparison with those of Rome, or even with those of many cities of Italy of less size and importance. This is the less to be regretted, as the public galleries are so rich in treasures of art, and so liberally and gratuitously thrown open to the inspection of strangers. There are few things in Florence more agreeable and striking to the stranger than the profusion of beautiful flowers with which he is everywhere presented. Florence has lost her liberty, and bowed her beautiful neck to a foreign yoke—yet, nature is unchanged. The fruits and flowers of Florence were famous centuries ago (a lily gave rise to her name), and they are still unsurpassed in beauty and profusion. The seasons of the year would almost appear to make no difference—for of the flowers of "Firenze la bella," we can speak, from experience, that their beauty of colour, and fragrance of perfume, are as unvarying

amidst December snows, as when fanned by the zephyrs of May; they seem, indeed, to spring from the earth spontaneously, and without culture; and, like many of the gifts of nature which are dispensed with an unsparing hand, I always felt they were not sufficiently appreciated. The modern Italians have an extreme prejudice against flowers, except as an appendage which fashion has rendered indispensable to the toilet; they are never permitted in the apartments, from an idea that the perfume is prejudicial to the health, and particularly affects (they think) the nervous system, and their place is but poorly supplied by those muslin and paper substitutes which issue from the manufactories.

Apprehensive that circumstances may not admit of our spending another winter in Italy, H—— has resolved on a hurried *garçon* trip to Rome, which he will himself describe, and so continue "Our Note-Book."

CHAPTER VI.

Journey from Florence to Rome by the Strada di Perugia—Vetturino Travelling—Description of the Road to the Tuscan Frontier—Lake of Thrasymene—Perugia—Pietro Perugino, and his School of Painting—Assisi—St. Francis and his Order—Foligno—Valley of Spoleto—The Clitumnus—Its celebrated Temple—Byron's Description and unpoetical Realities—Spoleto—The Rocca—Papal Misgovernment—The Defiles of Monte Somma—Terni—The Caduta di Marmore—Cross the Tiber and enter Latium—Civita Castellana—Ruinous state of the Papal Towns—Desolation of the Campagna—Approach to Rome—First View of the "Eternal City"—Imposing Entrance into Rome by the Porta del Popolo.

To understand a country properly, one should make it a rule to become acquainted with the ordinary modes of travelling peculiar to it; the vetturino system, if not confined to Italy, is the most general and national way of travelling, and is, indeed, in some sort, indicative of the national character; it accords itself with their indolence and love of ease—it frees them from a world of petty anxiety, which would mar the *dolce far niente*, the supreme enjoyment of an Italian. Early rising is also congenial to the habits of the people of a southern climate; and nowhere, indeed, is the breezy call of "incense-breathing morn" more delicious and inviting than in Italy. Refreshed by a cup of coffee, the traveller ensconces himself, at early dawn, in a corner of the quaint and cumbersome, but, withal, roomy and convenient vettura; and having passed the Dogana, abandons himself to pleasant reflections, whilst the refreshing breeze of the woody

Appenines invigorates his frame, too long confined to the narrow streets of an Italian city; onward jogs the antique vettura, drawn by its four Roman horses, sagacious, slow-paced, but durable animals, though not calculated, it may be, for the admiration of Tattersall's; but the traveller, who has arrived at the end of a journey of, it may be, a fortnight's duration, at the day and hour appointed, will regard them, nevertheless, with feelings of mingled admiration and gratitude. Merrily chimes the concert of their bells, while the vetturino himself holds with them friendly converse, or carols forth with rude, but often not unmusical voice, some sentimental cavatina, or merry strain from the latest opera-buffa; and thus progressing, the company reach their halt in the "Mezzo Journo," when ample time is given them, even for their accustomed *siesta*. The company and horses having enjoyed due repose and refreshment, the journey is again resumed till nightfall, when the vetturino draws up at the town and *locanda* appointed.

Well disposed to enjoy this mode of travelling, I accepted the invitation of a family going to Rome, to accompany them, and, fortunately, obtained my place in the *coupé;* and, on a fine grey morning, passed through the Porta Santa Croce for Rome. What a train of associations are connected with such a destination, even in minds the least classical! I was in a happy mood, and, indeed, our road would have charmed the eye of the most dull and phlegmatic. All was full of hopeful promise; it was early in spring, but the season was more than usually genial, and the weather quite as warm as with us in May or June. The corn already waved high and green, the fruit-trees blossomed, and the festooned vines were shooting forth their tender leaves; the farm-houses, too, which

lined the road, were remarkably clean and comfortable. The *contadini* of this country have certainly an air and deportment which we meet with nowhere else. The poets delight to represent, in their pastorals, graceful shepherds and shepherdesses; but we rarely meet with a truer living representation of such beings in the actual world, than what a melo-drama or a *ballet* affords us. Tuscany, and particularly the Val d'Arno, however, present to us something like what we are wont to picture to ourselves of Arcadia. Leaving the course of the Arno, two hours from Florence, the scenery becomes more wild as we ascend, till, having arrived at the top of the steep hill of Strughi, the mountains about Valambrosa and Lavernia stretch away to the left, while before us lies a wide plain, broken by sudden hills and castellated mounts. The villages and towns to Arezzo, inclusive, all wear the same air of Tuscan comfort and prosperity. From Arezzo to Camuscia, the road lies through the extended plain of Chianti, bounded by lofty mountains in the distance, among which Radicofani arrests the eye of the traveller. Camuscia is close to Cortona, which is finely placed on the summit of a lofty hill: it was one of the twelve ancient Tuscan cities. Before reaching Ossaja, where the Tuscan dominions terminate, a turn of the winding road brings us in full view of the beautiful and memorable lake of Thrasymene—its clear and tranquil waters reflecting the shadows of two wooded islands, and the gleam of the white cities on its pellucid waters, lay before us in all the beauty of an Italian evening; while on our left were the steep heights, the commanding position of the Carthagenian general; to the right, the swampy plain into which he hemmed the Roman army. While we were detained by the examination of our luggage, we heard, in the woody glens, the shepherd's reedy pipe, to which

Byron so beautifully alludes; but I suspect the neighbourhood of Thrasymene is rather the haunt of a more lawless race; the people all along its shores struck us as having a most bandit-looking appearance.

Passignano, which looks so beautiful, gleaming across the lake—on entering we found a most miserable place, so we went on about five miles further, to the wretched village, and as wretched locanda of Mujiano, situated on an eminence at a short distance from the lake. Here we put up for the night, and next day four hours' creeping along brought us to Perugia, imposingly situated on a lofty hill, that commands a wide tract of rich country. The fortifications of Perugia must at one time have been of great strength, and they still have an imposing aspect. It is, for a papal town, a clean and cheerful-looking place, and has much to interest the traveller, and the lover of the arts. Here lived and flourished Pietro Perugino, who deserves so much from posterity and his country, as the affectionate master of the divine Raphael. Many of the buildings of Perugia will also attract the traveller's attention. I was struck, even externally, with the old Palazzo del Governo, which forms one side of the principal piazza of the town. In a singular little building, called the Exchange (Collegio del Cambio), in the principal street, are the most celebrated frescoes of Pietro, representing, in compartments, subjects taken from sacred and profane history; and in the adjoining little chapel of St. John are frescoes by the different pupils of Pietro. In Perugia, which is the principal town of the ancient province of Urbino, was formed that distinguished school of painting, known as the Umbrian school, from which emanated so many great painters, at the head of whom stands the divine Raphael. In this retired valley of the Upper

Tiber, amid scenes so favourable to devout meditation, its people were remarkable, from the earliest times, for their religious enthusiasm; and "art," as a distinguished writer upon it observes, "followed here the current of life, as in the commercial cities of Florence and Venice." Pietro Perugino, Francia, and Raphael himself, particularly in his earlier works, afford the strongest indication of this spiritual tendency which characterises the Umbrian school. We visited Assisi, remarkable as the birthplace of St. Francis, the founder of the powerful and numerous order of the Franciscans. Perhaps no body of men ever exercised so powerful and long-continued an influence over the minds of men in different ages, as the self-denying community founded by this rigid enthusiast, making poverty, charity, and obedience, the three great rules of his order. By his impassioned preaching and untiring zeal, he effected a revolution in the ecclesiastical discipline of the Roman Church. However misdirected we may consider such zeal, yet it is difficult to believe that it was not actuated by the sincerest faith. His example of denial and mortification was imitated immediately by his followers, who rapidly increased; and it is only just to admit, that this example exercised a salutary influence, and corrected much, at least, of the open profligacy which so generally disgraced the Romish clergy of these barbarous times. Indeed, the character of St. Francis has been considered as worthy of the highest honors by the greatest of Italian poets, who celebrates him in the highest terms, in the "Divina Commedia" (Purgatoria xi. 94); and, considering the wonderful influence that he exercised, not only upon his own times, but through his followers, for so many centuries, we must regard him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever have appeared. I purchased

at Assisi, from one of the friars, his life, written, I believe, at the convent. It gave a very full and particular account of the life and conduct of the saint, and particularly of his first appearance at Rome. He was first induced to abandon the world from an extraordinary vision which appeared to him one evening, when, after hearing the "Ave Maria" chanted, the good saint had fallen asleep. Suddenly the whole church appeared to him as if falling to pieces, while a vision of angels and a voice was heard, saying, "Arise, Francis, and rebuild my church." Conceiving that this was a divine commission, with enthusiastic ardour he delayed not to devote himself to the cause of reformation; and, beginning with himself, he adopted a life of undeviating patience and denial, and unceasingly exercised himself in persuading others to follow his example. The sepulchral church of St. Francis is in Assisi, and has ever been held in the greatest veneration. The church is adorned with some of the most remarkable works of Cimabue and Giotto, two of the earliest Florentine painters. It is a very singular Gothic edifice, at the foot of a hill, on the side of which the town is built; and near the road stands the splendid Franciscan church, Della Madonna Degli Angelli. It encloses the rustic chapel where the saint was accustomed to pray at vespers, and where, it is said, appeared to him the vision of angels, to which I have already alluded. This oratory is placed immediately under the lofty dome which crowns this noble edifice, which may be considered, both from its style and extent, as one of the finest even in Italy. It is also the more remarkable, from standing alone in the midst of a beautiful country, separated from towns and cities. Innumerable are the indulgences and blessings promised to the faithful worshipper at this oratory, which has now, however, quite

lost its rustic character, if it ever had any, and is richly inlaid with precious stones. The good father who showed us over the church and the adjacent convent, duly called our attention to the favourable opportunity now presented to us of compounding for our sins—light, too, was the task, easy the penance; but I grieve to say, none of our party showed any disposition to avail ourselves of the proffered aid of St. Francis, although there were among us, and those the most jocose on the subject, some devout believers from the Emerald Isle.

Foligno is a very agreeably-situated town; the streets are wide and handsome, and the country about it extremely beautiful. When we arrived, it was brilliantly illuminated. A cardinal legate, on his way to Bologna, who had been formerly bishop of Foligno, had arrived in the town, and the inhabitants were honouring him in this way. It was a beautiful night, as warm as with us in June, and the moon shone bright and clear in the azure vault of an Italian sky; the streets were thronged with happy crowds enjoying themselves, while the excellent band of the commune (and I have rarely heard a finer) played, through the town, favourite airs from the most admired operas, till a late hour of the night. Fireworks closed this gala night in Foligno.

I think the inhabitants of the Papal States have a more marked and Italian character than those of Tuscany—at least than the people of the Val d'Arno. The costume of the women, in particular the worked *fazzolette* and their mode of head-tire generally, had, to my mind, a more distinctively Italian look, as well as the physiognomy of the people.

There is no more beautiful or interesting scenery, even in Italy, than that which lies between Foligno and Spoleto, with the clear waters of the beautiful Clitumnus

winding along close by the road. What a train of classical associations does the name recall!—

> "Hinc albi Clitumni, greges et maxima taurus,
> Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumina sacro."

Here, on its grassy banks, still grazes the milk-white steer; and, although the Roman triumphs for which they were destined have long passed away, never to return, still—

> "Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus æstas,
> Bis gravido pecudes bis pomis utilis arbos."

The valley of Spoleto, and such a season as we experienced in passing through it, early in March, justify, indeed, the glowing eulogium of the great Roman poet, and show us how nature here, as everywhere, remains the same, amidst all the vicissitudes of fallen empires and human greatness:—

> "Beautiful as at first ascends the star
> From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
> To gather home betimes the ethereal flock,
> And pour them o'er the skies again at eve."

Near the river, and close by the high road, stands the little temple of Clitumnus, said to be the ancient temple so celebrated by the Roman poets. Its front, which overlooks the river, is ornamented with four beautiful columns of the Corinthian order; and, altogether, this little building, so interesting from its situation, so chaste and classical in its design, fully justifies all that has been said and sung of it; but it is a part, and no mean one, of the poet's art, to leave unnoticed meaner things, and, seizing upon the general aspect of the scene, to expatiate only on the beautiful and poetical; but, as we are writing

prose, we may be permitted to say, that the Clitumnus is here by no means so beautiful as the author of "Childe Harold" would have us believe; and as, indeed, it is, lower down, towards Foligno: never of any considerable breadth, the river near the temple is so narrow, as to have only the appearance of a mill-race, to which purpose, indeed, it here answers, and the stream itself—

> "The most serene of aspect, and most clear,
> A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters."

Alas! for poetry and poetical guides, in place of nymphs like these, I found a company of noisy country wenches, beetling clothes in the sacred stream! Don Quixote was not more mortified when his faithful squire related to him the occupation in which he found the lady of his love. Spoleto is romantically situated on the side of a mountain, crowned by a strong fortress, called the Rocca, now used as a prison, one of the most necessary and important public buildings in every papal town. That of Spoleto, though of great extent, we were told was crammed at this time with crowds of unhappy wretches, whom poverty and bad government had driven to desperation. It does not need that we should examine closely into the nature of the papal government, to decide whether popes and cardinal legates are the best administrators of temporal government. The universal wretchedness, the moral and physical debasement of the miserable people who have been cursed with such a system, speak trumpet-tongued in its condemnation.

Spoleto, from its situation, has always been a place of great importance and strength; and its citizens are said to have repulsed Hannibal after the disastrous battle of Thrasymene; and one of its gates is called

the Porta Fuga, in allusion to the circumstance. The cathedral is not particularly deserving of attention; but the celebrated aqueduct, thrown, three hundred feet high, over the deep chasm which separates the Rocca from the opposite mountain, is, indeed, a wonderful structure and example of human labour and art. It is five hundred Roman hands in height, and is formed of brick, supported on arches of stone, and the central part is a double arcade, designed, perhaps, to admit the violent gusts of wind which rush through the ravine from the mountains. The head absolutely reels and turns dizzy in surveying, from the bridge, the depth below; and when we contemplate the apparent lightness of the work, we experience a momentary sensation of fear; yet it has for centuries resisted the tempest and the flood, and will, perhaps, as long continue to do so. This great work is generally attributed to the Goths.

Leaving Spoleto, the Roman *mal di posta* passed us, strongly guarded by papal carabineers, though only three o'clock in the day; indeed, we had frequent indications of the lawless and brigand habits of the people. Our vetturino whipped on his horses, gladly availing himself of this fortunate escort; and as we wound through the perilous defiles of Monte Somma, here the highest part of the Apennines, he favoured us with many lugubrious anecdotes of the brigands of this wild part of the country. Certainly the surrounding scenery was most favourable to their exploits: lofty mountains, densely clothed with stunted oak-trees, offered them impenetrable security and concealment, while the road winds so steep and suddenly, as to oblige the horses of unhappy travellers to adopt the slowest and most cautious pace. No human habitation is here, except the guard-houses of the papal soldiers, placed here and there to suppress, or rather restrain the

banditti; but their success has ever been only temporary. From time to time some fearful deed of violence is committed, which still tells too terribly that the brigand spirit of Italy is not yet suppressed. The large bands that formerly possessed these woods, may, indeed, no longer exist; but the system, though broken, is only more dangerous, as it has converted every bandit into a *ladro* on his own account, ready to pounce on the unwary traveller, whenever he has an opportunity.

We were rejoiced to gain, before the evening had set in, the open country; and before sunset we entered the pleasant-looking little town of Terni, the ancient Interamnum, so called from the two arms of the Nar and Tiber, between which it is situated. Terni, though anciently a place of importance, now derives its greatest interest from its proximity to the celebrated cascade, the Caduta di Marmore, a few miles distant. To attempt to describe the magnificent scene which this (the greatest, perhaps, of European waterfalls) presented, would be presumption. To describe such a scene required the genius of Byron:

> "The roar of waters! from the headlong height
> Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice.
> The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
> The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.
> . . . . . .
> Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
> From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
> An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
> Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
> Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
> By the distracted waters, bears serene
> Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn,
> Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
> Love watching madness with unutterable mien."

Here there is no disappointment: the description of the

poet, magnificent as it is, falls far below the grand and sublime reality of the scene. Addison, after viewing it, entertained no doubt that this was the awful gulf, the "specus horrendum," down which the baleful fury Alecto plunged to the infernal regions, after exciting the war against Æneas. The road from Terni to Civita Castellana lies through a rich and beautiful valley. Near to Otricoli we crossed the Tiber by a fine bridge, said to have been first erected by Augustus, but repaired by pope Sixtus V., which is recorded by his pontifical arms and inscription. This Pontiff, viewed as a temporal sovereign, was, perhaps, one of the best and most useful of the popes; he did not merely content himself with conferring annual benedictions and spiritual indulgences, but sought to confer on his subjects practical benefits and good government; but the vices of such a government were too inherent. Monopoly and peculation soon seized again upon the revenues of the state; and priestcraft and hypocrisy continued their uniform course, debasing, still further, the minds and characters of the people. Our vetturino pointed proudly to the river, as we rolled over the bridge, as if with a consciousness of the great and undying assocations connected with it—"*Ecco il Tevere!*" We were now in the most classical regions of Hesperian Latium—in the country of those warlike tribes, whose conquest occupied the first efforts of the rising republic, and in which were displayed, on both sides, such memorable examples of valour and patriotism. Civita Castellana is very generally thought to occupy the site of ancient Vei; its strong, natural position would almost justify the opinion; looking at its commanding citadel, and the massive remains of ancient walls, we can easily imagine that such a place, de-

fended by the warlike Veientines, might, like another Troy, have, indeed, required a ten years' siege; at the same time, it is more in accordance with authority, and indeed, the usual policy of the Romans towards their conquered rivals, to suppose that Camillus utterly destroyed and razed the foundations of this great city; for it is never even mentioned afterwards in Roman history, and its situation became a subject of conjecture, even to the Romans themselves. Civita Castellana is now a most ruinous place; indeed, nothing can be more miserable than the wretched towns and villages in the neighbourhood of that most desolate scene on earth—the Campagna of Rome; even the Sabine hills seen in the distance, and all the glorious memories associated with their name, and old Soracte's sacred height, fail to lift the mind from the settled melancholy which the loneliness and uniform desolation of the scene suggests: we can hardly believe ourselves in Italy, or approaching a great town, much less "the Eternal City," the once proud mistress of the world. We look for the people—for the flourishing towns teeming with population, which once connected this now, almost, howling wilderness with mighty Rome, and only see here and there a few savage-looking men, tending their scattered herds, or the wretches mending the highways, pallid and ghastly with the ravages of the pestilential *malaria*. We rested for a couple of hours at mid-day, at the miserable post-house, about fifteen miles from Rome; never did two hours appear so tedious to impatient mortals as those two hours were. The vetturino, who providently brings his own corn, was enabled to feed his horses, but there was little to be had here for us: we envied two Italian travellers, who, with a huge

bowl of maccaroni, well saturated in rancid oil, before them, seemed to be enjoying their repast amazingly. I, fortunately, was not hungry, and yet, felt it mortifying to be detained on our journey for the avowed purpose of eating, only to find that there was nothing to eat; they gave us, however, something in the way of food at last, I believe, but it did not detain us long, so I turned in desperation to the window of the wretched hostelry, and busied myself in minutely noting every feature of the dismal prospect; one immense building, stored with hay, fronted the *locanda*, and these two formed the hamlet of the Campagna, the only places of human habitation that appeared for miles around. While I was conjecturing how even the scanty population of this desert could support themselves, a wretched countryman approached the same stagnant tank near the *locanda*, where our vetturino had just watered his horses, and taking from a large bag he carried, a large piece of coarse black bread, he floated it on the water for a few minutes, and then ate it with much apparent contentment; my conjectures were satisfied.

> "Allow not nature more than nature needs;
> And man's life is cheap as beast's."

And yet there was a deep moral lesson conveyed in this meal of the poor peasant, which, I trust, was not wholly lost upon me. What a train of artificial wants does our boasted civilization impose upon us, and how vainly do we dilate on the independence of wealth, when one of its first effects is to make us the slaves of our desires. Just at this moment, two mounted gend'armes rode by towards Rome, guarding between them a poor wretch

heavily ironed, and mounted on a mule; it appeared that he was a robber who had taken refuge in the wilds of Campagna, and whom they had just succeeded in arresting. How wretched, how pressed and harassed by his pursuers must he have been, to seek for shelter in such a desert as this! They said he was a very desperate villain, but I thought (without sufficiently regarding the safety of the travellers on the Via Flaminia) that they might as well have left him alone to roam at large, or starve in the Campagna. The same unvarying scene of sterility and desolation presented itself to our view as we resumed our journey and approached Rome, and my impatience to catch the first view of the "Eternal City," aggravated by the uninteresting nature of our road, now made my inquiries of the vetturino frequent and querulous. But in vain I urged him to push forward his great black horses; he and they only the more doggedly preserved the same equable pace: however, in ascending a long, wearisome hill, he seemed to have caught some of my spirit of impatience, and urged his horses, in a very unusual manner, up its summit, where he staid them for a few minutes: and then, Rome, imperial Rome—for still she looks imperial!—the dome of St. Peter's, the mole of Adrian, and the yellow Tiber, burst upon our view, reflecting, with their own, the glory of an Italian sunset. What a tide of reflections occupy the mind—what emotions stir the heart, on first beholding Rome. There is not only grandeur in the *sight*, but in the *thought* that we behold her; we feel as if ennobled by the destiny which has brought us hither to ponder amidst scenes so renowned and sacred. Rome, still seated on her seven hills, stretched away before us; the city—the vicissitudes of whose fortunes involve the history of our race; the fruitful mother of heroes; the

imperial mistress of the world; exalted by the loftiest achievements of valour and patriotism; and adorned by the most varied and consummate genius; till, degenerate and self-enthralled, she became the victim of the sanguinary crimes and lust of power which she herself had engendered. No other city on earth has been the theatre of such events, or suggests the same associations. Who can behold it for the first time unmoved? The statesman —the philosopher and man of letters—the disciple of Luther or Calvin—all alike regard it with the deepest interest, although with the feelings which belong to their different characters; but it is the devout and believing in infallible Rome who behold her with one common feeling of enthusiastic veneration, and enter her gates with exultation as the "Holy City," hallowed by the blood of martyrs, and the residence of the fisherman and his successors. Influenced by such feelings, I suppose (while my mind was occupying itself about ancient Rome), our vetturino crossed himself devoutly, and, having muttered a prayer, probably an "ora pro nobis," to St. Peter, joyfully descended the hill with a rapidity that surprised, while it alarmed us. At the foot of the hill we again crossed the Tiber by a magnificent bridge, a viaduct worthy of being the approach to Rome. I could almost have fancied myself entering the imperial metropolis, and not the fallen city devoted to priests and priestcraft; when we encountered that most extraordinary and old-fashioned of equipages, a cardinal's coach, my delusions were quickly dispelled, and my reflections recalled from the glorious past to the melancholy present. There walked his Eminence, come out from the city to enjoy a walk in the cool of the evening —a feeble old man, conspicuous by his bright red stockings, which contrasted oddly with his suit of quiet

black; but this contrast was carried out even in the equipage itself, for the carriage was painted of a flaming red, while the horses, with long flowing manes and tails, were as black and solemn as if chosen from the stud of an undertaker. A little behind his Eminence, with attentive look and cat-like pace, walked a sharp-visaged ecclesiastic, and two servants in gaudy, though shabby liveries. There, thought I, is one of the "conscript fathers" of modern Rome, who now give a lord to the seven-hilled city. Entering the Porta del Popolo, always, as now, the principal entrance into Rome, I was agreeably surprised by the first view which the Piazza presented. The dreary waste of the Campagna, and the train of my reflections, had prepared me for decay and gloom, and I was surprised to find myself suddenly in the midst of one of the finest squares in Europe, and surrounded by all the life and bustle of a great city. It was a *festa*, and the magnificent Corso (one of those three great streets which diverge from the Piazza) was lined with carriages, filled with all the wealth and beauty of Rome, driving in procession round the fine Egyptian obelisk and fountain which adorn its centre. I secured accommodation (as did the rest of our party) in an hotel situated in this pleasant quarter; and having done ample justice to the distinguished merits of the Roman *cuisine* (which I may, in passing, observe, is the best in Italy), and taken "mine ease in mine inn," I sauntered out again, beneath the light of the moon, into the Piazza del Popolo. It recalls the Place de la Concord at Paris; but the beautiful Pincian hill, with its fine gardens, give the Piazza, in my opinion, much the advantage. Having enjoyed an hour or two of a Roman night on the Pincian hill, invited to rest by the ceaseless fall of waters from the neighbouring fountains, I returned to my hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

Rome and its Antiquities—"A Bird's-eye View"—The Museum of the Conservatorio and Campidoglio—St. Peter's—The Reformation—Churches of Rome—Their excessive number—Vespers in St. Peter's—Gregory the XVI.—The Vatican—The Walk from the Vatican along the Tiber—The Mole of Adrian—Monte Mario—Sunset from the Pincian—Opera in Rome, and Roman Manners.

RESOLVED to lose no time in setting determinedly about the business of seeing Rome, I directed myself to a friend who had been some time there, and begged him to furnish me with a plan of operations. "Where," asked I, "is the Capitol—the Forum—the Colosseum?" "Why, as to these celebrated localities," he replied, "you will have no difficulty in making them out, though there is nothing so contradictory or disputed as Roman topography; but you must fall in with the usage, and, following the good old maxim, 'in Rome do as the Romans do,' where every one is an antiquary, or affects to be one; so let us begin regularly." We then spread the map before us, and began to trace the gradual development of Rome, from its first foundation, at the foot of the Palatine hill, by Romulus, when a circuit of less than a mile enclosed its walls, till, in successive augmentations, the city embraced the seven hills, and a space, according to Pliny, of twenty miles in circumference, besides the extensive suburbs which on every side surrounded it. Having thus acquired some general idea of the relative positions of the points of greatest interest,

I determined to avoid all the learned controversies to which my friend called my attention, and set out on my peregrinations from this quarter of Rome, which may, indeed, be called the English quarter, or "Borgo Forestieri," and which conveys, as I soon found out, a very erroneous impression of the "Eternal City." I had not gone far, when the too-evident indications of decay and wretchedness, but above all, of filth, in the people themselves, as well as in their dwellings, told me that I was, indeed, in the capital of papal Italy; even the Corso itself, magnificent as it is, by its extent, and the number of noble palaces which line it, is hardly an exception to this description, while the startling contrast between grandeur and meanness, external magnificence and internal poverty, is everywhere painfully apparent. Yet, where shall we find another street in Europe to equal it? I paused in the Piazza di Colonna Antonina to gaze with wonder and delight on the grand historic column, erected by the Roman senate, to the best of their emperors, the philosophic and virtuous Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; it displays, in a series of *bassi relievi*, winding within spiral lines round the column, the various achievements of his reign. On the top of this column, Sixtus V., who seems to have imbibed all the passion for Christian adaptation, I have elsewhere spoken of, has placed the statue of St. Paul in place of the Roman emperor. The noble palace of the Colonna family, and the post-office (a very handsome modern edifice), which, severally, form sides of this Piazza, contribute to render it the most imposing in Rome. Traversing the extremity of the Corso, after treading my way through many narrow and filthy streets, I entered the Forum of Trajan,

the most extensive and magnificent of imperial Rome. The splendid column of the Emperor, adorned, like that of Antoninus, with *bassi relievi*, beautifully sculptured, and a few broken columns of gray granite, are all that now remain of the porticoes, temples, and triumphal arches, which adorned this part of Rome. The *bassi relievi* on the column, which represents the Dacian wars, are very superior to those on the column of Antoninus, and are said to be the work of the Athenian Apollodorus, and furnish us, perhaps, with the truest representations of Roman costume that we possess. The eagles and other trophies of war (shields, standards, &c.), which adorn the pedestal, are very beautifully sculptured, and full of spirit. Sixtus V. has also surmounted the Column of Trajan with a saint—even with the fisherman himself. What a moral lesson is conveyed in this anomalous transition. How it mocks the vain attempts of greatness and ambition to perpetuate their existence, and anticipate futurity. A Christian pontiff the sovereign lord of Rome! The imperial statue removed, and replaced by the figure of a fisherman—a Jew—and the Apostle of the Jews; thus avenging the terrible persecution of the Christians and Jews—the only sanguinary exception to the clemency which distinguished the virtuous and glorious reign of Trajan.

I at length reached the Forum Romanum itself—what grandeur! and yet what ruin! I cared not to distinguish to what temples each group of those majestic columns belonged; whether to the temples of Jupiter or Janus, of Fortune or Concord, or whether yonder churches enclosed the temples of Romulus and Vesta—enough remained—enough of certainty—this, indeed, was the Forum Romanum. Here was the temple of Concord—here Tully harangued against Catiline—and yonder Cæsar bled.

Who can mistake the Capitol?—that steep, square-crowned mount, which still seems to be the citadel of empire—the stronghold of freedom. Let us pursue our walk along the "*sacred way*," and pass under, in succession, the triumphal arches of Severus, Titus, and of Constantine: the imperial edicts and the decrees of the senate for their erection, are engraven at length; the imperial effigies still surmount the trophied pediments; and under the Arch of Titus, "the delight of mankind," we recognise, in full relief, the sacred candlesticks and tables of the law, borne along in triumph.

But let us turn and behold the Colosseum—the enormous building erected by Vespasian to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, and to gratify the pride and cruelty of the Roman people. What vastness, what massive strength, that has successfully resisted the waste of time, and the fury of war and spoliation, for seventeen hundred years! The mind loses itself in contemplating its arena; and yet, order and design are visible in all its parts. How admirably adapted for the purposes of a theatre! What minute attention to the ranks and convenience of the spectators!—the very galleries and approaches numbered so, that every Roman citizen could at once find his appropriate seat. But what were the entertainments for which this vast amphitheatre was destined? The heart shudders at the recollection, and the Christian derives another awful confirmation of the desperate wickedness and depravity of unconverted man. The bloody taste for gladiatorial shows was, however, peculiar to the Romans; and while the imaginative Greeks as freely abandoned themselves, in all their notions of religion, to the fables of their poets—"the doctors of their religion," as Bacon calls them—yet their public amusements were never of a brutal or sanguinary character. But the ex-

hibition of gladiators was the favourite amusement of all classes of the Roman people; nor could the vast theatre erected by Pompey the Great in the Circus Maximus, which alone was capable of accommodating eighty-seven thousand persons, satisfy their atrocious passion for blood. The Colosseum was therefore erected, and Christian persecution and constancy soon furnished them with abundant victims to glut their ferocity. Here came, twice a-day, we are told, the most distinguished, not only of the men, but of the matrons and daughters of Rome; and so terrible was the butchery on some of the great Roman holidays, that it required aqueducts to supply the water necessary to cleanse the arenas after these bloody exhibitions. When wearied with the mortal strife between man and man, the ruler of these terrific shows gave the signal, and man was seen contending with the wild beasts of the forest—"tigris et aspera Gætulusque leo." We would fain turn away incredulously from such recitals; but the testimony of the Roman historians, and the very ruins themselves, leave us no room to doubt of these bloody scenes. Never was the faith and constancy of the first Christian martyrs displayed and tried in an ordeal so terrific. Their inhuman persecutors, amazed by a fortitude which they could not appreciate, attributed their devotion to madness; for they could not understand why men should prefer death to a denial of the truth, when, like Pontius Pilato, they were themselves ignorant even of what it was.

It was nearly dark before I retraced my steps through the Via Sacra, and ascended the steps of the Capitol. It was near the *venti quatro*, or Ave Maria—the canonical close of the Roman day—and the church and convent-bells were busily pealing forth, while monks and friars of every order and hue—white, black, and grey—were

hurrying to their houses, laden with the rewards of divination, or mendicity. What mutations of destiny!—what an avenger is Time!, Rome, imperial Rome, in ruins; her people the passive slaves of superstition and imposture; while the greasy Franciscan, or still more filthy Capuchin, are the most frequent representative of the Gens togata. I repeated, for successive days, my visits to the Foro Romano, for there I find enough of classic ground undisturbed; but to body forth the reflections which such scenes suggest, demanded the genius of Byron—a genius which was indeed kindred to the ruins themselves. Perhaps the best view of Rome is that from the tower of the Campidoglio. On one side we behold what may be called the modern city, marked by the windings of the Tiber, the Vatican mount, and the towering dome of St. Peter's; while to the right, stretches away Soracte and the Sabine hills. From the other side of the tower, we look down on all the principal monuments of ancient Rome: the temple of Concord and of Jupiter Tonans are at our feet, with all that remains of the Forum Romanum; while the vast Colosseum, and the lonely tomb of Cecilia Metella, in the distance, terminate the glorious scene. Notwithstanding criticism, I admired the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; and in the nobility and horsemanship displayed in the figure of the imperial rider, forgot that the steed he bestrode might have shown, as we would say, a little more blood. The Greeks, certainly, surpassed the Romans in their delineation of this noble animal. I believe it is agreed, that not only the two colossal figures themselves of Castor and Pollux, on the Quirinal, but the fiery steeds they restrain, are the works of Greek artists—and they are the finest representation of the "horse and his rider" in the world; and it is not therefore surprising, that the place itself is less known to the modern Romans

as the Quirinal hill, than as the place Monte Cavallo. The buildings on the Capitol—the Senators' House, the Conservatorio, and Museo—though the work of Michael Angelo, do not seem worthy of his genius or the place they occupy. One would here expect massiveness and strength—the grandeur possessed by so many of the palaces in his own native city, Florence—and not the pilastered edifices which he has erected here. But it matters not—it would be idle to strive to cheat the mind with the shadow of past dominion; and it is enough that these buildings preserve for us so many of the most interesting relics of ancient Rome. Here, in the Conservatorio, we behold the "thunder-stricken nurse of Rome"—the bronze wolf—of Etruscan workmanship, and supposed to be the same with that mentioned by Cicero, and alluded to by Virgil, as forming the principal ornament of the shield presented to Æneas by his divine mother. Certainly, the position of the wolf and the twin-brothers, agrees precisely with that description; and altogether there is such a look of venerable antiquity about the relic, that we readily believe all that has been said or written about it. In the Museo, on the other side of the Piazza, is the figure of the "Dying Gladiator," the "Fawn," and other celebrated objects. I was particularly struck with the figure of an old Roman, near the door entering the upper rooms. I believe it was anonymous; but there was a stern nobility, not only in the features, but carried out in the figure, nay, in the very set of his toga, and the hand which grasped it, that has impressed itself upon my memory. From these points of greatest interest in ancient Rome, I proceeded to the other extremity of the modern city, and visited St. Peter's—that matchless temple, to which "Diana's marvel was a cell." Ancient Rome itself, in its proudest day, boasted of no fane like

this. How magnificent is the approach to it—that grandest of colonnades, the noble piazza, and its obelisk, and gushing fountains. The façade of St. Peter's has been considered faulty, and, like that of St. John Lateran, it does not indicate the sacred character of the building, and, perhaps, would better suit as the front of an imperial palace; yet, as a whole, it has the grandest effect, and raises the expectations of the spectator, if it does not quite correspond with, or prepare him for the uniformity of design which distinguishes the interior. There, a pervading and wonderful harmony has combined the merit of attention to particulars, with the most vast and sublime conceptions that architect ever formed. Every effect produced accords with the aspiring design which called this grandest of all earthly temples into existence. The colossal genius of Michael Angelo towers exultingly to the skies in that majestic dome, which seems built for everlasting. There the spectator, whose mind has become expanded while pacing those glorious aisles, has no difficulty in at once comprehending that, in St. Peter's, the founders designed the metropolitan temple of the Christian world. This was the ambition which laid its foundation-stone, and which has actuated every succeeding pontiff in completing or adorning it. It needs not those confession-boxes, to tell us that hither an aspiring priesthood would have drawn, not only all nations and languages, but the wealth of a prostrate world. It was a grand idea, and with what constancy and recklessness of means was it carried out for centuries! But, is not the papal usurpation itself a sublime invention? There is something of the old Roman mind in it; daring, boundless usurpation, to replace the temporal dominion of the world, which Rome had

lost, by a more secure and universal authority over the consciences and opinions of mankind. How successful was this design, the history of the past, and much of the present, attest.

But in spite of popes and councils, anathemas and persecutions, man at length arose, and cast off his bondage, and vindicated the free spirit given him by his Creator. In vain Rome, *ex cathedra*, raised the cry of *nolite exire*—men turned away from her glittering shrines and pictured domes, to worship in the lone places of the desert, or the high mountain tops. Amidst such scenes (and not in the sumptuous pulpit of the cathedral), was the book of life laid open, and preached till the dark spell which had long bound the souls of men, was broken, and they arose to a knowledge of their Creator and themselves. Nowhere does the silent, but sure decay of popery appear more strongly than in Rome. In vain are the revenues of the papacy exhausted, to preserve from ruin, churches so vast and numerous. In vain does his holiness distribute to them a rich and various treasury of indulgences, to attract the faithful. They continue without congregations—the most solemn rites of the Romish church only celebrated by the priests and their acolytes—in truth, half-a-dozen of the principal churches would be more than sufficient to accommodate the Roman population in their religious services; and as to the strangers, except on some especial festa, they only pay them a hurried visit, to gratify curiosity, or a love of art; yet, it was as much for the strangers of Rome—a vast multitude which thronged the "Eternal City" at all seasons—that these magnificent edifices were erected—churches rivalling the ancient temples of whose materials they

are formed. But the world has changed—the spirit that led adoring multitudes in pilgrimage to them from the most distant parts of the world, has died away, and the very priests and monks themselves, who still linger about their deserted altars and neglected shrines, seem to treat them, now that they are no longer loaded with the rich offerings of the pious, with but little veneration. Whether the feelings of other times may again revive, is another, though a most solemn and momentous question. Opinions are contradictory; but it is evident that the priests themselves must calculate on their revival, or they would not continue to serve their altars under circumstances so discouraging; indeed, we can only satisfy the natural question, as to what purpose such a multitude of churches can possibly serve by such a presumption. So strongly, indeed, is this expectation entertained by the Roman priesthood, that it not only stimulates them in preserving the present, but in building additional churches. I found the work of rebuilding in full force in the church of St. Paul's, *fuore le muxa*, a church only second in extent and magnificence to St. Peter's. The greater part of this church was destroyed, some years ago, by fire, but promises now to rise from its ashes, in all its ancient magnificence. I do not mean to say that, as Catholics, we should not desire to see the church where St. Paul is generally supposed to have been buried, rebuilt. In all this there is much that is commendable, but it is melancholy to reflect, that where such enormous wealth and labour have been expended in raising vast and noble temples of religion, there are not enough of worshippers to fill them, and that the gospel, the glad tidings of great joy, is not freely or faithfully published from their pulpits.

Here and there we see a Roman peasant, or a group of women kneeling before some favorite shrine, the pious devotees generally appearing of the lowest orders, except in the church of St. John Lateran, where of an afternoon comes occasionally an Italian prince or noble of the old school, but, more frequently, my lord cardinal, his stately old carriage drawn up at a side door. His Eminence enters, accompanied by his chaplain and liveried attendants, and approaching the chapel of his favorite saint—perhaps, indeed, that of his ancestors—he kneels on the crimson cushion placed for him by his attendants, who having done so kneel behind him, while his Eminence draws from his ample pocket his diamond snuff-box, snuffs, blows his nose, spits, looks hard at the gorgeous shrine before him, mutters something, and departs with the same complacent dignity he entered. We found a gang of galley-slaves employed polishing the beautiful marble aisles of the church of St. Paul, a sight which, however painful, is not, I believe, uncommon, in churches under repair in Rome. After visiting the church of St. John Lateran, we looked into the neighbouring chapel of the Santa Scala, said to be the same by which our Saviour ascended to the Judgment Hall of Pilate. It is said that this sacred flight of stairs is shewn to the faithful elsewhere, but however that may be, we found here many poor devotees ascending and descending them on their knees—no doubt with the fullest conviction of their sacred authenticity. The churches of Rome are so numerous, and all so splendid, that it is as difficult as it would be useless to individualize them. St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore cannot, indeed, be easily forgotten when visited. As for the rest, if we remember them, it is for something peculiar which they possess. We remember the Church of St.

Pietro, in Vinculis, for the genius of Michael Angelo, and his "Moses:" the Church of St. Pietro, in Mintorio, for the convent near it, which encloses in its cloisters the place where tradition says St. Peter was crucified; and also for the magnificent view of Rome which that part of the city near the Fontana Paulina commands; so that after the first few days from his arrival, the traveller confines himself to St. Peter's. Here, indeed, he will never enter without finding something new to excite his admiration; and the music and ever-changing ceremonies he will daily witness, if they do not edify, cannot at least fail to interest him. I heard the vespers—the least objectionable, to Protestants, of all the Roman Catholic services—one Sunday afternoon, with much delight. The music was very fine; the greater part of the lay auditory were English or foreigners. A few days afterwards, I witnessed his holiness visit (according to custom in Lent) the altars in St. Peter's. The Swiss Guard, in their antique and beautiful uniform, entered the cathedral some time before the pontiff, and ranged themselves in two lines near the entrance of the chapel where his holiness was to pray, and for which purpose a carpet and stool were placed. Various officers of the papal court followed, in handsome uniforms; and this being an occasion, I suppose, of presenting petitions to the Pope, a great number of letters were handed to the captain of the Swiss Guard, all by Roman women, relating, perhaps, to the approaching festival, in which his holiness was to endow fifty girls with marriage portions; after some time, his holiness returned, accompanied by the members of his household, and a great number of cardinals. He wore episcopal robes, with a little red scull-cap; his features are good, but their rubicund hue, and which particularly distinguishes the nasal organ of Gregory XVI., renders him far from

venerable, and gives rise, indeed, to many a joke, not only amongst the profane Protestants, but even amongst the faithful of Rome. He has, also, a shuffling, undignified pace, more characteristic of the Camaldolere monk than of the supreme Pontiff. After praying before the chapel a short time, he arose, and approaching the celebrated bronze statue of St. Peter, kissed it reverently, and remained for some time as if in silent prayer. To the mind of a Protestant, there is nothing more offensive in St. Peter's than the veneration which is paid to this statue, said to be an ancient one of Jupiter Capitolinus—the thunderbolts of the ruler of Olympus having been removed, to give place to the keys of St. Peter; and, certainly, the figure, antique and noble as it is, has just the aspect and posture which the Greeks and Romans delighted to give to "Jove supreme."

I followed his holiness from St. Peter's into the Vatican. Are we surprised at the vaunting ambition "which o'erleapt itself"—at the aspiring desire for empire, which nothing but universal empire could satisfy, and which, more or less, forms the history of the Roman Pontiffs—the metropolitan bishop of such a church, the sovereign lord of such a palace! Walk along those vast corridors, and view all the glory of Rome from their lofty windows; and can we wonder that its possessors could deem that in the palace of the Cæsars they might also wield their power. It has been truly and finely said, 'that St. Peter's is the grandest temple that man ever raised to his God, while the Vatican is the grandest he ever raised to himself. The world is changed, and the opinions of men have changed; but, whatever judgment may be pronounced of the Popes, in their spiritual characters, viewing them as temporal sovereigns,

the traveller who walks through the countless chambers of the Vatican, where the buried arts of the ancients, restored to the light of day again, challenge the admiration of mankind, will freely admit their claim to the gratitude of the scholar and the artist of every country. The first object of my pursuit was, naturally, those matchless works of the Grecian chisel, the "Apollo Belvidere," and the "Laocoon;" but they occupy a distant part of the museo, and, however eager may be the desire of the stranger to behold them, he will find himself involuntarily lingering before the crowd of other beautiful statues and objects, all so interesting and deserving of attention. The ancient world, Pagan and Christian, here illustrated by the most beautiful memorials, solicit his contemplation; and barren, indeed, must his mind be, who can pass them by unmoved. Amongst the first and most touching objects that present themselves to the visitor's regard is, the interesting series of Christian monuments, or, rather, funeral inscriptions, which line an entire side of the great corridor by which he enters; they commence with the age of the apostles, and are generally in Greek: they are pointed and brief, as were all Grecian inscriptions of the kind; unlike those of the Romans, which are diffuse in fulsome panegyric of the virtues of the dead, and in recitals of the sorrow of the surviving relatives; but viewing those simple tributes of human affections and sorrows, we are frequently reminded by some expressions, or by some holy and endearing symbol of our faith, that they were the offerings of those who mourned, but the same time felt that their affliction was "light, and but for a moment"—who sorrowed, but with a sorrow full of the hope of immortality.

In studying the statues of the celebrated men of Rome, there is nothing more striking than their air of truthfulness, and verisimilitude of life, if I may use so bold an expression. They at once impress us with the feelings, that the great men, whose names have been bruited in the world for 2,000 years, are faithfully delineated before us, with all their characteristic peculiarities, whether of features, figure, or costume. This is particularly observable in the statues of the emperors. They are faithful as the descriptions of Suetonius; and we equally recognise the bald first Cæsar, in the strongly-defined features, the full mouth, "ore paulo pleniore," as well as in the rich laticlave and slovenly cincture, which recalls to our recollection the warning of Scylla to those who interceded with him for the life of the future tyrant, "That they should beware of that badly-girded boy." Equally truthful are the figures and busts of the other emperors. Who does not recognise "the young Octavius" in that expansive brow, those placid and beautifully-formed features, which would be considered effeminate, but for the air of firmness that gives them a precocious dignity; also, in keeping with what history relates of the ambitious and determined youth, quitting his studies at Apollonia, and disregarding the fears and entreaties of his mother, claiming his great but dangerous inheritance, the sovereignty of the world. But some will ask, do we not look, and look in vain, in those placid features, for any traces of the bloody crimes which blackened the early career of the young triumvir? Of that I am not quite sure; though it may be admitted that this bust of "Octavius" is, apparently, a difficult one to reconcile with the theory of the physiognomist. I could not help thinking, as I contemplated it more atten-

tively, that we may detect in those beautiful but impassive features, that cold calculation and relentless selfishness, that equally induced the bloody proscriptions of his triumvirate, and the politic clemency that consolidated his imperial power. This splendid statue of Augustus, as well as that of Tiberius, are both remarkable for their air of truthfulness. Sculpture and painting, in their epic flights (according to the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds), should surpass nature—certain it is, that nature and truthfulness are the very essence of true art, whether in painting or sculpture. It has been said, that it is an indication of a low state of the arts in a country, where this rage for busts and portraits prevails; and it is too true, that in our own country, and at the present day, vulgar wealth has brought art, by such employments, to the lowest state of degradation. I suspect it was the same among the Romans, who not only never reached the standard of Grecian perfection, but do not even seem to have ever learned to appreciate the true and ennobling objects of art. The rage for portraits was excessive; at first, this passion was confined to the great; and although we find Horace expressing the dislike which he felt to this taste for portraiture, degrading to the artist, and often disagreeable to the patron—

"Nil moror officium quod me gravat ac neque ficto
In pegus vultu proponi cereus usquam—opto."—Hor. Ep. ii. 1—26.

it still gained ground; and under the empire, not only the ædiles and mayors of provincial cities, but even freedmen, gloried in possessing the marble effigies of their ancestors, and had them carried in their funeral processions, after the manner of the ancient senators.

It is to this that we may, therefore, attribute their excellence in this department of sculpture, which, I think, will be admitted by all who visit the galleries of Rome or Florence. The Greeks were more faithful to the true objects of art; and nearly all the fine works of ancient sculpture that we possess, of the heroic or historical kind, are by Grecian artists. And what beautiful models, of all that is most beautiful, have they not left us here? The sleeping "Ariadne," the graceful "Antinous," but before, and above all, the "Lord of the unerring bow," the matchless "Apollo Belvidere." All ordinary description fails to convey any idea of this *chef-d'œuvre* of Grecian art; criticism itself becomes lost in admiration. It is ideal beauty—it is the creation of that ineffable "τὸ κάλον," the dream of the Grecian poets and philosophers, whose conception and execution are alike divine. All feel, all acknowledge the beauty and glory of this great work, but to analyze and describe it, requires a kindred inspiration and possession of the same "*divinus afflatus*," which has given life and form to the impassive marble. The genius of Byron, in contemplating this masterpiece of sculpture, found noble exercise for his muse—his description of it is among the finest passages of his immortal poem, while its correctness, both of comprehension and expression, proves how clearly allied are the fine arts with the feelings of true poetry. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor, have never failed to recognize and appreciate excellence in their mutual pursuits, when that excellence has really reached the point of the sublime and beautiful. Nothing but the immortal work itself is finer than his description, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing—

"Go, view the 'lord of the unerring bow,'
The god of life, and poesy, and light,
The sun, in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow light—
With an immortal's vengeance in his eye;
And nostril beautiful, disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance, the deity."

It is, indeed, remarkable that, while critics and artists have started such various and conflicting opinions as to the capacity in which the god is referred to here, the poet, as if with a divine instinct, should at once have comprehended the design of the Grecian artist—it is not Apollo, in his healing character, nor even as the Pythian god—it is "Apollo the Destroyer," such as the great Grecian poet himself has described him. Yet, it seemed to me, that, mingled with immortal disdain, there is a look of godlike compassion, as if, while indicating his offended majesty, he was startled and pained by the swift destruction his wrath had produced—the "Apollo Belvidere" once seen, can never be forgotten. The group of the "Laocoon" is not calculated to inspire the same unmingled satisfaction, nor does it gain on our admiration, when fresh from the contemplation of the perfect beauty of the "Apollo." If this group was not intended to represent the celebrated episode in the Æneid, it will, nevertheless, be ever associated with it in the mind of every scholar; but I think it bears strong evidence of having been suggested by the description of the Roman poet. The principal figure—that of the wretched father himself—exactly answers the account given in the Æneid; and nothing in art can be more sublime than the manner in which the conception has been carried out. Never, by hu-

man hand, was intense agony, mental as well as bodily, so terribly, so really pourtrayed; but the two other figures of the group are not in keeping, either with the description, or what we would suppose them in nature to be. There is nothing childlike in his sons—theirs are not the "*parvæ corpora*" intended by the Mantuan bard. Instead of children writhing in the terrible embrace of the serpents, we behold two attendants, and withered *manichini* of uncertain age, and out of all proportion with the principal figure. There is a consequent want of unity, and we ask ourselves, can the father and sons be by the same artist. On no statue of Rome has the work of restoration been more extensively engaged, and, doubtless, it has suffered from this cause. It is said, that shortly after its discovery, its restoration was offered to Michael Angelo, but that great man, with the modesty so indicative of great genius, declined the task, "because he could do nothing worthy of so great a piece;" but his successors, amongst others that great undertaker Bernini, were not so scrupulous, and it is in the figures of the sons of "Laocoon" that the principal modern restorations are to be found. I have already quoted Byron's beautiful description of the "Apollo"—that of the "Laocoon" is equally fine; and it is observable that the poet confines himself to the principal figure:—

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture—dignifying pain,
A father's love, and mortal's agony,
With an immortal patience blending: vain
The struggle, vain against the coiling strain,
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench—the long-envenom'd chain,
Rivets the long links—the enormous asp—
Enforces pang on pang—and stifles gasp on gasp."

Amongst the most interesting and valuable collections in the Vatican, is the gallery of sculptured animals. One is equally astonished at the variety of the whole, as at the excellence of the detail. Nothing of all the relics of antiquity gives us a more striking idea of the power of ancient sculpture, and of the perfection to which this art must have been brought. The paintings of Landseer would appear tame and unfinished in the midst of this marble menagerie of art, as it has been happily called, where all the beasts of the forest seem to move before us. Wonderful, indeed, is the spirit and fidelity with which these animals are represented; and profound must have been the study and acquaintance of zoology in the sculptors that produced them. They are said to have been Grecian, probably by Grecians settled in Rome, where the vast collections of wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, and the passion of Romans for the combats of wild beasts, encouraged them to turn their attention to this branch of sculpture, which they brought to this extraordinary perfection. Certainly, if they were done by Grecian artists, they confirm the testimony of Juvenal to the wonderful aptitude of the Greeks for any pursuit :—

"Grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes,
Augur schœnobates medicus magus, omnia novit
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum jusseris, ibit."—Juv. Sat. iii. 75.

I was anxious to have an opportunity of visiting the Vatican library. It was not because I anticipated much learned edification, that I desired to see this vast storehouse of learning, but merely with the feeling that induces many others to do so, namely, that it is something to behold even the outside of venerable books and manuscripts. To gain admission, however, is

not so easy, owing to the early hour at which it closes, but, above all, to the multitude of saints'-days and festivals. Indeed, for purposes of reference and study to the learned, I fear it would not much matter if this collection shared the fate of the Alexandrian library; or, as it seems in a fair way of doing now, that of many other celebrated collections, "Qua tineas pascit taciturnus inertes." But, when I did get in, I had not even the satisfaction of viewing the outsides of these literary treasures; deposited in presses, the "*custode*" thought it enough (as, doubtless, it was) to give me a hurried recital of their respective contents, now and then permitting me to inspect something that he thought might be interesting—amongst other things, the letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, and his celebrated work in defence of the seven sacraments. The notice of English travellers is, indeed, always studiously invited to the consideration of these documents, as if with a view of disparaging the Reformation in England, by shewing in whom and from what it originated; but, whatever they may allege of the Anglican church establishment, marred as it has ever been by usurpation and worldly-mindedness, and a subservient and compromising alliance with authority, they well know that, in the work of the Reformation, the lustful tyrant was but the blind instrument in the fulfilling of the purposes of that Being, who, putting "a hook in the nose, and a bridle in the mouth" of kings, could make even a Pharaoh or a Cyrus the minister of his will. There are few objects of antiquity more interesting than that beautiful fresco known as the "Nozze Aldobrandine," from having long formed the chief ornament of the villa of that name. Until the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum, it was considered the

finest specimen extant of ancient painting. Nicholas Poussin, who so profoundly studied all the remains of the ancients, and therefrom derived that classic character so remarkable in his paintings, made it his constant study, and has left a beautiful copy of the "Nozze," which is still preserved in the Doria palace. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his admirable discourses on painting, makes it the subject of his panegyric; and the celebrated John Bell, the anatomist, speaks of it in the highest terms of admiration. It is said by antiquarians to represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis; but many, on a little consideration, will consider this conclusion unsatisfactory. It is true that the costume and accessories are Greek, but there is nothing to enable us to identify the sea-goddess, in the enveloped and bashful figure seated on the "triclinium." The attendants do not appear more exalted than the ordinary attendants on such ceremonies, and the back-ground is, indeed, as Mr. Williams has truly described it, "taken up by a screen;" whereas we read that the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis were attended by all the deities, and was celebrated with the greatest pomp on Mount Pelion. The bridegroom, seated at the foot of the triclinium, instead of the nuptial fillet of roses, is adorned with a chaplet of vine leaves, the appropriate crown of Bacchus. Altogether, it would be as safe to call this beautiful relic of antiquity the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne. Bacchus and the "imberbis Apollo," were the favourite subjects with the Greek artists for representing manly beauty; and the attitude of the bridegroom is admirably chosen to display all that is most beautiful in the human figure, and is a model of strength and grace united. But, in truth, it is a bootless inquiry; and, whether the painting represents the marriage of Peleus

must visit the Vatican for months, before the mind can even take in any idea of the treasures that it contains; and, when that is done, we feel that the study of a single department would require the devotion of a life. Have we viewed its small, but matchless collection of paintings, "learning heavenly things" from the divine Raphael, when gazing with rapture on the glory of the "Transfiguration," or on the ineffable beauty of the "Madonna da Foligne?" Have we, at the end of a winter in Rome, been able even to survey all the monuments and antiquities of the ancients, here collected from so many quarters? Still, the walls of the Vatican itself remain to claim our admiration, where no humbler genius than that of Michael Angelo and the divine Raphael was occupied for years!

Every one who would study the most extraordinary, if not the greatest work, of one of the greatest intellects that even Italy ever produced, will visit the Sistine chapel, to behold the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo. But the result, I think, is the conviction, rendered more cogent, even after perusing all the subtle and philosophic reasoning of Burke, that there is indeed an essential difference between the sublime and beautiful. Michael Angelo had for his design the immortal epic of his illustrious countryman; in carrying it out, he has exhibited an imagination at once terrible and original; but can painting be properly applied to such a subject? In poetry these awful speculations are not so painful; they may naturally accompany the didactic object of the poet, and, as pictures of the mind, pass as rapidly as the winged words that have called them forth; but the first object of the painter must ever be to please. Even in poetry the human mind becomes callous and apathetic, at the continued contemplation of an infinitude of woes, till at

length, like Macbeth, having "supped full of horrors," it cannot even be moved by the direst shapes that the poet can conjure up. It may even be said that the mind would revolt from the dreadful scenes of the "Inferno," did we not feel that they were allegorical.

As it is, with what relief does the reader turn from the minute and terrible recital of imaginary punishments and ingenious tortures, to such pathetic episodes as that of Francescá di Rimini, in the "Inferno," and of his own Beatrice, in the "Paradiso."

In the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, it is human mortal anguish that is represented, and that, too, with all the life-like and vigorous truth so striking in the workings of this wonderful man. But, though mortal, his portraits have that strange unearthly look which cannot be described, but which those who have seen his "Weird Sisters" in the Pitti Palace, will not easily forget.

Milton, while taking a bolder flight than either the Italian poet or the Italian painter, is yet always restrained by a more chastened appreciation of the nature of his subject; and whether he describes the fall of the archangels or of our own race, it is intellectual suffering, it is mental anguish, that he brings before us; and not all the fearful punishments of the "Inferno," so elaborately described, convey as sublime a terror as the brief exclamation of Satan—

"Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell!"

Indeed, when we institute the comparison, it is impossible not to be struck with the vast superiority of the solemn and religious strains of the great English poet, to those of his Italian predecessor, so frequently disturbed by

human passion, and desecrated by human feelings. In regarding the great work of Michael Angelo, we are naturally recalled to the "Divina Commedia," as it is well known that the illustrious painter professed that it was from thence he drew his inspiration; but it is also natural for an Englishman, in contemplating it, to enter into a comparison between these two productions of Italian poetry and painting, and the "Paradise Lost" of his immortal countryman—the greatest epic poem, beyond comparison, of the modern world: and there is much instruction to be drawn from their joint consideration. Whence did Milton derive the lofty superiority of his sacred song? Not from profane writings; but from the inspired Word of God. He wrote at a time, and in a country, where the awakened mind of man had been turned with a mighty influence to the true source of all wisdom; and it was from that source that he derived all that grandeur of thought and expression which harmonized with his immortal theme. But in the days of Dante, the Bible, if not to himself, at least to the world in general, was a sealed book; and the poet was content to take the Mantuan bard as his guide and instructor through realms, about which his notions were as vague and undefined as those of his illustrious guide in his own description in the Æneid. Bacon has truly said, that the poets were the doctors of their religion amongst the nations of antiquity; and let the Word of God be closed, and we are at once reduced to the same state of things, and are led blindfold at the guidance of blind guides. Such were Dante and the Italian poets, who drew from the ancients all their illustrations, and aspired to no higher distinction than that of faithful imitators of their ancient masters. When, therefore, they treat of the dark and secret

things of futurity, their opinions have no more claims to respect than the fabulous fancies of the mythological poets; and, consequently, want the authority and impress of truth in which the poem of Milton is so strongly entrenched.

In the "Last Judgment," with much that is sublime, we have also much that we cannot help regarding as grotesque, and repugnant to taste as well as reason. In fact, we have all the *dramatis personæ* and machinery of ancient and modern Rome. Above, is the Saviour; below, Charon and the river Styx, Saint Peter and his keys, saints and mortals, martyrs and demons. In all this, I have been merely considering the moral design and conception exemplified in this extraordinary work. It would be presumption in any one but an artist to treat of it as a work of art: artists of every age have spoken of it with wonder and admiration; and even when we cannot sympathize in its details, it would be rash in any one to pronounce them extravagant or affected. It is altogether with feelings of delight that we turn to those beautiful "*stanze*" where the divine genius of the great rival of Michael Angelo has lavished such wondrous beauty and glory. It is impossible to select any particular object as pre-eminently deserving our admiration. Every figure that the hand of Raphael himself has called forth, is perfect, and easily recognizable in the paintings where other artists, however great, have been employed. The "*stanze*" of Raphael, in every point of view considered, will ever form one of the most remarkable subjects in the history of the human intellect. What can be grander in conception and execution than the "Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple?" Truly glorious and divine was the mind of Raphael Sanzio—his imagination was essentially pure and spiritual: how melancholy, then,

to see it occupied on such a work as the "Miracle of Bolsona"—a pandering to the worldly pride and usurpation of the Roman pontiffs. But such was ever the fate of genius in Italy; it was at once encouraged and debased, glorified and enslaved.

Enough, then, of the arts and artists, and of popes and cardinals, their patrons. Let us stroll homewards by the yellow Tiber, crossing the Milvian bridge: or shall we pass through the Borgo, memorable as the quarter of Rome once inhabited by the Saxon pilgrims and strangers, and where the Pope is said (according to popular tradition) to have encountered the beautiful Saxon children, that led to the mission of St. Augustine? The Borgo is also interesting to Englishmen, for containing the palace once occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, when ambassador in Rome, and now so well known from the hospitalities of Prince Torlonia. In my visits to the Vatican, I used to vary my walk by following one route going, and another coming back, wending my way in the morning by the Ripetto, across the bridge of St. Angelo to St. Peter's and the Vatican, and returning in the evening across the Milvian bridge.

The Mole of Adrian, now the castle of St. Angelo, a fortress and state prison, is, after St. Peter's, perhaps the best known and most familiar object that meets the stranger in modern Rome. It enters into almost every view and painting of the "Eternal City," and, certainly, in itself, is sufficiently remarkable to account for this distinction. Its style, as well as its history, are too well known to require description, There is no monument in Rome so pregnant with moral instruction; erected, in imitation of the colossal works of the Egyptians, as the mausoleum of the pagan emperor, it has become the stronghold of the aspiring bishops of that church which

he so fiercely persecuted—those mitred lords of Rome, "In veste di pastor lupi rapaci;" but though a fortress, it still remains a living tomb to many, the victims of the jealousy of a weak and suspicious government.

The mausoleum of the great Augustus, in the Campo Mazo, has met with still greater desecration; it now serves as the theatre for tight-rope dancing and buffoonery, to the lowest orders of the Romans! It is the reflections which such wonderful changes suggest to the mind, that make Rome what our great modern poet has so well described it—"the city of the soul." Babylon, Troy, Athens, all yield, in point of interest, to the "Eternal City;" and while one stone remains upon another, that interest will for ever endure. Returning from the Vatican, it was my wont to pursue that beautiful road which, shaded by lofty trees, leads to the Milvian bridge, along the course of the yellow Tiber. This is one of the favorite drives of the Roman nobility, as it is one of the most agreeable walks to our own more active countrymen. It also affords us an opportunity of visiting the Villa Madama, celebrated for the magnificent view it commands of the Campagna, and for the memory of many illustrious names associated with it. It crowns the summit of Monte Mario, so prominent and picturesque a feature in the view from the Pincian mount. The history of this villa is curious: it was built by the Cardinal Giulio di Medici, from the designs of Raphael, and after his death, completed by his great pupil, Giulio Romano. It derives its name from the celebrated Margaret of Austria, the natural daughter of Charles V., who lived here. After the death of her first husband, Alessandro di Medici, she married into the Farnese family, from whom the villa passed to the Neapolitan Bourbons. It now belongs to the

King of Naples, and has fallen into the most complete ruin. Few traces remain of the taste and magnificence which once rendered it the most magnificent villa about Rome. We now pass over the Milvian bridge, which derives a new interest from the recent contemplation of Raphael's great picture of the battle here gained by Constantine over Maxentius, although more interesting to the scholar for its connexion with Cicero, and the Catiline conspiracy: and so on to the Porta del Popolo.

A stroll on Monte Pincio, the ancient Collis Hortulorum, where were the gardens of Sallust, and on whose grounds Claude Lorraine, as we are told, used to sit and contemplate the beautiful sunsets which have so often proved the distinctive charm of his glowing landscapes, generally concluded my day's wanderings in Rome. And where, indeed, does an Italian sunset appear more splendid than from Monte Pincio? The whole of modern, and the greater part of ancient Rome is stretched beneath our feet—its countless domes and towers bathed in the glowing beams of the setting orb, as he sinks behind the heights of Monte Mario. Never does St. Peter's appear more glorious, than at that delightful hour. The sun sets, and every object stands out in relief against the purple sky, with a clearness and beauty that cannot be expressed. We can, as we gaze upon the colossal structure of St. Angelo, behold the threatening sword of the archangel; and we feel as if we could believe half the Romish legends of sunset visions.

To conclude this account of a "day's doings" in Rome, which we have here "noted in a book," night would find me enjoying, amidst the most musical

audience of Europe, the delightful strains of Fiezzolini at the Argentina. Nothing can equal the enthusiasm of the Romans for the opera and the ballet. Grave and haughty, often even morose, we can hardly believe them to be the same people in the evening. Their natural feelings, pent up and restrained by a forced conformity with an ascetic and hypocritical system, here burst forth unrestrained; and the greater the licence, either of language or gesture, the more loud and vehement becomes their applause. The priestly authorities, while they look with no very kindly eye on the theatres at Rome, feel that they dare not directly interfere with them. They exercise over the representations, however, as vigilant a censorship as they can with safety—excluding some pieces, altering and softening others, and even admitting some under a different name. As an instance of this last, may be adduced the opera of Lucrezia Borgia, which is a great favourite with the Romans, but which, as reflecting on one of the papal families, is not allowed to be represented under its proper name; for, if appearances are only regarded, the authorities are easily satisfied at Rome. This principle is, indeed, exemplified very generally in Roman manners; and, indeed, here, Moliere's "Tartuffe" is as useful a guide as Murray's hand-book.

If we were to judge by appearances, we should pronounce Rome the most moral and virtuous city in Europe. Nothing can equal its aspect of staid and solemn decorum. Fasting, and praying, and tinkling bells, seem to be the only order of the day. But a little more acquaintance with it will serve to make us alter our first opinion. There are days when the cafés and restaurants are closed, and the unhappy heretic

hears with dismay that he cannot have his egg, and must drink his *café noir* in honour of the Virgin; but the compassionate *garçon* soon quiets his alarm, by pointing to an inner room, where in private he may call for what he pleases. This will illustrate my meaning. It is capable of very wide illustration; but I forbear any further.

CHAPTER VIII.

Palaces of Rome—Villas of Rome—The Borghese—Bernini—The French Academy—The "Villa Mills" on the Palatine—Grotto of Egeria—The Campagna of Rome—The Aqueduct—Tivoli—Departure from Rome for Florence.

FORSYTH truly observes of the Roman palaces, that if they could be collected together, they would form a magnificent city in themselves; but, as it is, one has to hunt them out through some of the vilest lanes and quarters of the city, where these vast and splendid structures appear in striking contrast with the squalid wretchedness of all around them. To attempt any detailed account of these great edifices would be nearly as difficult as to give a description of their contents. Elsewhere, one of these palaces would confer celebrity on any ordinary town in Europe; but in Rome, amidst the endless objects of interest that solicit our attention, we are obliged to single out and arrange; so that at last we only remember the most remarkable of these beautiful structures, and that too, perhaps, only from being the repository of some work of art that has fixed itself on our recollection. It is for this reason that the Borghese is recalled to us, as the resting-place of the "Chase of Diana," Raphael's "Entombment of Christ," Titian's beautiful picture, "Sacred and Profane Love," and that splendid portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael. But how can we omit mentioning the two portraits of the

divine Raphael, by himself? How familiar to us are those beautiful and penserose lineaments, which correspond so well with all that his admiring cotemporaries have recorded of that gentle and gifted spirit. In the same way we remember the Palazzo Barberini for Raphael's "Fornasina," and Guido's "Cenci;" the Corsini, for the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, Nicholas and Gaspar Poussin, and the rival "Ecce Homo" of Guercino. The Doria is brought back to us, as the home of the works of Poussin; the Caracci and the Farnese for their frescoes; the Rospigliosi, for Guido's "Aurora;" and the Palazzo Spada, for the celebrated statue of the great Roman, now almost its only ornament. I may mention, in connexion with this last palace, the statue of Pompey, which is one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome, and is considered, on high authority, to have been the very statue that stood in the hall of the forum, and "e'en at whose base great Cæsar fell." This statue, as Suetonius informs us, was removed after Cæsar's assassination, by order of Augustus, from the hall in which it stood, and placed before the portico of Pompey's theatre; and it is curious enough that, in another of the palaces—the Palazzo della Cancellaria—forty-four of the granite columns of this famous portico are now found existing, and form to this day the noblest "*cortile*" in Rome.

After the palaces, the villas of Rome engage our attention. They have been enriched from the same sources as the palaces, at the same time that, in like manner, the history of their founders often affords us examples of princely talents and means devoted to the study and encouragement of learning and the fine arts. What a satire on the Mæcenases of the present day, and of our country in particular, are these splendid

galleries of the palaces and villas of Rome? The means of the generality of the nobility no longer permit them to indulge in the munificent classic tastes of their ancestors; but, amidst all the revolutions of Italy, and the general decay of private fortunes, it is highly creditable to find so many fine collections of pictures, preserved with as much fidelity as they are exhibited with liberality. Many fine galleries have been, indeed, sold and dispersed, but we may well believe that the necessity that led to such a sacrifice must have been indeed extreme. When an Englishman parts with a picture, he parts with something that has ministered to his ostentation, or notions of magnificence; but when an Italian noble parts with a picture, he parts with a pleasure—he separates from an object of his affection. I speak in general, for we meet with many in both countries who rise above, or fall below, their countrymen in this matter. And then, what an example of liberality do the Roman nobility give us, in thus throwing open to the public, at all times and seasons, their magnificent galleries, and the princely salons of their palaces? Hereby they shew that they really love the fine arts, and are anxious to promote the study of them; for a genuine love of the arts is an active feeling, that delights in propagandism. We cannot be insensible to this liberality, when strolling daily from palace to palace, and villa to villa, as if they were our own; nor avoid recalling with pain how differently they manage these things in England. What a work, for example, it would be, to be admitted into the gallery of that great lord of brick and mortar, the Marquis of ——; and, then, what a *douceur* to some of "my lord's gentlemen?" "A few cardinals," says Forsyth, "erected all the great villas of Rome—their riches, their taste, their learning,

their leisure, their frugality," all combined to this single object—while the eminent founder was squandering thousands on a statue, he would allow but one crown for his own dinner. He had no children—no stud—no dogs to keep up; he built, indeed, for his own pleasure, or for the admiration of others, but, at the same time, he embellished the country, and promoted the resort of distinguished foreigners, for whom he afforded a high intellectual treat, at the expense of a few pounds. How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England! How many are absorbed in the table, the turf, or the field!—expenses which centre and end in the rich egotist himself. What English villa is open like the Borghese, as a common drive to the whole metropolis; and how finely is this liberality announced in the inscription on the pedestal of an ancient statue in the park?—"Quisquis es si liber ito quo voles petito quæ cupis, abito quando voles."

I could not help transcribing this well-known and striking passage, which does, however, but justice to the Roman cardinals, for their munificent encouragement of the fine arts—a liberality which almost inclines us to forget the dark catalogue of crimes and vices with which their order has been charged. In the liberality of the present possessors of these beautiful villas, and in the desire they manifest to make them contribute to the enjoyment of the inhabitants and strangers of Rome, we at least see something of the spirit of their Roman ancestors, who, amongst their most memorable acts, were wont to bequeath their beautiful gardens and villas to the Roman people; thereby taking an effectual and most grateful means of living in the remembrance of their countrymen. In the Villa Borghese—the most

beautiful villa in Rome, whether we consider its park or Casino—a fine classic taste pervades every object we behold. Elegant little temples and altars, with appropriate inscriptions, invite the mind to the agreeable and long-forgotten studies of our youth, as we pace its shady walks, or sit, "sub umbrosa ilice," in pleasing meditation. All are welcomed, none denied, to wander here; the very stream must not be diverted from its course—"Ne quis impediat cursum mitissimi amnis;" is inscribed on an aqueduct thrown across the road that leads to the Casino. How grateful is it to turn from the noise of the Corso, or the crowds of the Pincian, and wander in the cypress avenues of this beautiful retreat; here repairs the aspiring artist to refresh the mind, tired with the intenseness of its own conceptions, as well as the humble artisan, to solace himself after his daily toil; and a pleasant sight it is to witness, on festival days, whole families, in delighted groups, wandering round the margin of the little lake, or seated on the grassy benches of its Hippodrome. Would that our nobility and gentry could be induced to imitate Prince Borghese; they may be assured that the feelings of the dispenser of so much happiness meet their own reward, while they exalt and honor their possessor. But the Prince does not content himself with merely throwing open his beautiful villa to the people of Rome. A few months before my visit, he delighted the lower orders with a succession of shows and games, on a scale of magnificence that would have done honor to an ancient patrician. Indeed, nothing is more characteristic of Italian manners, than the absence of what we call exclusiveness, and the frequency and harmony with which the different classes of society meet together; their numerous public fêtes and religious ceremonies tend

to this, but it is still more the result of national character, of that gentleness and want of arrogance to inferiors, and love of popularity, which have long distinguished the modern Italians.

The Casino Borghese is, perhaps, the most magnificent of the Roman villas, and the most characteristic in its style of architecture. Its beautiful portico, sixty feet long, supported by Doric pilasters, enriched by bas-reliefs, has a striking effect, to which its splendid saloon and chambers correspond; all that wealth could effect has been done to adorn and beautify the interior; but unfortunately, the Casino was built when the arts in Italy were rapidly declining, and, therefore, its frescoes and embellishments are not at all of the same order with those of the Roman edifices and villas, generally, while the greater part of the splendid antiquities and works of art which once filled the Casino, are now found, as Murray informs us, in the Louvre and other galleries. Here, however, we still find amongst the sculptures some interesting works of Bernini, executed at the extraordinary early age of eighteen—a sculptor who notwithstanding the censures of artists and connoisseurs, it will always be difficult not to admire. Amongst other objects, there is a "Daphne," which is remarkable for the bold manner in which the young artist has represented her metamorphosis. Here we also find the "Hermaphrodite," that strange conception, of which the Greek and Roman sculptors were so fond, the most beautiful figure of the kind now existing; and here, too, more beautiful and interesting, perhaps, than all, is that lovely full-length figure of the Princess Paulina Borghese, by Canova, about which they tell a story more *polisson* than credible. The fine series of porphyry busts of the Roman emperors and sarcophagi will also interest the

stranger. From the grounds of the Villa Borghese, as, indeed, from a great part of Rome, the Villa Medici is a prominent and beautiful object; it stands at the extremity of the Pincian hill, overlooking the city, and is now the seat of the French academy. Well may the French people be proud of such an establishment—well may they style themselves "la grande nation," for munificent and uniform has been the encouragement of the fine arts by France, under every regime, whether regal or republican, imperial or Louis Philippian.

It is most discreditable to England that our young artists at Rome do not possess a similar institution. The few that are sent out by the Royal Academy possess no peculiar advantages. The greater number, however, depend on their own resources, or the munificence of private individuals, and, in general, beyond their scanty stipends, and a few letters of introduction, are left to their own unaided exertions. It is unnecessary to point out all the difficulties the young English student has to contend with in Rome; his very religion is against him, for it is a disgraceful exception to the general liberality in every country except here, that some of the societies of artists are closed to Protestants. How different is the position of the French student, protected by a powerful institution, where he finds at once guidance and encouragement in his studies, and a point of re-union and congenial society, aided, moreover, by the ambassador of his country, who is charged, as part of his instructions, to see that French artists receive every facility in their studies.

If the artists of France have not exhibited greater excellence, it must be owing to a want of genius, or false taste, and not a want of encouragement on

the part of their government, while, on the other hand, British artists have won their high distinctions, in spite of the neglect and apathy of theirs; relying only on themselves, they have shewn the same indomitable energy and perseverance which has ever distinguished their country; and the result has been that English artists in Rome now enjoy a reputation which, while it is doubly honourable to themselves, is a reproach to their government. But let us hope, that in these days of enlightened progress, this grand want will be supplied before long, and that in the "Eternal City," the great nursing-mother of the arts, as the sturdiest Protestant will, at least, acknowledge her, English artists may be afforded the advantage of a national institute, and English travellers a point of elegant and enlightened re-union.

Of all the villas of Rome, perhaps the Villa Pamfili Doria is the one that is most likely to please Englishmen; the grounds are very extensive, and command beautiful views; the gardens are laid out in good taste, and well kept, and altogether, this villa comes nearer to our ideas of a country place—an aspect, which, excepting the Borghese, none of the villas of Rome possess.

The Villa Ludovisi will be visited for the celebrated fresco of "Aurora," by Guercino, one of the most pleasing and successful works of this great and favorite artist; it is generally preferred to the "Aurora" of Guido, and, indeed, seems a subject better suited to the style and genius of the former; however, as I have heard the matter frequently disputed, I will not be the fool to step in where "angels fear to tread," but eschewing all critical acumen in painting, will content my-

self with saying, that I derived much pleasure from the study of both. The Villa Albani is one of the most famous in Rome. Forsyth's brief but animated description of it has made it well known to Englishmen—"Here," he says, "is a villa of exquisite design, planned by a profound antiquary—here Cardinal Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticoes and such saloons to receive it, as an old Roman would have done;" but much of the ancient sculpture, in pursuance of Bonaparte's policy of embellishing Paris, was carried away at the time of the French invasion, and, unfortunately, did not find its way back at the restoration; but the classic porticoes and galleries are there as beautiful as ever, and still, so much of its marble treasures remain, that it is ranked as the third collection in Rome, being only surpassed, as Murray observes, by the Vatican and Capitol. Among much that is beautiful, we are particularly struck with the exquisite bronze statue of Apollo, supposed to be the work of Praxiteles, and so greatly admired; but above all, pre-eminent in beauty, is the Antinous, crowned with lotus flowers, which Winkelmann has described with such rapture—"This work," says he, "after the 'Apollo' and the 'Laocoon,' is, perhaps, the most beautiful monument that time has transmitted to us."

In my brief enumeration of the villas in Rome, it would not be possible to omit the Villa Mills, so called, after an English gentleman of that name, to whom it belongs, and which now occupies a considerable portion of the sacred Palatine Mount; the gardens (says Murray, in his handbook), are prettily laid out, and Mr. Mills has given to the whole villa an air of comfort, which makes our English habits and taste con-

trast, in a striking manner, with the ruins of the imperial palace—a contrast, indeed! Of all the strange transformations in Rome, none is, perhaps, stranger than this, and the simple style of the guidebook only renders it more striking. What a conjunction of names and things—English habits and English comforts, and English Mills, in the palace of the Cæsars! How would the spirit of the Venusian poet be perplexed if permitted to revisit again "the glimpses of the moon?" Ah! little did the courtly bard dream of such a conjuncture, as he paced his accustomed walk in the "Via Sacra," conning an ode to his great patron, Augustus, when he meditated a campaign—"in ultimos orbis Britannos;" little could he deem that the ruins of the gorgeous palace of his imperial master would one day form the villa, and be called by the name of one of those despised and barbarous Britons—but let not the lover of the picturesque be alarmed—there is still enough of ruin and desolation on the Palatine to satisfy the most misanthropic cynic that ever brooded over the ravages of time, or the vanity of human greatness; here he may wander for hours, through vast and ruined halls, broken arches, and over mosaic floors, amidst ruins so vast and shapeless, that they seem to defy all learning and architectural skill to conceive their design; and yet, we know that this mount was the first seat of the Roman empire, that successively enfolding the seven hills, gradually expanded, until it stretched from Parthia and Armenia to the British isles—from the cold bleak hills of Caledonia to the burning deserts of Lybia: we know that these ruins formed the palace of Augustus and his successors, in the embellishment of which they exhausted all their imperial power and magnificence. It was

here Augustus erected that beautiful temple of Apollo, one of the most splendid monuments of his reign, in that part of his house on the Palatine, as Suetonius informs us, which had been struck by lightning, and where, in consequence, the auspices declared this god demanded a dwelling. To this temple he added splendid porticoes, and a Greek and Latin library, the foundation of the celebrated Palatine library, while, as if to render the Palatine and his new temple still more sacred, he here deposited, under the statue of Apollo, the Sybilline books, and often here assembled the senate—but what now avail those haughty memories? Wild briars spring from the tesselated pavements—the night winds sigh, and the melancholy cypress waves above the ruins of the Cæsars' palace, whilst the owl is heard to answer its fellows from the deserted fanes of the Roman forum! The world has no ruins like these: here, indeed, there *are* "sermons in stones"—and oh! what a voice do they not utter to the stranger, as he surveys, from the summit of this mount, the waste of ruins which surround him on all sides—structures so vast and massive, that they appear like wrecks of another world. From the ruined palace of Augustus, he beholds the remains of the golden house of Nero, and away to the right, the vast walls of the baths of Caracalla, all alike involved in the same desolation. Imperial tyranny could not content itself with the entire Palatine which once enclosed the whole of Rome, but united at last within their regal palace three out of the seven hills of Rome! and now these ruins only stand in mockery of their power—the monuments of their luxury and guilt. Man, indeed, builds in vain—"his foundations are in the dust, which crumble before the moth." But let us descend, and pass through the Farnesian Gardens, into the Forum Romanum itself. The Forum?—alas! the

Campo Vaccino!—for here, indeed, amidst the ruins of majestic temples, and triumphal arches, in the very centre of Roman greatness, the savage peasant of the desolate Campagna stables his oxen, whose lowing is heard where Hortensius and Cæsar pleaded, and the voice of Tully invoked divine vengeance on the head of the guilty Catiline. Here was the Ruminal fig-tree —here the Comitium—behold the columns which popular tradition assigns as the Temple of Jupiter Stator; and yonder is the "clivis Capitolinus," the hill where Brutus raised aloft his dagger, reeking with the blood of the tyrant, "and called on Tully's name!" "Ancora sei Roma," exclaim the modern Romans—but, ah! how changed, how fallen and degraded! Tired and sick of the perpetual contradictions between the glorious past and the melancholy present, we seek solace in the imagination, and willingly leave the historical for the fabulous ages of old Rome. With what pure and delightful associations do we turn to the grotto and fountain of Egeria! Hid in a pleasant vale, amidst grassy fields, a circular grove of dark ilex trees still retains for the place something of its sacred and oracular character; and we feel as if inspired with the "genius loci," when we drink of the clear stream which issues from the fountain, still ornamented with a headless figure of the venerable Numa. Here may we stretch our wearied limbs on the grassy slopes, and allow the mind to recreate in the realms of poetry, undisturbed by the recollection of human passions or human crimes. It is outside of the walls of Rome that the mind must seek for this refreshment, as the decayed city itself still does for the living streams that gush forth in her fountains. Nature remains the same, beautiful and unexhausted. Still flows the aqua virgo from its source, as pure and abundant as when the

maiden first discovered it to the soldiers of Agrippa; and still may the lover of nature delight himself in the scenes that Tully loved and Horace sang, amidst the hills of Tusculum, or the Sabine valleys—

> "Qua pinus ingens albaque populus,
> Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
> Ramis, et obliquo laborat
> Lympha fugax trepidare rivo."

The gardens of Tivoli are still bathed "mobilibus rivis," while the Arno rushes with the same headlong fall from beneath the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, as when it soothed, with the murmur of its falling waters, the worn-out minister of Augustus. The Campagna and neighbourhood of Rome is scarcely less memorable than the "Eternal City." Even in monuments, what can be more imposing than those stupendous aqueducts, stretching out for miles over the desolate Campagna—the tombs on the Appian way—or the villa of Hadrian, which give us as striking an idea of the power and magnificence of ancient Rome as the Pantheon itself. I had now seen most of the objects and places of interest in Rome, and began to feel impatient to return to Florence, where I had left "moglie e bambine;" so, after paying what I deemed a farewell visit to the Colosseum, where I found a Franciscan monk preaching on penance, I took my way to the Piazza Colonna, threw myself into the *mal posta*, and left Rome late on a Saturday evening.

CHAPTER IX.

Disagreeable Night in the Roman Mal di Posta, and equally disagreeable Day at Aquapendente—Agreeable change of place to the Tuscan Mal Posta, and visible Improvement of everything on entering Tuscany—Radicofani—Siena—Its imposing situation—Reflections on the Conquest of Siena by the Grand Duke Cosmo—Arrival in Florence.

THE evening was succeeded by a terrible night. The weather, which had been threatening for some days, had just broken up—the rain descended in torrents—the thunder pealed—the lightning flashed—but still on we went, our escort of carabineers by no means adding to my agreeable reflections. The roads were infamous, while the papal machine seemed wholly devoid of springs; more than once the courier and I found ourselves thrown upon each other. The night was pitchy dark, only relieved by the flickering lamp of the carriage, or the lights of the ostlers, as we changed horses at the miserable post-houses along the road. How I got through the night, I hardly know, but daylight found us on the shores of the lake of Bolsena—shores as beautiful as pestilential. Ah! why does the demon of malaria haunt the fairest scenes of Italy! What would not the villas of Rome be, but for him! but in vain are marble halls and classic shades, for there he "walketh and killeth in the noonday." Early in the morning we arrived at Aquapendente, but impatient to rejoin my family, my horror may be easily conceived, when the courier informed me that the Tuscan *mal poste* would not leave Aqua-

pendente until the following morning. In this dull and dirty episcopal town, as Murray truly describes it, I was doomed to spend four-and-twenty mortal hours. I was not "a medical traveller," and therefore could not feel the interest in Aquapendente, which the same authority tells us, the disciples of Esculapius may, from their recollections of Fabricius of Aquapendante. But there was no help for it, and many will justly say that my annoyances were a slight punishment for having meditated travelling on the Sabbath. The interruption of my journey, however, was not caused by any regulation of this kind on the part of the postal authorities; it was only another example of that dilatoriness and want of energy, which here pervades all the government departments. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection, that

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, 't will have passed away."

In the day itself, however, I had nothing to complain; the weather was all that man could desire; so, escaping from the miserable *locanda*, I tried to forget my vexations wandering amidst the picturesque scenes surrounding the town, and from which, indeed, Aquapendente derives its romantic name. I returned from my walk in better humour, and amused myself with observing the groups of peasants which crowded the narrow streets in their holiday costume. They were truly Italian. I doubt, indeed, if we observe, anywhere north of the Roman States, the same distinctive nationality—the men, tall, brigand-looking fellows, in their close jackets and leather buskins, with slouched hats concealing their dark features—the women, almost as dark and sun-

burnt, arrayed in their bright dresses and *fazzolletti*. But, alas, for beauty!—whatever the traveller would have us believe, we rarely meet with it in this class in Italy. Italian beauty is, indeed, as rare as it is marvellous—we may mingle in crowds and not meet it—while Italian ugliness is equally hideous and common. I scarcely ever saw in Italy a good-looking old woman; but then, as if to redeem the whole sex, we do meet, now and then, with some daughter of Eve that, once seen, can never be forgotten, who seems to combine in her single person all the loveliness of her sex, and almost tempts us to believe that the Cestus of Venus is an heir-loom in the country of Æneas. My host of the Aquila D'Oro, attended by a quaint-looking fellow whom he introduced to me as the cook, came to take my orders for my dinner. The larder, alas! afforded little opportunity for him to display his artistic skill, whatever it may have been. A wretched soup, followed by a tough fowl in rice, with a *rotie* of little birds and an omelette, formed my repast. My host, however, who acted also as waiter, looked on with much satisfaction; he had promised that my dinner should be "del Megliore," and was evidently pleased that his "chef" had so ably carried out his hospitable intentions; he was, fortunately, civil, and I took advantage of his agreeable mood to ask him if he could make out a bottle of really good wine, for the compound placed before me, in a huge *caraff*, was detestable. As I had done but poor justice to his luxurious viands, I presume he thought it more incumbent on me to make up for it in my libations, for he produced a bottle of old Chianti that would have done honor to the first hotel in Florence.

"Uno vino da vescovo"—"a wine fit for a bishop," as

mine host humorously assured me. I began to think myself not so badly off after all, and that here, "at ease in mine inn," albeit in Aquapendente, I might pass the evening philosophising on what I had seen at Rome; but mine host seemed to think that his good wine would be all the better for his own good company, till, at last, I begged of him to partake of it with me; and asking him a few general questions, was soon immersed in all the memorabilia of Aquapendente, but more particularly in the historical events connected with the "Locanda," the most remarkable being the reception of divers illustrious persons, and the high terms of satisfaction in which they had expressed themselves of my host and his entertainment. And so I passed the evening; and as the bed was cleaner and better than the appearance of my bed-room promised, I got comfortably through the night. But for all this, I think it a matter of conscience to warn my reader, even though he be a medical man, against spending either day or night in Aquapendente. With painful forebodings of a renewal of my sufferings from ruts and jolts, I took my place in the Tuscan *mal posta*, but it was of an entirely different construction from the Roman carriage, and when we crossed the Paglia and entered Tuscany, the courier assured me that I should go "come in una gondola," and compared with the vile carriage I had left, its motion did indeed appear nearly as easy and delightful—but it was not merely in the carriage that I observed an immediate change for the better: we had to cross through the bed of the Paglia, for although this is the great northern road from Rome, the Papal government think a bridge unnecessary; but the moment we gained the opposite bank, and were in the Tuscan territories, we glided along a road that would have done credit

to any county in England—this was the more creditable to the Tuscan government, as, owing to the nature of the soil, to keep this road in such excellent repair must be as expensive as laborious. I scarcely can conceive any two adjoining countries that can present a more striking contrast than Tuscany and the Roman states here, on the "Strada di Siena," in physical features as well as in the condition and habits of their respective populations; we leave, on the Roman side of the Paglia, a rich country of great natural fertility and beauty, but inhabited by a lawless and poverty-stricken people—bad roads and wretched towns. We behold, on the Tuscan side, a country as dreary and unpromising as the other is rich and beautiful, whose loose shifting soil seems to forbid all husbandry; and yet, we there find excellent roads, and a decent and contented-looking people, and in those sterile-looking hills, frequent indications of successful industry—and still, they are the same people, with the same language and religion! Can a more remarkable instance be given of the effects of good and bad government?—so strong, that to account for it, we must remember that the Roman government, which has produced such a state of things, is, *par excellence*, the worst; while, fortunate in a succession of mild and beneficent sovereigns, who, in spite of their Austrian inclinations, have identified themselves with their people, Tuscany has long rejoiced under what has been often said to be the best of all forms of government—"an enlightened and paternal despotism." The character of the sovereign, however, is a precarious tenure for the happiness of the people; and though Tuscany has good reason to congratulate herself on the past, it is natural she should desire some better

security for the future. We stopped at Radicofani to breakfast; there is not a bleaker or more dismal place in all Italy—the mountain is supposed to be nearly 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; its summit—the crater of an extinct volcano—is crowned with the ruins of the strong fortress which was accidentally destroyed, by the explosion of the powder magazine, during the last century; it anciently was the stronghold of the celebrated robber knight, Ghino di Tacco, whose summary treatment of the abbot of Clugney is related by Boccacio in his "Decameron;" further down, at the foot of this acropolis, the romantic village is ensconced, and still lower, the road to Siena, with the post-house.

After breakfast, as the courier obligingly promised to await my return, I set out, and ascended to the top of the mountain; the entire summit is enclosed by the ruined walls of the fortress, which are principally composed of the red *porus teefa*, as light as cork, with which it is covered; it commands a most extensive view, embracing a wide mountainous region almost as bleak and desert as Radicofani itself. On the summit of this bleak mountain, in the midst of the citadel, I found a little chapel had been erected some years ago, which I was invited to visit by the poor priest who attended us. There is much knowledge of the human heart—much that is affecting and soothing in this care, which the church of Rome everywhere manifests, to recall to the mind of the traveller the hopes and consolations of his religion, amidst the wildest and most savage scenes of nature; I entered the little oratory, and was further moved, by finding that, in this wild spot, a stranger from a distant land had found a grave—the oratory enclosed

his tomb, which bore the following brief but strange inscription:—

"A la memoire
De Guillhaume Lafargue de Parnac
Au nom de ce qu'il eut de-plus cher sur cette terre
Fanny—Eliza—Nina
Vingt ans après sa mort un ami inconnu
Fevrier, 1829
Unies sur la terre, elles le seront dans la ciel."

To me there appeared something extremely affecting in this memorial of the tenderest of human feelings, in a place so savage and uncongenial; the French are fond of striking effect, and, certainly, a more wild and singular place of sepulture than the summit of Radicofani could hardly have been selected. Presenting to the poor padre, who had admitted me into the chapel, a few pauls, I took my way down the mountain, to return to the inn. I found the courier impatiently awaiting me; in a few moments the horses were put to, and we proceeded rapidly on our journey. The Tuscan couriers are a very superior class; they are well paid, and much confided in by the government; my fellow-traveller I found as well-informed and entertaining as he was good-natured and obliging—full of keen observation and agreeable stories; one of his sons filled an honourable office in the household of the Grand Duke, in whose praises he was loud, and evidently sincere; indeed, the affectionate feelings with which Leopold is regarded by his people is common to all the Tuscans; they speak of him with a warmth and cordiality which Englishmen can scarcely understand, and which only can result from that intimate acquaintance and frequent intercourse which here subsists be-

tween the sovereign and his people. To hear a Tuscan describing the kind acts and virtues of this amiable prince, were it not for his introducing, now and then, the phrase "del nostro sovrano," one would suppose him speaking of some dear and intimate friend. If human nature was not what religion and experience alike attest it to be—a mingled web of good and evil, but where, alas! the evil terribly preponderates—we might well be excused for wishing Tuscany a continuation of the system of government which has produced such results; but it needs not that we should go back to study the lives of the Cæsars, to feel that good men, in this evil world of ours, whether as governors or amongst the governed, are the exception, not the rule; that a people, who, to-day, rejoice under the rule of an Augustus, may, to-morrow, groan under the tyranny of a Tiberius; even if we could secure virtue in the prince, we would still be unable to guard against the effects of those evil influences to which despotic power is peculiarly liable. The history of our own times, and the existing state of many countries in Europe, prove to us that hardly less mischief may result from the delegated rule of an amiable but weak sovereign, than from the active tyranny of an evil monarch; nor is the present state of civilization, and the more humane and enlightened sentiments of the times we live in, any adequate check to the violence of arbitrary power: the sufferings of unhappy Poland, and the treatment which her unhappy people have received, from one who styles himself a Christian emperor, can hardly find a parallel in the pages of ancient history.

The situation of Siena is most imposing; it is placed, like Perugia, on a commanding eminence, and long before we enter its gates, the sight of the stranger, as

he approaches it, is fixed on its walls and towers, above which, like Florence and the other republican cities of Italy, the great tower of the Palazzo Publico rises pre-eminent. The situation, as well as the splendour of the great cities of Italy, still answer the Latin poet's description—

> "Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem;
> Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
> Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros."

Early in the afternoon we entered the gates of Siena, and as the courier informed us we should stop here several hours, I found time, on this occasion, to pay a passing visit to its most memorable localities; everything in Siena recalls its prominent history amongst the Italian republics of the middle ages—the ancient and frequently-victorious rival of Florence—its massive walls and lofty gates attest its ancient renown, when the principal seat and stronghold of the Ghibeline power in central Italy. Its palaces are in the same fortified style as those of Florence, characteristic of the warlike times in which they were erected, when we are told Siena could send forth from her gates a hundred thousand men in arms. Siena was long the greatest rival of Florence—between the two cities there reigned a constant jealousy, which, aggravated by the wars for supremacy, between the emperors and pontiffs, in which Florence and Siena ranged themselves on opposite sides, had settled at last into the deepest national hatred; in these wars Siena was often victorious, and at one time, after the terrible defeat of the Florentines and Guelphs, at Monte Aperto, she had so broken the power of her haughty foe, that, as Dante

tells us, it was proposed, in the camp of the Sienese, to raze Florence to the ground—

"Fa per ciascun di torre via Fiorenza."

But, as in ancient times the Grecian general refused to put out one of the eyes of Greece, so, with a similar magnanimity, Farinata Degli Uberti, the victorious general of the Ghibelines, refused to destroy the Athens of Italy. Florence badly repaid this generosity; the reverses she had suffered only increased her animosity and desire for vengeance, and the decline of the Ghibeline power, and the dissensions and tyranny of the Signoria of Siena, afforded her ample opportunities for humiliating and distressing her ancient rival. By sedulously fomenting these dissensions, the Florentines succeeded in destroying the freedom and independence of Siena. Their own liberties had already sunk under the subtle policy of the aspiring house of Medici. Corrupted by their wealth and magnificence, and blinded by national animosity, they perceived not that in enslaving their neighbours they were riveting their own chains, and destroying every hope of regaining their lost freedom. Still Siena struggled on, and it was only at last by famine and the most cruel treachery, that Cosmo di Medici made himself master of Siena. The conqueror had little reason to be proud of his triumph; but aggrandisement, *per fas et nefas*, seems to have been the policy of the Italian princes; and Cosmo and the Florentine historians considered the conquest of Siena the most glorious, as it was the greatest, event of his reign. It formed the subject of a large painting in the Palazzo Vecchio, and is also represented on the bas-reliefs of the magnificent bronze statue of Cosmo, in the Palazzo del Gran Duca,

where the chained captives that follow the triumphal car of the conqueror, sufficiently indicate the feelings of the Florentines. These feelings are not yet altogether removed, although, happily, they are now only exercised in a wordy warfare of sarcasms and nicknames, which would be harmless did they not serve to keep alive those ancient animosities and divisions, the greatest obstacles to the cause of freedom in Italy. The Medicean princes, after its union with the Dukedom of Florence, made many attempts to restore Siena to its former wealth and magnificence, but all in vain. These petty tyrants found out, like the Roman emperors, how much easier it was to destroy than to rebuild, and that the wealth and greatness that has grown up under liberty, in the enterprise and energy of freemen, can only exist with free institutions. Siena now scarcely numbers eighteen thousand citizens, and eight only of her magnificent gates remain, to recall her ancient splendour. Many of the streets are covered with grass, and all have a vacant and deserted appearance; still they are (for Italy) remarkably clean and well paved; and it is only justice to the Tuscan Government to say that, the people of Siena, in common with those of the other cities of Tuscany, appear happy and contented. The Duomo of Siena, though one of the most remarkable churches in Italy, does not appear to me likely to make us fall in love with what is called the Italian Gothic, a style which endeavours to unite the most opposite and incongruous orders of architecture. The result is, as might naturally be expected, more curious than imposing, and this effect is further increased by the regular bands of variegated marbles, which, like the Duomos of Pisa and Florence, also compose this extraordinary edifice. I doubt if great richness of materials harmonizes at all

with an edifice that at all partakes of the Gothic style. But, whatever may be said of the general appearance and architectural character of the cathedral of Siena, it is rich in all that the antiquarian and lover of the arts can admire. Its exterior façade is covered with the arms of the different cities of Italy, which once were proud of the alliance of Siena. During the wars of the middle ages, the great Duomo of each Italian republic was, like our own Westminster Abbey, the sanctuary of all that was most illustrious in the state, and the Duomo of Siena is full of monuments and memorials of its ancient republic, as well as of beautiful sculptures, and the works of art which conferred honor on the genius of its citizens. The baptistry under the church will also gratify the traveller's curiosity, and many of the other churches of Siena deserve his attention; but, the truth is, the churches of Italy are so numerous, and so rich, that even the most active traveller, after a short residence in Italy, abandons the idea of visiting them all, and no one but the author of a guide-book, would attempt anything like a detailed description of them. I have been more than once in Siena, and with further leisure than I had on this, my first visit, and, yet, I shame to say that I did not enlarge my acquaintance, by a visit to the churches of all the Saints, of which Murray gives us such a formidable list. I confess I found more pleasure, and thought myself better occupied, in studying that noble old pile, the Palazzo Publico, and its lofty tower, so characteristic of the times of the republic, and for ever associated with its glorious annals; its great halls and galleries are adorned with paintings, illustrating remarkable events in the history of Siena; and although the greatness of their beloved republic has long passed away,

its citizens, as they walk beneath those splendidly painted roofs, may well find, in the glorious achievements of their ancestors, a melancholy consolation in their present misfortunes.

Late in the evening we left Siena, and with the dawn I was happy to find myself once more in pleasant Florence; and happily domiciled again in our comfortable quarters in the Via Larga.

CHAPTER X.

Easter Ceremonies in Florence—Deserved popularity of the Grand Duke Leopold—Society in Florence—Character of the Italians vindicated—French Occupation of Florence—Bonaparte, his Italian policy—State and Prospects of the Liberal Cause in Italy—Religious Condition of the People—Visit to Vallambrosa—Summer Arrangement.

When I left Rome, all the world was running into it to witness the ceremonies of the holy week; but, as such exhibitions have, in general, little to interest me, and did not at all enter into my plan in visiting the "Eternal City," I was not induced to prolong my sojourn by any desire of seeing them. In the following year, a longer residence in the "Eternal City" afforded me this opportunity, and, in the meantime, at Florence, had I been the most enthusiastic admirer of religious spectacles, I would have been amply satisfied. The holy week is celebrated at Florence with great pomp, and if the ceremonies are not so gorgeous and imposing as those of Rome, the Florentines make up for any deficiency of splendour, by their increased devotion; in fact, the Tuscans appear the most devout people in Italy; and the whole year in Florence is marked by a succession of fêtes and "funzione," many of them exceedingly curious and interesting, in which every class, from the Grand Duke downward take their proper part. The Roman ceremonies of the holy week were closely imitated in Florence. On Holy Thursday, the Grand

Duke and Duchess, in the same manner as his Holiness, washed the feet, respectively, of twelve old men and women, in the Palazzo Pitti, and afterwards served them at table, or rather went through the form of doing so, for in a spirit of much more thoughtful kindness to these poor old people, after the viands (which of course consisted only of fasting fare) were placed on the table before them, they were removed in large baskets, and the portion of each left at their respective dwellings. They severally received, at the hands of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, a medal, and a purse containing a Tuscan crown. These old people henceforth become pensioners on the bounty of the Grand Duke; they are chosen for their advanced age and good character, and to have been thus selected is justly considered, by the Tuscans, a high honor. These annual pensionaries return into their own neighbourhood, to spread around, with all the garrulity of old age, the goodness and charity of their sovereign.

Making full allowance for the objections that may be urged against such ostentatious humility, I think it is impossible not to be moved by such a ceremony—to see a sovereign prince, a member of the proud house of Austria, unbuckle his sword, and, laying down his dignity, wash the feet of the humblest of his subjects, while his royal Duchess, herself a daughter of the house of Bourbon, stoops and does the same by the lowest of her sex, is an acknowledgement, at once striking and affecting, of the principles of our common religion; and when these acts of voluntary abasement are immediately followed by works of practical benevolence and charity, I think it is hard to deny that this ceremony possesses much that is beautiful and edifying.

I repeat, I am not insensible to the objections that

may be urged against this ceremony; but I almost doubt if they are not borne down by the good effects which this solemn and periodical example of humility in the head of the State, as well as acknowledgment of the obligations of Christian power, are calculated to produce in the different classes of society. But, I will be asked, do we find these good effects in Italy?—are the mild and holy doctrines of our pure religion there exemplified in the lives and habits of the people? I answer that, while lamenting the serious doctrinal errors, and the many superstitious practices which have been their consequence, I believe as much pious benevolence and active charity will be found in Italy as in any country in Europe, and nowhere do the different orders of society manifest a milder or more forbearing demeanour towards each other. Tuscany, in particular, is distinguished for its splendid hospitals and houses of charity, as well as for the number and variety of benevolent institutions, designed to minister to every form of human suffering. These societies are composed of lay brothers, amongst whose numbers are members of the most distinguished families. One of the most ancient and remarkable institutions of this kind, is that of the Misericordia of Florence, amongst whose brotherhood was enrolled Ferdinand, father of the present Grand Duke, who is said to have frequently assisted in its offices of mercy. Never was power administered with greater mildness, or exalted station adorned with more meekness, than by the present Grand Duke Leopold.

The shortest residence in Florence will supply the stranger with abundant evidence of the good feeling existing between Leopold and his subjects—the longest will only furnish him with additional proofs how well deserved it is on both sides. The Tuscans deserve good

government, and they have it. Their warmest friend could only wish them a continuance of their present prosperity; and it is only because I fully appreciate the blessings they at present enjoy, that I wish to see them secured by free institutions, or at least made independent of the character of the sovereign. But while Tuscany possesses such a prince as Leopold, she may well account herself happy: simple and unaffected, he mixes with his subjects as a father or a friend; and often may he be seen walking quietly about his capital, inspecting its improvements, acquainting himself with his people, and diffusing, by his presence and acts of unostentatious charity, happiness and contentment amongst them. His person is inviolate in the affections of his subjects. His *guardia nobile* is for state pageantry, and not for his protection; nor does he seem to care if the little army which, for the routine duty of the garrisons of Tuscany, it is necessary to keep up, should have more the air of militia-men than regular soldiery. Leopold finds himself better occupied in developing the resources of his state, authorising public works, travelling about the grand duchy, and acquainting himself with the interests and wants of his people. He has been singularly fortunate in finding zealous and talented ministers; and although a man himself, it is said, not endowed with any great natural abilities, he seems to possess considerable discernment in calling to his aid the talents and energies of others; so that he is a remarkable instance of how much good may be effected by men of even moderate abilities, when placed in elevated situations, if imbued with an earnest and active desire to do good.

The drainage of the Maremma, the port of Leghorn, the mines of Elba, the numerous excellent roads opened everywhere throughout Tuscany, are the best eulogiums

on his useful reign; while, in himself and his royal family, the Florentines have an example of all that is most virtuous and commendable in domestic life.

The hospitalities of the Pitti Palace are conducted on the most liberal and princely scale, and our countrymen, who form a very numerous community in Florence, have no reason to complain of any lack of attention; indeed, the Florentines say that the champagne-suppers are intended to gratify the hilarious habits of our countrymen—habits so very different from their own, and which, perhaps, might with advantage be laid aside in the more excitable climate of Italy. Presentation by his ambassador is the only passport required to admit the stranger in the fullest manner to the grand ducal festivities; and no one who is desirous that the respectability of the English name should be supported, would desire to see this condition made an empty form; and yet it was impossible to close our ears to all the stories and observations current in the English circles in Florence.

But I merely glance at these things *en passant*. Our motives for visiting Italy, and the circumstances of our family, fortunately preserved us from becoming involved in the jealousies and heart-burnings, the sets and parties, which, whether in our own bilious land of gloom and fog, or under the bright sky of Italy, seem incident to all English society. The why and the wherefore would involve us in a difficult and curious inquiry. But without going to remote causes, it is certain that our countrypeople abroad do by themselves and (though more rarely) by foreigners, things marvellously strange, and quite sufficient to disturb the harmony of any little community. For example, I have heard, during our residence in Italy, of an English lady of rank, who, on being asked to a ball, only accepted the invitation on the condition that

her host was not to present any of his guests to her ladyship!—and of another in Florence, who, giving a ball, unfortunately included amongst her invitations a foreign lady, whom she afterwards thought proper to consider objectionable. Now, in similar circumstances, a French or Italian woman would have seen that there was no remedy for this *contretemps;* but the more energetic Englishwoman boldly cut the Gordian knot, by sending for her broad card, stating that it had been sent by mistake. Unfortunately, her ladyship did not keep her counsel, for the story got wind, and the indignant Italian made such a party—her country-people, of course, taking part with her—as furnished the lovers of scandal in Florence (an exceedingly numerous body), for a considerable time, with much pleasant discussion. Indeed, considering the volcanic character of the fair Italian, the most terrible results might have arisen, had not the English lady made the "amende honorable," by returning her card, and expressing a hope that she would receive the pleasure of the fair Italian's company. Sixty years ago, the author of "Vathek" tells us, that, disgusted with the eternal scandal, or insipid chit-chat of the Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of Florence, he used to fly for refuge to the thickets of Boboli, from whence surveying the Etrurian Athens, he gave vent to his bile, exclaiming—"Lord, what a crew harbour within these walls!" It is greatly to be feared that he would not be more merciful to English society in Florence at the present day, although the Lady Bettys and Lady Marys have been strongly reinforced by large migrations of Tompkinses, Browns, &c., &c., who have not, however, infused more amiability or charity into the community. This is much to be regretted, as there is no more agreeable residence in Italy than Florence—none where the stranger, and particularly an

Englishman, will feel himself so much at home, under the protection of good laws, and surrounded by a people remarkable for their politeness and courtesy to strangers.

Attracted by these advantages, and charmed by the beauty of the country, in spite of the drawback to which I have alluded, many highly respectable English families have been induced to domicile themselves in Florence. Indeed, many of our countrymen have formed the most intimate ties with the Florentines, and have permanently settled in Tuscany. We may, therefore, hope, that a better and more elevated tone will be diffused into its English society; and that the reproach it has too long borne will speedily be removed. Florence ought, of all places, to be the favoured abode of literary men; its streets, its gardens, its churches, are all alike consecrated by their associations with men of genius; while its splendid libraries, and the liberal manner in which they are thrown open to all, afford no common opportunities to men of studious habits. The Florentines, too, like their ancestors, are distinguished for the regard and attention which they pay to men of learning; and Florence still can boast of many distinguished men of genius; but, with a few bright exceptions, very different tastes and occupations have characterised the English denizens in Florence:

> "O ego quartus eram gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
> Murmura populeumque nemus qua mollior herba
> Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,"

wrote the great English poet, as he recalled the scenes that delighted him during his residence in Florence; but alas! it is with very different feelings that his countrymen now seek the beautiful walks of the Casino; no longer do we meet a Gray, musing

on the heights of Fiesolæ, and few care to follow the elegant author of Italy, in his excursions, to trace the beautiful scenes of the "Decameron." I am not arguing against the fullest enjoyment of the pleasures of society—I am only expressing my regret that so large a community of a nation, distinguished for mental superiority, should be so devoted to ostentatious displays, and an empty round of rival festivities. How much more rational—how much more intellectual—the *conversazione* of the Italians; it is in such simple and elegant assemblies that we really enjoy society, and appreciate what it is. The Italians are by no means averse to a ball, but it is with them a grand fête, reserved for the carnival, or some great occasion; but their receptions and *conversaziones* are regular and frequent, while their friendly visits are made in the evening, when social intercourse can be maintained more freely, and the friendly visitor need not fear being turned away with that equivocal formula, "not at home."

The English, however, it is to be feared, are not a really social people; they are averse to all these habits; indeed, no nation is so wedded to their own peculiar customs, or so slow to adopt those of the people amongst whom they may happen to dwell. In Florence, they are as fond of their dinner parties as at home, and a ball is considered nothing unless it is followed by a champagne-supper; this is neither congenial to the tastes, nor, perhaps, compatible with the fortunes of the Florentines; it is not, therefore, surprising that a want of hospitality on their part is a common complaint amongst the English residents, who allege that, whilst the Florentines are very happy to come to their houses, it is very rarely that they, in return, open their palaces, and still more rarely, that

their entertainment goes beyond an ice, or a glass of lemonade.

Whenever it has become our good fortune to become intimate with Italians, we have invariably found them, when once they perceive that we justly appreciate them, kind and attentive in the extreme; at the same time, considering the annual migrations of our countrymen, and the constant change of English society, it would be impossible for the Florentine nobility to extend, to the crowds of strangers, which, like birds of passage, annually arrive and depart from Florence, any very general hospitality.

Altogether, the Florentines are a good specimen of the Italians, against whom much vulgar prejudice, it is to be feared, still prevails in the minds of Englishmen; for it is unhappily too true, that, with the very name of Italy, with much that is beautiful, we are also accustomed to associate much that is repugnant and degraded; lazzaroni, beggars, brigands, &c., fill our thoughts as much as bright skies and marble palaces; while the name of an Italian is connected, in some minds, only with singers and buffoons, or, at the best, with the wild and unnatural creations of our novelists and romance-writers—

> "Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
> And even in penance, planning sins anew,"

is an English poet's summary of the countrymen of Dante and Tasso. They are, indeed, grave; a calm serenity of manner, in striking contrast with the gesticulation of their neighbours, is one of the greatest charms in their deportment; but I deny they are untrue. We are struck, indeed, with nothing so much as the candour and *naiveté* with which they express them-

selves; and their perfectly natural and easy demeanour, whether in general society, or their domestic circle; gifted with deeper sensibility than the French, they express their vivid impressions, in their beautiful language, with an earnest calmness, that gives a peculiar force and charm to all they utter. I am not surprised, indeed, that so many of our countrymen have formed the dearest and most intimate ties with the fair Florentines, equally captivating, by the beauty of their persons, their graceful carriage, and unaffected manners; and I have rarely heard of an instance where one of our countrymen has had reason to repent of such an alliance, where choice had been judiciously made.

It has been much the fashion to make sweeping assertions and accusations as to the corruption of the domestic life of the Italians; whenever the subject is mentioned, we are regaled with stories of cavalieri serventi, cicesbei, &c., &c., as if such personages were the necessary appendages of every Italian household. Now, that persons standing in a relationship which we would, perhaps, consider equivocal, are frequently found in Italian families, I will not take upon me to deny; but I am satisfied that, in the great majority of instances, there is nothing really criminal, in the common acceptation of the word, in the connexion. The women are as vain and fond of admiration as elsewhere, while the men are, unfortunately, denied the employments and occupations which properly engage their attention in free countries; this leads to sentimental *liasons*, in which the men seek, in dangling attentions, to fill up the tedium of their lives, and the former forget, in the devotion of their cavaliers, the neglect or indifference of their husbands. Marriage, unfortunately, in Italy and France, is the subject of

interest and not of affection, and the parties most concerned have, generally, the least to do in bringing about the arrangement. This, no doubt, avoids all the discreditable husband-hunting which disgraces English society, and so frequently places our fair countrywomen in the most humiliating positions; at the same time, it cannot be denied that the Italian practice is pregnant with still greater evils, and amongst the greatest, that it leads to the dangerous system we are considering. Still, we must remember that the Italian woman is, by her own, prepared for her husband's indifference; and, therefore, is generally spared the disappointment, and the bitter sense of unrequited love, which, alas! is so often the violent impulse that throws the unhappy Englishman into the paths of guilt.

Florence was, for many years, occupied by the French, and as the traces of this occupation are still strongly visible in the habits and usages of its society, perhaps it would be fairer to attribute any looseness of morals that may exist there to this cause, than as properly belonging to the manners of the Italians themselves.

The gay court of Napoleon's sister wore a very different aspect from that of the Grand Duke Leopold. Surrounded by her French coterie, and completely governing her weak and vascillating husband, this clever and intriguing woman was more anxious to secure her beloved dominion, by courting all classes of her subjects, than of exercising any jealous censorship over their morals. Like the last of the Medici, Giovani Gastine, as long as she possessed the Palazzo Pitti and Paggio Imperiale, for her pleasures, she looked to little beyond—and yet, the Princess Elize was, I believe, generally popular with the Tuscans, and I believe deservedly so; but her base ingratitude to her imperial brother, and

intrigues with the allies to maintain her position, on his downfall, can never be forgotten. Persuaded by the infamous Fouche, she sided with Murat, when he abandoned the cause of Napoleon. "After his fall," said Fouche, "every thing will be fairly adjusted, and you will be able to keep your beautiful Palazzo Pitti" —and the misguided princess was silly enough to believe the wily ex-minister of police. There is, indeed, no baser examples of ingratitude on record, than the Bonaparte family, with a few honorable exceptions, furnished in their conduct towards their illustrious brother. In his adversity even, the beloved Eugene sent an ambassador to support his interests with the allied sovereigns; but their ingratitude met the punishment it deserved—not one member of the Bonaparte family was allowed to retain the royal estate, to which the colossal power of Napoleon had alone raised them; whilst Murat, whose treason was the most perfidious, although apparently successful, met in the end with a fate the most terrible and exemplary.

Whatever may be alleged against the French in some respects, it cannot be denied that Italy is indebted to their invasion for a vast amount of political amelioration, as well as for many great and magnificent works. Even now, after thirty years of peace, except in Tuscany, we are referred for almost every great public work which calls forth our admiration, "ai tempi Francesi."

Napoleon, who never forgot his Italian origin, always cherished great designs with regard to this country; and, apart from his ambition and desire to aggrandise his family, laboured to elevate her to her proper place amongst the nations of the earth. As a necessary step to this, he considered it imperative to effectually humble the power of the Romish priesthood; and, as the best

means of doing so, to destroy the temporal power of the popes. This, amongst the ignorant and fanatic, provoked hostility and hatred; but in spite of the bigotry of the lower orders of the people, the liberal and enlightened amongst the Italians appreciated the objects of Napoleon, and were the strongest adherents of his government. The people were admitted to a much larger share of power than for ages had been permitted to them: their national feelings were flattered by the creation of the Italian kingdom; and they witnessed the ceaseless efforts of Napoleon to extends its limits with delight, in the hope that under him might be founded one great monarchy, that should embrace the entire peninsula, and thus realise the constant and most cherished desire of Italian patriots since the days of Dante and Petrarcha. The treaty of Campo Formio, the wrongs of Venice and Genoa, were forgiven; and, under the energetic sway of Napoleon, and amidst the din of arms, the warlike spirit of their ancestors seemed again to awake, and the armies of France were filled with the enthusiastic youth of Italy; and well did they support the ancient valour of their country. The terrible and disastrous retreat from Russia attests alike their valour and fidelity. Napoleon fell, and with him expired for a time all hopes of the regeneration of Italy. Again the Pope sits enthroned in the Vatican; and in the wake of the Austrian armies the monks and friars have returned to their ancient settlements in the sunny plains of Italy. Things, indeed, would seem to be fast returning to their old channels, and education is again in the hands of the Jesuits. Still, I am one of those who are sanguine in the ultimate triumph of liberal principles. The progress of liberty may be retarded, but the mind of man cannot be chained.

"Why stand ye looking up into heaven, oh, ye Gali-

leans?" was the text of one of the sacerdotal enemies of the immortal Galileo, when preaching in Florence against the discoveries of the great astronomer; but, nevertheless, people still continued looking upward at the heavens, until at last they unanimously reiterated the assertion of the philosopher: and as of physical science, so of every other species of human knowledge—its acquisitions cannot remain concealed, or confined to any single nation.

Political knowledge has made rapid and vast strides in modern times; the masses have been taught their strength; new elements, long slumbering, have been called forth, and are incessantly at work; while the wonders of steam communication are hourly bringing the different families of mankind into closer and more intimate connexion. As vain are the attempts of the Italian priests to stultify the human mind, and to turn backward the irresistible progress of modern civilization, as the efforts of their Pope to exclude railroads from entering the States of the Church.

The terrible excesses of the French republic, the successful ambition of Napoleon, and the bloody wars of his empire, arrested for a time the progress of liberty, while bitterly disappointing the hopes of mankind; but the spirit which the French Revolution awoke, the hopes which it excited, have not expired—they can never die. Nations as well as kings have learned lessons of wisdom for their future guidance from the French Revolution; throughout Europe the seeds of change have been deeply sown; and though peculiar circumstances may retard or develop, no earthly power can prevent their coming to maturity. In a prophetic spirit, the greatest of our modern poets has said—

> "I hear a little bird who sings,
> The people by-and-by will be the stronger;"

and under this simple language there is a warning more true and solemn than ever came forth from the oracle of Delphi. Happy the people, whose enlightened rulers appreciate the spirit of the times we live in!—who, while leading public opinion, by anticipating inevitable changes, are careful to educate and fit their people to exercise with safety the increasing power which their new destinies must give them. It is in the neglect of this paramount duty, or, what is worse still, in giving to the people that treacherous education, which only seeks to make them the passive slaves of tyranny, that the greatest danger to the future happiness and peace of the world is to be found.

This Machiavelian policy, so worthy of tyrants, is, nevertheless, actively at work at the present day, and nowhere more so than in Italy; but, although the blind and unworthy scheme may be for a time successful in propping up the falling system of absolute power and religious superstition, in the end, just in proportion to the bigotry and ignorance which it has fostered, will be the dreadful reaction, and the fearful scenes that will attend the day of reckoning. The hopes of the Italians have been long doomed to disappointment. While the nations around them are daily acquiring free institutions, they see themselves consigned to an antiquated and contemptible despotism, which only exists by the overwhelming force of a foreign power. But, though awed, they are not subdued. Italy, we may be assured, will yet work out her freedom; but the hope is mingled with terrible apprehensions. Who can answer for the fiery and destructive sweep of the passions of the multitude, when rejoicing, in unbridled licence, over the ruins of despotic power? Would that religious freedom preceded temporal—would that the Italians might first re-

joice in "the glorious light of the Gospel"—then might we await their triumph without anxiety, confident that its glory would not be dimmed with tears and crimes—but, alas! there is nothing in the state of Italy to warrant this hope. While the Italian liberals, for political considerations, are desirous of overturning the temporal power of the Pope, they are as earnest in wishing to maintain his spiritual authority—an authority which so strongly flatters their national vanity, that even when I have conversed with avowed free-thinkers, I have invariably found them anxious to maintain the dignity and supremacy of the chair of St. Peter. Amongst the great mass of the people, there is no symptom of religious inquiry: they seem quite satisfied with the empty forms and the succession of brilliant shows that their priests are careful to provide them; and a great change, it is to be feared, must take place in the national character, before they will be prepared to adopt any religious reformation. Long and inveterate habits, their climate, their keen sense of enjoyment and poetical temperament, are all averse to a more spiritual form of worship.

Indeed, it may be doubted that the priests of Rome have been the authors of many of those strange ceremonies which we are accustomed to call Roman Catholic, but which are peculiar to Italy, and have sprung from the character of this imaginative people.

Among the most curious and beautiful of these ceremonies in Florence, is that which is called "The Flight of the Dove." It takes place in Easter, and is celebrated with great pomp in the Church of Santa Maria dei Fiori, the great Florentine cathedral, which is thronged upon this occasion with crowds of the peasantry from the most distant parts of the Val d'Arno. This ceremony has been often described. It is one of the most singular and

poetical customs that I ever witnessed; but its name and principal interest is derived from the figure of a dove, which, by machinery, is made, at a certain period of the ceremony, as if in answer to the prayers of the archbishop and his clergy, to fly from the high altar, and to issue from the great doors amongst the people who fill the piazza, where it becomes the centre of a brilliant display of fireworks. This flight of the dove is regarded by the simple contadini with the greatest anxiety, as they believe it indicates the favourable or unfavourable result of the coming harvest. The good priests, however, take care that the people shall not be dismayed with inauspicious omens: the flight of the dove is direct—the flame bright and instantaneous—and, amidst strains of music, and the joyful shouts of the multitude, all is joy and festivity in Florence. This great and gorgeous ceremony is attended by the Grand Duke and Duchess in state, accompanied by their household and the foreign ministers; while the gorgeous vestments of the archbishop and his clergy—the rich and showy uniform of the *guardia nobile*, mingled with the bright and varied dresses of the peasantry—the imposing rites, and the vast and magnificent edifice in which they are celebrated, combine to make this ceremony one of the most splendid that can be imagined. Habituated to sights like these from early infancy, we are not surprised that the carnal mind turns a cold ear, and still colder eye, to the simple teaching and practices of apostolic times. No: a great change must be effected in nations as in individuals, before they become willing or fitted to receive doctrines humiliating to the pride of man, "the lusts of the eye and the pride of life;" and in Italy, alas! I repeat, there are few symptoms of this change. I am far from saying that centuries have rolled over, and

that the religious contests of France, and the reformation in Germany, have had no influence on the religious state of Italy. No doubt the clergy of the present day are far more charitable and enlightened; and it is a pleasing indication of the mild spirit of the times we live in, when we find in Florence the Dominican monks—in other times the most active ministers of the Inquisition, and who scrupled not to defend the use of the sword and faggot to extirpate heresy—now busily employed in dispensing medicine alike to the believer and heretic, in their beautiful "Spezzeria," in the Via della Scala.

As to the Italians themselves, they have always been distinguished by a spirit of toleration. Italy was never disgraced by the burnings and judicial murders which the religious reformers were doomed to in other countries, and which, in particular, have given such an unhappy pre-eminence to Spain. Calvin and Clement Marot found refuge at the court of Ferrara in the sixteenth century, and I am disposed to believe that now, in the nineteenth, when not urged forward by their priests, nor overawed and coerced by temporal power, the Italians, if we except the French, are the most tolerant Roman Catholics in Europe.

Writing under a sense of responsibility as a Protestant, I could not avoid expressing my honest conviction as to many of the religious ceremonies and superstitions which unhappily prevail in Italy; but this, I trust, has not prevented me from doing justice to the many pious practices and institutions so honorable to the teaching of the Roman Church, and so well worthy of our praise and imitation. Even while opposed, on principle, to the monastic orders in their present state, I never could find it in my heart to imitate Sterne in his uncourteous treatment of the poor Franciscan. Often have I res-

ponded with pleasure to his gentle salute, and, partaking of the proffered "tabacchiere" (an indulgence which all the monks allow themselves), have entered into pleasant, ay, and edifying conversation with him, inquiring as to the rules of his order, or listening to the virtues and trials of the great St. Francis. If there is imposition, assuredly there is much active benevolence and simple piety to be found under the cassock of the monk. I am not, indeed, quite satisfied that, under proper restrictions, and with certain reforms, the monastic institution is not capable of effecting much good—an opinion in which I think all who have visited the hospitals of Florence and other Roman Catholic countries will be disposed to concur. There, not only are the woes of the wretched assuaged, and their physical wants attended to, but, through the means of the same humble but zealous ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, the poorest and most miserable of the community daily participate in the rites and consolations of their religion. However much we may deplore the errors and superstitions which they disseminate, it is impossible to withhold our admiration from such untiring zeal and self-sacrificing devotion. It may be said that our hospitals and prisons are supplied with proper chaplains; but, alas! it is not an occasional and formal visit, at regular intervals, that is sufficient to cheer the suffering and broken-hearted with Christian hope, or to still the accusing conscience of the dying sinner. The want of lay assistants to the parochial clergy is, indeed, beginning to be felt and acknowledged in England; while in Prussia King William is stated to have founded an order which, while embodying the good, should avoid what is evil in the monastic institutions of the church of Rome. One great defect, it appears to me, in our

religious establishment, is requiring that the candidates for orders should necessarily be "gentlemen," or at least what implies as much, should have received a university education. This is as repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel as it is to common sense. To influence the mass of mankind, we must have teachers who represent, and can therefore feel, the sympathies of the different classes into which they are divided; but this radical vice of the Anglican Church is marked in all its gradations: its clergymen are regarded as country gentlemen and tithe-proprietors; while the episcopal character of the bishops is lost in their dignity as spiritual peers and lords of parliament. The result is, the increasing spread of dissent, and such a want of popular support and affection, as seem to threaten the downfall of the Establishment. Establishment! Ay, there is the fatal word which has seduced and lulled our clergy into a false and dangerous security. Magnificently endowed and maintained by the State, supported by the higher orders, they have too entirely and too credulously relied upon that support, and "believed themselves rich when poor in all things." They perceived not that the rulers of this world only lend their aid at the price of subserviency, and in furtherance of political purposes, and have only found out, in their day of adversity, what the history of the world should have taught them, that even acts of parliament and coronation oaths must yield before political expediency—the necessity of statesmen.

The Roman Catholic Church has been wiser in its generation—it had better studied the world and the human heart; and thus while, in its ecclesiastical system, the head of this Church may associate with kings, and its cardinals mix with princes on equal terms, the wandering mendicant, and the prisoner in

his dungeon, are equally included in the cares of its ministry, and have their appropriate ministers—the result has been such power and influence as no other body, political or religious, in the world, ever wielded, and which, even in this our day, humbled as it has been, is still so great as to compel deference and conciliation from hostile statesmen. With these sentiments, it may be justly supposed, that I visited with much pleasure the beautiful and renowned abbey of Vallambrosa, celebrated for its hospitality by Dante, and made still more memorable to Englishmen, by the glowing description of Milton. Its lovely scenery, indeed, is said to have inspired the muse of our immortal poet, and to have furnished him with pictures for the most beautiful descriptive passages of the "Paradise Lost." I did indeed visit Vallambrosa, and wander with delight—

"Where the Etrurian shades, high over-arched, embower."

Vallambrosa was one of the first objects of my inquiries on arriving at Florence, and daily was my ardent anxiety to visit it heightened, when, driving in the Casino, I beheld it far away, elevated amongst the mountains; its dark woods and emerald glades just visible, as the setting sun shone full upon them. It is, perhaps, one of the most delightful excursions that Florence affords; and I rejoice to have had an opportunity, in the two successive years I spent in Italy, of twice writing my name in the book of the Padre dei Forestieri. Of all the monastic orders, the Benedictines have been the most distinguished for their learning and liberality, and freedom from persecution and bigotry. In every country in which they settled, have they left splendid monuments of their munificent charity, and zeal for learning. The

abbey of Vallambrosa, founded in the eleventh century by Giovani Gualbertus, a distinguished Florentine nobleman, became one of the richest establishments in Europe. Gualbertus, who had been a distinguished warrior, was the first abbot, and is said, by tradition, to have been induced by miraculous circumstances to abandon the world. His successors, and their learned brotherhood, however, did not entirely confine themselves to the woods of Vallambrosa; they acquired large estates, and the greatest influence, during the middle ages, in Tuscany, where they possessed many churches and dependant societies.

Vallambrosa continued undisturbed until Italy was overrun by the revolutionary armies of France, when the order was suppressed, its estates seized for the use of the State, and its venerable abbey unroofed by the French republicans. In this state it continued, till restored by Ferdinand, the father of the present Grand Duke, to whom the stranger will see an eulogistic tablet in the vestibule of the chapel, which records in indignant terms the spoliation of the French—

"Gallorum armis opibus alienis semper inhiantium."

Three hours' drive along the beautiful course of the Arno (which nowhere round Florence appears more clear and lovely) brings us to the little village of Pellago, where it is necessary to hire mules to ascend to the monastery, or to proceed on foot, which, however, is very fatiguing, as the road is a continuous ascent of nearly an hour's duration.

The scenery, however, is enchanting: the eye, wearied with the arid and sunburnt plains, and the sameness of the olivewoods we have left below, beholds,

with delight, the forests of dense green oak, mingled with the dark pines, or turns, with longing look, to the green enclosure that crowns the summit of the mountain, and seems to invite forward our weary footsteps as we toil upward:

> "So, on he fares, and to the border comes
> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
> Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the champaign head
> Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides,
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied; and overhead up grew,
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
> Cedar, and pine, and fir."

As we ascend, we begin to feel the refreshing influence of a more bracing and vigorous climate, as well as meet indications of it, in meeting the trees and shrubs of northern climes.

The woods of Vallambrosa remind us of the finest park-scenery of England, while the bright green of the sward recalled the emerald-green of my native isle. During the time that Vallambrosa was in the hands of the French republicans, sad havoc was made in its ancient woods.

The roads, too, which formerly were excellent, are now impassable to any kind of wheel carriage; and altogether, even at Vallambrosa, we have many indications of the poverty and decay into which nearly all the monastic institutions have fallen. We at last reached the venerable abbey, a large plain-looking edifice, with a considerable range of offices attached. Though it has something of the appearance of what are called "the strong houses" of the sixteenth century, it does not possess the mingled

ecclesiastical and warlike style which belonged to the monasteries of England and Scotland. Doubtless the monks of Vallambrosa relied more upon their remote situation, and the sanctity and veneration attached to the religious orders, to protect them from aggression.

But they were further protected by the allegiance of their numerous feudatories and tenants, who held under them a great tract of the surrounding country. The abbey is placed on a beautiful green lawn, surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of dark pine woods, which protect it towards the north, in some degree, from the fury of the tempest Still, although Vallambrosa must be a most delightful summer retreat in Italy, it must be, during winter, an awful residence—in fact, so severe and trying, particularly to an Italian constitution, is this elevated region in winter, that many of the monks are obliged to retire to a smaller convent, lower down the mountain, called Il Paradiso. Every year, long before winter sets in in the plains, they are snowed up, and all communication is cut off, while at night no other sounds are heard but the roar of the tempest, and the howling of the wolves which infest the woods. Nothing but religious zeal, and a deep sense and experience of the vanities of the world, could induce men to choose such a life, or support them under its deprivations. And yet, multitudes have embraced such a life; men, too, of the most opposite characters; the cold, the calculating, and the ambitious, the young and enthusiastic, have here alike

> "Left a world where strong temptations try,
> And, since 'tis hard to conquer, learned to fly."

Men have made the greatest sacrifices—the monarch his

crown—the warrior his victorious sword—the poet his laurel wreath, for the shades of the cloister; disgusted with the unsatisfying nature of all human enjoyments, oppressed with the load of human woe, or smarting under a sense of ingratitude or wrong, men have sought to still their various and contending emotions, and to find repose, if not happiness, under the habit of the monk.

But did they succeed? Did they find the tranquillity they sought? Ah! who can answer that question? He alone who can read the human heart—and He has told us "to use the world as not abusing it." He has settled the long-disputed question of the philosophers and schoolmen, whether action or contemplation is the proper business of man. The same inspired apostle who called on the early Christians to "come out, and be separate" from an idolatrous world, laboured with his own hands in his proper vocation; and yet how often do we meet in this world highly-gifted spirits, who seem incapable of battling with the world? who, in society, contract its vices—in retirement, bring forth their proper virtues—who feel

> "A pleasure in the pathless woods,
> A rapture on the lonely shore."

Yes! it is natural for enthusiastic and disappointed minds like these to turn to the cloisters of the convent.

I ascended the summit of the mountain behind the abbey, which commands one of the finest prospects in Italy, and then sat down to meditate, gazing on the haunts of men far removed beneath me. Having rambled about some hours, I returned to the abbey, when the good Padre Forestieri (one of the monks takes upon him the office in turn), whose duty it is to see that the rites of hospitality be observed to the strangers who visit the

abbey, informed us that our dinner was ready. We found a frugal but sufficient meal prepared in a very beautiful chamber in the convent appropriated to guests, and having seen us seated, he bowed and left us to the care of an attendant. The fare was very plain, but our appetites were good, and we enjoyed the dessert particularly, which consisted of plates of the wild strawberries which are found here in the greatest abundance. After dinner we strolled into the beautiful chapel of the abbey; the brotherhood were chaunting the vespers, and never did that beautiful service appear to me more solemn or more touching—the setting sun was streaming through the painted window, as the monks chaunted forth the exulting psalm of David—

> "Laudate pueri Domini, laudate nomen Domini,
> A solis ortu usque ad occasum,
> Laudabile nomen Domini."

The strain ceased—the greater part of the monks quietly withdrew to their cells, while a few of them came forth to enjoy their evening walk, and contemplate the sunset. We called to our guides to get ready our mules, when the Padre Forestieri came to inquire "would we not stop the night, as beds had been prepared for us?" but thankfully declining the proffered hospitality, and presenting him with a trifling contribution (as usual) to the eleemosynary funds of the convent, we mounted our mules, and set forward on our road down the mountain. My companion was a Roman Catholic, and had paid repeated visits to Vallambrosa, but, notwithstanding my feelings as a Protestant, I did not depart from the venerable pile less unmoved than he did, or without a feeling of a sincere

respect and sympathy for the few faithful brethren that still abide amidst the secluded and venerable scenes of their ancient order.

Summer was approaching—the season that puts to flight the crowds of foreign travellers, that, like swallows, have sought this genial clime in the winter; some were returning home—some were setting off to Switzerland, while others, still charmed with Italy, were wending their way to Naples, hoping to find some cool retreat on the shores of its lovely bay.

The greatest portion of the Florence society, however, remove in summer to the baths of Lucca, or to Siena. But I had heard of these summer settlements nothing very tempting, and pleased to break new ground, and struck with the fine situation of the old and celebrated town of Pistoja, through which I passed on my visit to Lucca, in search of quarters, we resolved on taking the Villa Collegallato, a spacious and beautifully situated villa, overlooking the town, and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect of the Val d'Arno. Before settling here, however, for the summer, we thought "the pleasant month of May" a good season to carry into effect our intended visit to Venice. We proposed to make a *detour* by Mantua and Modena, and so return to Pistoja direct.

I had bought a pair of hardy horses, and with a light carriage, and a shrewd Italian man-servant, having made all proper arrangements for our family in our absence, E—— and I set out from Florence, with much anticipated pleasure. I was glad I had occupied some of my time, during the winter, in acquiring some knowledge of the Italian language, as it is almost essential, if we would avoid imposition in travelling in Italy; and yet, satisfied with a smatte-

ing of French, which, however current in the large towns, is of little use to us in remote places, our countrymen generally neglect cultivating Italian; others, from not mixing with the Italians, or hiring Italian servants, only know the language from Dante or Tasso, or some very classic prose-writer, while they cannot sustain the most easy conversation, or even convey their ordinary wants intelligibly, in the familiar language of the modern Italians.

I remember hearing of an English lady who lately arrived in Florence, and wishing to display her Italian, puzzled the waiter of the hotel, by telling him that she wanted "cochio banchetto e destrieri." Seeing the poor Florentine quite confounded, she was obliged to tell him, at last, in French, that she simply wanted to hire a carriage for a drive.

Although our first impressions of "Firenze la bella" were those of disappointment, we did not leave her without a strong feeling of regret, the result, perhaps, of her calm and placid beauty, which attracts and fixes the affections the better we become acquainted, and identify ourselves, as it were, with her features, both natural and intellectual; nothing, indeed, but Venice, in prospective, could have easily reconciled us to the separation.

CHAPTER XI.

Journey to Venice by Bologna—Ferrara and Padua—Arrival in Venice.

PASSING over the night we spent at "Le Maschere," and our passage of the Apennines, let it suffice to say, that we did not require the vexatious searching at the Dogana, nor the heavy tax demanded for our carriage, to remind us that we had entered the Papal States. The difference was too striking not to be immediately observed. We had not seen a beggar since we quitted the gates of Florence, and had travelled over roads which would have even pleased the most fastidious Macadamite. We had, however, scarcely crossed the frontier, when, in some degree of alarm, I put my head out of the carriage window to inquire the cause of the unusual jolting and shaking, while our ears were assailed by troops of ragged children, in every form of supplication, begging money or bread—painfully calling to my recollection similar scenes before witnessed in the southern and western counties of my own lovely but unfortunate land. Tuscany may be a despotic government; but on that account the greater praise is due to the sovereign, who, entrusted with despotic power, only employs it to diffuse happiness and prosperity through his dominions; and well does he merit the

appellation of "Un Angelo," which so often and so warmly we have heard bestowed upon him by his people. In leaving Tuscany, we lost sight of those large white oxen, with their soft black eyes, speaking, as eloquently as eyes of beast can speak, of a mild and patient spirit within. Certainly, if the white bull sacred among the Egyptians, resembled those of Tuscany, one may be tempted sooner to excuse its worship, than that which the same people bestowed upon reptiles and other hideous things. The road, for ten miles before it enters Bologna, passes through a rich plain, watered by the Reno, now a scattered stream, but, by its bed, showing that, in other seasons, it is no insignificant torrent. Here, for the first time in Italy, we saw cattle grazing in the fields,* giving that indescribable charm to country life, which the painters of the Dutch school understood so well, and which gives a charm to their representations, even of the most commonplace scenery. Bologna is a large, and, for a papal, rather a flourishing town; its school of painting has been one of the most celebrated in Italy; its *accademia* contains a large and valuable collection of pictures, and it possesses, besides, many private collections, worthy of a visit. The theatre at Bologna is one of the largest and handsomest in Italy, and in general very well supported. During our stay, the Prince and Princess P—— performed for charity; and, even had they been professional, their performance must have been considered more than respectable.

Who does not feel the difficulty of disconnecting places

* In Piedmont, Lombardy, and part of the Kingdom of Naples, the cattle feed, as with us, at large in the fields; but elsewhere they are fed in-doors—a much more profitable and economical system.

from the occurrences or productions for which they are famous? and, however unsentimental it may appear, it is as impossible to recall Bologna, without thinking of its sausages, or Perigord, its *patés de foie gras*, as to think of Thrasymene without Hannibal and his elephants, or Poictiers, without a sigh for the Black Prince. The churches of Bologna are not remarkable for their architectural beauty. That of Saint Petronio is interesting from its high antiquity. It was built in the year 432, and is one of the oldest Christian temples in Italy. It contains the celebrated meridian of Cassini. It is, perhaps, questionable whether a structure set apart for the worship of the Deity, is the proper site to select for placing the result of a scientific discovery, and whether the crowds rushing into St. Petronio, at the hours of noon, to set their watches, do not, in a great degree, impair the devotional air of the place. The leaning towers are two common brick structures, with no claim to beauty; their inclination from the perpendicular is sufficient to excite in the beholders an idea of their extreme ungainliness, and perhaps some personal fear; but they fall far short of inspiring a feeling of either awe or sublimity. The fountain in the Piazza del Gigante, is the work of Gian Bologna. The Neptune is much admired. The University of Bologna is one of the oldest in Italy—at least, one of the first which conferred academical degrees; but, though the learning of Bologna may have diminished, the ancient courtesy of its inhabitants has not, though these civilities may not be conveyed in a dialect as pure as in the days of Dante, who pronounced that of Bologna to be the purest in Italy. A remnant of this ancient courtesy may be traced in the greeting bestowed upon every stranger on his arrival in Bologna, by a band of musicians; and though the alteration of customs, pro-

duced by the lapse of centuries, may have rendered this not a gratuitous attention, as formerly, yet the demand upon the generosity of the traveller is so small, and so thankfully received, that mercenary and calculating must be the person who can look upon this little ceremony in any other light than that of a cordial and graceful welcome.

The road from Bologna to Ferrara passes entirely through a miserable and swampy country, and the journey, though performed in a carriage, may, without any great blunder, be said to have been an *aquatic* one. The wretched huts of the peasantry, built of reeds and mud, seem to rise out of the stagnant waters by which they are surrounded; the inhabitants looking miserable and agueish, as the occupiers of such habitations, in such a soil, may be supposed to look. Water is the great enemy of these tracts, and from their extreme flatness, draining would be difficult, or, perhaps, impossible. Nothing living could thrive in such extreme humidity except *frogs*, and they seemed in the full vigour of health and life, regaling us with their incessant croakings during the whole journey. The entrance to the city of Ferrara is not calculated to dispel the gloomy impressions which the road to it inspires; its wide and grass-grown streets, its deserted and ruinous palaces, give an idea of desolation which must be witnessed to be understood. Ferrara was built for a population of one hundred thousand, and now its inhabitants scarcely amount to one-fifth of that number. To every admirer of Tasso (and who that is acquainted with his immortal works is not?) the first object of interest at Ferrara will be his prison; it is an underground cell, in the hospital of St. Anna, in that part of the

building appropriated to maniacs. Over the door is the following inscription :—

" Rispettate o posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso infermo piu di tristezza che delirio ditenuto dimo Anni 7—Mesravai 2."

But the petty tyrant failed to break down the great mind of the poet, and to level it with those of the degraded specimens of humanity with whom, for this purpose, it would seem he had associated him; he wished him to be considered mad, and so he chained him among madmen. But, surely, the idea of even earthly retribution is no dream. Where now is this proud family of Este?—and who thinks of Alphonzo, Duke of Ferrara, but to execrate his tyranny and cruelty to that great genius, who honored his court with his presence, and his family by his praises. The library at Ferrara contains the original manuscript of the " Gerusalemme," with corrections by Tasso's hand; and, also, a manuscript of a poem of great beauty, addressed by him to Alphonzo, during his imprisonment, in which he says, with touching simplicity, " that he had dreamed that his poems might have brought him fame, but not a dungeon." Were Ferrara more populous, or less ruinous, it would not be a fit locality for Tasso's prison; its very desolation is soothing to the irritation of the feelings which a view of the horrid cell inspires; it may, indeed, be said—

" And Tasso is their glory and their shame."

The library here also contains the tomb of Ariosto, which was removed hither by the French, from the

Benedictine convent—a more suitable place, one would imagine, for a tomb, than where it is now placed, among living students. His inkstand, chair, and a bronze medallion of the poet, are more appropriately placed here. The chair, which has suffered more from the thefts of the worshippers of such relics, than even from the ravages of time, is now placed within a glass-case, and only shown to the curious through this protecting medium; the visitor is also shown a letter, addressed by the poet to the Countess Strozzi of Florence, by whom he was employed as an agent; it is on the subject of a pair of oxen, to be hired for two years to a contadino, and is curious, as proving that even poets sometimes must bring down their minds to the level of common things, and that the "bard of chivalry" was, at times, forced to commune with those humble spirits, "whose talk is of bullocks." The ducal palace stands gloomily surrounded by moats, and flanked by strong towers; I don't know why—but its chief interest, to me, arose from its having been the residence of Lucretia Borgia. Here, in these chambers, lived that extraordinary woman, who, after she became the wife of the Duke of Ferrara, passed the last years of her life here, we are told, and we must, in charity, believe it, in that virtue and tranquillity, of which her previous career had afforded so little promise, and which was so rare in the race from which she sprung. The ducal palace is now appropriated to the residence of the cardinal legate.

In a piazza close by, is shown the spot where were beheaded Ugo and Parasina, the cause and victims of the domestic tragedy which Lord Byron has made the subject of his beautiful poem. I have already observed that the approach to Ferrara is calculated to inspire

melancholy impressions, which every object in the town tends to increase; as if everything should be in keeping, and that we should not retain one agreeable recollection of Ferrara, we found the hotel ("I tremori") one of the dirtiest and most extravagantly dear, on the road; having objected to the amount of the bill, I placed on the table the sum which I conceived would be a sufficient payment, and, in that decided John-Bullish manner, which is not to be mistaken, announced my determination to pay no more. After some Italian blustering, the waiter took up the money, saying, at the same time, what he conceived would give us the utmost mortification, viz., that he would write in the travellers'-book, that an English family had paid only so much for breakfast, dinner, &c.—if volumes were written on the national character, they could not convey more. Our national vanity takes one of the least pleasing forms, that of purse vanity—to suppose us poor, is to suppose us mean; the words in English are synonymous, and, of course, from this arises the prevailing notion, that poverty is sin, and wealth virtue. An Englishman is too apt to consider that, by a lavish display of wealth, he attracts attention—he certainly does, from the crafty innkeeper, who, while he ministers to this national foible, and overwhelms the Englishman with bows, and loads him with titles, quietly swells his bill, for fare much inferior to that offered to travellers of any other nation. We have been more than once advised, by Italian friends, to designate ourselves on our travels, as of any other nation than English—and why? Because the English are universally considered on the Continent, not only as calves, but golden ones. At Rovigo, we entered the church at vesper service, and heard a charity sermon preached for the Virgin!—so I must call it, for

all the preacher's eloquence was addressed to increasing the contributions for the "Santissima Vergine," and which were received in a begging-box, that went round at the end of the sermon. No one who has not witnessed it, can have an idea of the state of excitement to which an Italian preacher thinks it necessary to work himself—to the vehemence of his gesticulations—running from end to end of the large pulpit—snatching his cap from off his head, and throwing it down with violence—the exclamations, and the "Dio Mios," not uttered with reverence, but as in every-day discourse—all baffle description, and inspire at the least as much mirth as they do devotion. The good pastor dilated on the virtue of gratitude, and argued that, if we did not entertain gratitude for the Mother, how could we for the Son; and, to enforce his argument, and that gratitude was even felt by the brute creation, he related the story of a soldier, who, lost in a forest, was approached by a lioness—the soldier, at sight of the ferocious beast, gave himself up as lost—the lioness, however, instead of, as he fully expected, making him her evening meal, shewed, by unmistakeable signs, that she desired his company in a walk. The soldier, not daring to disobey, followed his conductress, who led him to a pit, and pointing to two of her whelps which had fallen in, she gave him to understand that her will was that he should lift them out. Descending, he raised them up, when the gratitude of the lioness was as unbounded as her joy; she bounded round the soldier, and not content with the idle expression of it, she escorted him in safety out of the forest. I have given a literal sketch of the story, but the manner in which it was related cannot be conveyed, and on this the whole point lies. The dismay of the soldier, the sorrow of the bereft lioness, and

her joy at recovering her young ones, were all acted as well as spoken. At parts of his recital there were very audible titters among the auditors, nor did it seem to be considered in the least irreverent or indecorous. At Monselice we rejoiced to find ourselves emerging from the marshes, and again approaching the hills. Immediately over the little town of Monselice, rises an abrupt and conical hill, crowned with the ruins of seven small churches, rich in relics and the bones of saints; the exact number which they contain I am afraid to assert, but I know they would make no insignificant show, beside the eleven thousand skulls at Cologne.

The road from hence to Padua, along the Brenta, passes through a rich and rather picturesque country; but, perhaps, it may have owed some of its attraction to contrast with the last sixty miles over which we had travelled. On the left of the road rises the convent of Montevento, embosomed in dense woods of lofty cypresses, affording a picturesque addition to the landscape. We were informed that it is now deserted. The situation is most lovely, and, as the name implies, must be delightful in a warm climate; but, perhaps, the good fathers found the situation too elevated for the conveniences of life, for, in every age and every clime, the stoled priest and the cowled monk has been found attached to the creature-comforts of life. The beautiful palazzos along the Brenta, many of them the work of Palladio, were the favorite resorts of the Venetian nobles, when they quitted their sea-built city to dwell on terra firma. Many of the former residences of these once proud nobles are now occupied by Jews; strange and interesting people—so observant, during all the vicissitudes of their varied destiny, so rigid of the *letter* of their law, and so unmindful of its spirit—

so dispersed into every country of the world, and yet so distinct from all its other inhabitants.

The entrance to Padua, and particularly the first view of the church of St. Antonio, transports the imagination to the East. Its domes and cupolas, rising one over the other in endless confusion, resemble more a Turkish mosque than a Christian temple. The town has rather a gloomy appearance, owing to the streets being lined with porticoes; but, however such an addition may destroy their beauty, it must be an immense advantage to the inhabitants, to have a walk sheltered from the heat of the sun, or from sudden rains. The interior of the church of St. Antonio, but particularly the chapel dedicated to the saint, is rich in gold, silver, and precious marbles. The cathedral contains a monument to Petrarch—for Padua, with that spirit so truly Italian, of wishing to do honor to genius, has laid her claim to this great poet, from his having been a prebendary of her cathedral, for some years before he retired to the solitudes of Arqua. In the sacristy is a portrait of the poet, the same fat, not, perhaps, absolutely unintellectual, but decidedly sensual face, which painters have invariably given him: surely the face here is no index to the mind, for who can suppose the touching and simple, often elevated strains of the poet, allied to one thought of impurity.

The Sala, in the Palazzo della Giustizia, is, after Westminster Hall, the largest hall in Europe; but it has this superiority over the latter, that it is elevated from the ground. It contains a monument to Livy, the Roman historian, who was born and died at Padua. From Padua we proceeded by railway to Mestre, the point of embarkation for Venice. The evening was cold, the moon rose blood-red, and the wind, fitful and gusty, seemed to portend one of those sudden and violent storms

peculiar to the climate of Italy. This was discouraging, and decidedly unfavourable to first impressions; but we were too impatient to consult effect; and therefore, notwithstanding the lowering look of the sky, ordered a gondola immediately, to convey us to Venice. It was quite dark when we reached the grand canal, and rowed through it to our hotel; so that imagination was left to run riot with its dreams till morning.

CHAPTER XII.

Venice—Needlessness of any Description of it—A glance at its History—The Venetians—Their love of Music—Disappearance of their ancient Costume—Wrong done to Venice by the Treaty of Campo Formio.

THE day dawned brilliantly, disappointing all the fears of the preceding night; and, forgetting the fatigue of yesterday, and unmindful of the few hours' repose we had enjoyed, we despatched a hasty breakfast, and ordered our gondolier to row us to the Piazza San Marco.

Venice has so often furnished subjects of description both to the pen and to the pencil—its history is so familiar to all who read, and its locality to all who do not, by the views of Canaletti and his numerous imitators, that its reality will be interesting, not from its novelty, but according to the imagination of the individual. Venice is, *par excellence*, the residence for a person of an imaginative turn of mind; and, according to the proportion of this ingredient of happiness or misery in the composition, will be the delight or *ennui* experienced in visiting Venice. Lord Byron has styled Rome the "City of the Soul;" I would say that Venice is the "City of the Heart." Here the affections are called into play—here every ruin is lovely and loveable; and, as every day which brings a loved object nearer to the grave but strengthens the chain which binds them to our

hearts, so Venice, tottering into the abyss of waters from whence she rose, is far more interesting now, than in her day of pride and power. To enumerate, where all seems such hopeless confusion, or to describe, where, out of confusion, arises such beauty, would be a task indeed. Venice is to be seen and loved—not described. She dwells upon the memory, like some beautiful vision of a dream, and to describe, would be to awake and lose half the charming illusion. But, though any description must be "flat, stale, and unprofitable," I will endeavour to impart to you some of the impressions of delight and pleasure which our visit to the "City of Waters" has afforded me.

To begin, then, with the churches: It is true, that those alone built by Palladio are of purely correct architecture; but who can avoid gazing, with wonder and delight, upon St. Marco, because its style is neither Grecian, nor Gothic, nor Saracenic, but a happy combination of all—in which beauty and quaintness, grace and whimsicality, defying all the rules of art, must disarm even criticism. The palaces which line the canals, and which, even in their ruin, so charm the eye and entrance the imagination with their beauty of outline, and richness of ornament, are equally mixed and irregular in their style. The government, to prevent the entire destruction of these beautiful edifices, has given orders for the purchase of such as the proprietors will dispose of; and on the failure of the family, the palazzo by right falls to the crown. We were pointed out two or three in this condition, inhabited by the last of a long line of proud nobles, who, concealing themselves in a corner of the splendid palazzo, once filled with a numerous retinue of domestics, and brilliant with all the accessories of wealth and

vanity, drag out a miserable existence, perhaps fondly hoping, that in the crowd of pensioners and dependants, their individual degradation may have been forgotten. But, perhaps, even in their most perfect state, these magnificent palaces were more calculated to call forth our admiration than our respect. They were not, in general, erected till the fifteenth century, at a period when Venice had long departed from her primitive virtue and simplicity, and when the luxury and vices of her nobles led the way to her "decline and fall." It is to an age antecedent to this that we must look for the real greatness of Venice. We go back in imagination to those stern lovers of freedom, who, flying from slavery on the land, formed for themselves a free home on the bosom of ocean; nor can we too much admire and applaud the persevering industry which, regardless of the disadvantages of soil and the want of materials, formed for themselves a city in such a situation. It has been truly observed, that, at a time when England and France contained only rude huts, and when a Pharamond and an Egbert, with their courtiers, warmed themselves round a fire kindled on the ground, half blinded and suffocated by the smoke, the poorest fisherman in Venice possessed a house with all the conveniences of life; nor, having once accomplished this victory over nature, did the Venetians rest there. The page of history will for ever attest this: and, while we read on every occasion of the Crescent having bowed to the Cross—of a Dandolo planting the Lion of St. Mark's on the walls of Constantinople, and an emperor coming as a suppliant to their church, can their boast of having founded a great city, be said to be empty. But where are the descendants of these proud Venetians? or, with their blood, did they not

transmit to their sons one spark of the spirit which animated them? Was the power that crushed them too overwhelming for any unaided resistance, or was that fated period of their renowned republic (which, like everything human, carried within it the seeds of decay) arrived, which was to put a term to its long-protracted existence? The inquiry boots little: the sad and mournful results to Venice have been the same, whatever may have been the exciting causes.

> "'Twere vain to tell, and sad to trace,
> Each step from splendour to disgrace.
> Enough, no foreign foe could quell
> Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
> Yes, self-abasement paved the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway."

Their ancient vivacity and gaiety cannot, however, be said to have fled; and a stranger who arrives in Venice, and desiring the opportunity of comparing its present with its former state, sees the thoughtless and light-hearted looking crowds which throng its piazza, would scarcely believe, much less discover, the degradation and misery which pervade this once imperial city.

Venice, even in musical Italy, has in all ages been remarkable for her love of song. The life the Venetians always led was favourable to the twin-sisters, Music and Poetry. When the first star of evening appeared, stretched in their gondolas to catch the night-breeze from the Adriatic, their thoughts naturally took a poetical form, and music was made the vehicle of expressing them. The kind of song called "serenata"—by us, serenade—was first composed in Venice, and took its origin from this custom. Even the gondolier, waiting in his barque, soothed the tedium of the time

by reciting, in a sort of musical monotony, some verses of Tasso's "Gerusalemme," which were taken up and continued by another gondolier at a little distance; and thus (we are told), it was no uncommon thing to hear, in this way, recited, or rather chaunted, the sorrows of Clorinda, the description of the Palace of Armida, or some other beautiful portion of this magnificent poem. Though it is too true that Tasso's verses may no longer be heard, yet the gondolier does not always row "silent or voiceless"—the love of the Venetians for music has not perished with their republic; and the writer of these pages can certify the pleasure and surprise often experienced at the grace as well as skill which many of the gondoliers evinced in singing their national songs, as well as other familiar airs from the most favourite operas. Venice even now supports seven theatres, most of which are appropriated solely to musical representations. One distinguishing feature of Venice has faded away—I mean her national costume. The pictures of the truthful Corpaggio, who, as described by his cotemporaries, is said "to have had truth in his heart," give us a very exact idea of what those costumes were. They continued to adopt the eastern fashion so long as the political and commercial relations of Venice were confined solely or principally to the Greek Empire; so that the costume of the Venetian noble resembled very much that of the patrician of the Byzantian court. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, a change of dress was adopted, which was copied from the French and Spaniards; and the writers of this period speak with great indignation of the forgetfulness of the Italians, and their degeneracy, in adopting the dress of the ultramontane people whom they once governed.

The rage for foreign fashions was only exceeded by the unbounded luxury of the Venetians, both in the materials of which the dresses were composed, and in the precious stones and gold used in ornamenting them. This luxury became at last so extravagant, as to call for severe sumptuary laws, "by which," Sansorino tells us, "the richness of the habiliments of both sexes was at length reduced within decent bounds;" but, as in all ages, the fickle deity of fashion is always in extremes, it then became universal for ladies of rank to appear always in black, in the morning, and at all hours out of doors—a custom that continued down to the fall of the republic. So uniform and unstriking a costume may have been found convenient in a city, where we read, on every side, of the general corruption of morals; for in the midst of this profligacy, we are told, that the use of the white veil, the distinguishing costume of the young unmarried women of irreproachable virtue, was so strictly guarded that the severest punishments were inflicted on such as presumed to wear it, who could not lay claim to the purity which it was supposed to indicate. The days of Venetian glory and splendour have passed away; but it is to be feared that the morals of the inhabitants of Venice have not improved (as the partisans of the holy alliance would have us believe) with the destruction of this renowned republic. The rich and varied costume, which ever dazzled and delighted the eye of the stranger in its magnificent Piazza, has passed away; but the degraded pander that accosts him in his walks, still shows that the ancient leprosy clings to the inhabitants of fallen Venice, only rendered the more revolting by their poverty and wretchedness.

The destruction of the republic of Venice was one of the most disgraceful acts of aggression which dishonoured the French republic, only equalled by their abandonment of it to the detested rule of the Austrians, by the treaty of Campo Formio, and the final acquiescence of England in this iniquitous arrangement, at the settlement of Europe, after the fall of Napoleon. Throughout the terrible and eventful struggle which closed with that event, the Venetians, as well as the Genoese, had looked forward with hope to the restoration of their ancient republic, reformed from the vices which had led to its overthrow; and bitter was their disappointment, when they found the government of that very people on whom they had most relied, amongst the foremost and most active in riveting their chains, and consigning them again to the mercy of foreign tyrants. To accomplish this unworthy object, even promises were violated, and a feeling of wrong excited, which destroyed throughout Italy the long and honourably-acquired popularity of the English name. But was our course even politic? In answer to the remonstrance of the unfortunate Genoese, the necessity was stated of increasing the power of Sardina, on the sea-board, towards France; but who, that knows anything of the military power of Sardinia, or the state of her defences on the frontier of the Var, could believe it possible for her, on that side, to offer any resistance to a French invading army? As to Venice, its peculiar and insulated position would seem by nature to free her from the dangerous necessity of being mixed up with the affairs of continental Italy. Commerce and trade would seem the destiny of the Venetians, and, as a free-port to all nations, if Venice did not attain her

ancient renown, there is little doubt she would have been able to support herself as a commercial community, and have become the *entrepôt* of a wide and extensive trade between the Adriatic and the different ports of the Mediterranean; some have even thought that Venice might be made the best route between England and her vast empire in India—how strange if such a project should ever be realized—and thus again make the now lovely queen of the Adriatic the emporium of India! But, however this may be, certain it is that, as a great commercial country herself, England is far more interested in protecting and fostering free commercial communities in the Mediterranean (and indeed everywhere else), than in extending the dominions of her kingly allies.

I remember, after listening to a Venetian describe the fall of his country, I ventured to ask him had the Venetians appealed to England? "Chi lo sa?" said he, with a significant gesture, "they all betrayed us"—and the answer was as true as melancholy.

The Piazza of St. Mark still retains enough of its splendour and originality, to recall the descriptions of it in former times; and the number of Turks and Greeks whom we may still frequently meet lounging under its colonnades, sipping coffee and smoking their pipes; but, above all, the cupolas, and oriental style of the church of St. Mark, itself, give to Venice more the air of an Eastern town, than of either an Italian, French or German one. By the way, the custom of drinking coffee amongst the Venetians is carried to the most extraordinary extent; no visit, at any hour of the day, is made

without the introduction of coffee! A Venetian gentleman assured me that he frequently took coffee fourteen or fifteen times in the day, and that he was by no means remarkable. How curious, that when all other traces of their Eastern Empire have passed away, this remnant of Oriental customs should have survived.

CHAPTER XIII.

Churches of Venice—Monuments of the Great Men of the Republic—Marino Faliero—Venetian System of Government—Place of St. Mark, and other remarkable localities—Visit to the Island of the Armenian Convent—The Ducal, Manfrini, and Barberigo Palaces—Gallery of the Belle Arti—Arsenal—Departure from Venice.

THE churches of the Madonna della Salute, of St. Georgio, and of the Redentore, these splendid edifices, the works of Palladio, are justly considered the greatest monuments of his genius, and the most successful creations of modern architecture.

The church of Santa Maria Gloriosa, called the Frateria, is also a fine edifice, and in the highest degree interesting, from the numerous splendid monuments it contains, erected in honor of the great men of the Venetian Republic. Lord Byron called the church of Sante Croce the Westminster Abbey of Italy; and this may, with equal or greater propriety, be called the Westminster Abbey of Venice. In the Sante Croce, some of the finest and most interesting monuments are of modern erection, as that of Dante—the tribute of a tardy repentance to their immortal countryman. But here we are surrounded on every side by the splendid mausoleums of illustrious doges, senators, and captains of Venice, raised in the most flourishing times of the Republic, to commemorate their glorious achievements, and excite the emulation of their countrymen.

Amongst the most remarkable of these monuments, is the fine equestrian statue of Paoli Savelli, and close to it that of another Venetian general, Marcello; while near the high altar, and opposite each other, are two splendid monuments of the doges, Nicholaus Thronas and Francisco 'Foscari, the father of Jacopo, the subject of Byron's tragedy. There is also a faded picture, to which it relates—a singular-looking wooden sarcophagus, marked with two red crosses, which the sacristan told us contains the head of Francisco Carniola, behcaded in 1422, for conspiring to deliver up Brescia to the Milanese. Over the door of the sacristy is a fine figure of an armed knight, one of the Pésauri; but the most remarkable of these old monuments, and perhaps, indeed, for size and richness, one of the most extraordinary works of the kind in Europe, is that erected to another of the same noble family, the Doge Giovanni Pésauro.

Its design and taste, however, are very questionable. The doge is represented in *alto relievo*, in his ducal robes, kneeling on a sarcophagus, sustained by camels, while the whole is supported by Nubians bearing oriental treasures. The most interesting of the modern monuments is that which has been erected to the great Canova, who was buried in the church; but its design is heavy and common-place, unworthy of so great a man, and but little creditable to the reviving arts in Italy. In enumerating the most interesting churches of Venice, I should also mention that of St. Giovanni e Paolo, which contains many objects well worthy of our attention, and amongst other things, the curious basso-relievo, illustrating passages of the life of Christ, by different masters, and, amongst others, by Torretto, the master of Canova.

Lord Byron states, that the sarcophagus of Marino

Faliero existed in this church, when he resided in Venice; but this is now proved to be a mistake, as it was destroyed when the convent and adjacent chapel were converted into a military hospital. The nearly illegible inscription which Lord Byron mistook for that of Marino Faliero, is supposed to have been that of Marino Morosini, one of the twenty senators added to the Council of Ten, to assist as judges in the extraordinary trial of the Doge. What a solemn moral may be drawn from this?—judge and criminal alike confounded in the common oblivion of the grave, "where all things are forgotten." We may easily believe that the Venetian oligarchy were anxious to erase every memorial of the daring old man who perished in the attempt to overturn their power, and probably forbade any inscription on his tomb, even as they have given him but an empty place in the gallery of their doges; but the attempt has been vain, and that black picture and its brief inscription only serve the more to stimulate our curiosity, and excite inquiry. We eagerly turn to the chronicles of the times; but they are as brief, and doubtless as false, as the lying scroll itself.

"Marino Faliero decapitatus
Pro suis criminibus,"

is the vindictive and brief summary of his enemies; as trustworthy, however, and more consistent with the catastrophe, than the puerile story of the chronicle which Lord Byron has closely followed, and made the foundation of his tragedy. The ribald insult of Steno may have, indeed, provoked the resentment of this fiery old man; but it seems of itself quite insufficient to have induced Marino Faliero, full of age and honours—the Doge of

Venice—to enter into such a conspiracy. Indeed, I am persuaded that it is to this cause, or rather want of cause, that we may, in a great measure, attribute the complete failure of this drama when produced upon the stage.

Marino Faliero conspired to overthrow tyranny, and the worst species of tyranny—that which assumes the style and form of liberty: a republic, in which the nobles alone were citizens—the people slaves. He perished in the attempt. Had he succeeded, it is most likely that the state of Venice would only have assimilated to that of Milan and Florence, under the Sporza and Medici; the sole result to the people, an exchange of masters—a single tyrant for an oligarchy. But however that might have been, the Venetian senators took care that their chronicles should tell nothing more than was politic, and in accordance with their inscription on the empty frame of Faliero. What a system of government was that of Venice!—how deep its foundations, how unchanged and prolonged its existence! It would seem as if the founders of the Venetian state erected their republic as they did their city, in the midst of the ocean; as if they desired it to exhibit the same eternal and unchanging character. Ages and ages rolled away; nations rose and fell; kingdoms, and dynasties, and manners changed around her; but Venice and her government, her doge, her senate, and her councils remained the same—unchanged and unchangeable; the "Queen of the Adriatic"—the marvel of the world—how profound and subtle must have been the policy which could found and so long support such a structure, which tempered, while it excited, the ambition of the Venetians, the most grasping and aspiring of all the states of Italy; for, unlike the other Italian republics, conquest and dominion were, from the first, a vital element in the

policy of Venice, and only ceased to be so with the decline of her glory and greatness; as, at the first, a footing on terra-firma was an essential object, so the desire for territory and lust of conquest ever continued to mark her history—her banner, "the lion of St. Mark;" her watchword—"the planter of the lion." Successively, the greater part of Lombardy, the shores of the Adriatic, Dalmatia, and the Morea, with the principal islands, including Candia and Cyprus, were added to the dominions of the Venetians, till, at length, their alarmed neighbours entered into leagues and treaties with the most powerful monarchs, to restrain their insatiable ambition; but the astuteness and sagacity of the Venetian senate as often succeeded in breaking up these leagues, by sowing dissensions among the high contracting parties, while the skill and bravery of their fleets and armies maintained and consolidated their conquests. Even when, at length, Venice declined—when vice and degradation had sapped the bravery, and effaced the virtues of the Venetian character, the same subtle policy of her senate long arrested, although it could not avert, her fall. The triumphs of Italian policy throw into the shade the greatest achievements of modern diplomacy; the history of the world can shew no such examples as Giovanni di Procida and Lorenzo de Medicis; or instance individuals who, with equal means, have produced or directed events of such importance. Government and statesmanship were regarded as a science, and assiduously studied by the Italians; and by none of them more so than the Venetians. Their statescraft was, however, as dark and unscrupulous as it was subtle; and the "Bridge of Sighs," and dungeons beneath the ducal palace, are as eloquent as the pages of Machia-

velli. The church of St. Mark's—the ducal palace, with its bridges of sighs, its prisons—the Piazza and Piazetta, with its trophied columns and winged lion—and the Rialto—have all been made from youth so familiar to us by the paintings of Canaletti, or, rather, by his countless imitators, and the genius of our greatest dramatists and travellers, that any new descriptions of scenes and places so memorable and well-known, would be as unnecessary as idle; indeed, the first and most striking impression we receive, on beholding Venice, springs from our instant and vivid recognition of all that surrounds us; we pace its Piazza, or cross the Rialto, and thread its dark and winding "calle," as if we were at home, and could not possibly miss our way; while all that we have read of Venetian story rushes back upon the mind, and, alternately, we find ourselves standing before the shop of some money-changer, as if we expected that Shylock, in his furred cap and Jewish gaberdine, would step forth to greet us; or, lingering beneath the balcony of some noble palace, as if hoping to catch a glimpse of Desdemona or Belvidere; but, alas! a very short time is sufficient to dispel such illusions. When leaving the great Piazza, we step into a gondola, and glide into the deserted canals, we are soon painfully reminded that the city we now behold is not the glorious queen of the Adriatic, the Venice of our dreams, "throned on her hundred isles;" "the revel of the earth—the mask of Italy"—the very genius of melancholy and despair now seems to brood over the stagnant waters of the "Grand Canal." The black coffin-looking gondolas, that once presented so striking a contrast to the bright dresses and gorgeous processions of the Venetians, appear to wear only the

proper livery of woe, which harmonizes with all around them. Some of the finest palaces are shut up—many seem to have been altogether abandoned to decay: while, about many of those that are inhabited, there is a look of squalid misery, only rendered more apparent and painful by their architectural beauty and rich materials. I saw a mob of Austrian recruits crowding the balconies of one of the noblest structures on the Grand Canal; and as we rowed past the Palazzo Foscari, the gondolier, in answer to our inquiries, told us, with a melancholy shrug, that its only inhabitants now were "due misere vecchie," two miserable old women, the last of their noble race, and his own mother their sole attendant! This mournful aspect of the canals, and the splendid but deserted palaces which line them, painfully affect the stranger: and it was some time before we could shake off a feeling of oppression and melancholy; it is only when we turn the prow of our gondola far into the Lagune, and, inhaling the fresh breeze of the Adriatic, look back upon Venice, that we can recall the vision we had indulged in, and behold her again, as if by enchantment, rising from the bosom of the sea, with her marble palaces and lofty towers, dividing the azure sky from the blue wave beneath them. Amongst the pleasantest of our excursions was the visit we paid to the island, on which is situated the famous Armenian convent, to which Lord Byron was so frequent a visitor, and where he became the pupil of one of its learned brotherhood. Much to our regret, this learned brother was absent. We had nothing, however, to wish for, in the way of politeness, and a desire to show us everything in the convent likely to interest us; and our cicerone, one of

the monks, who spoke English with considerable fluency, we found a highly informed, as well as most gentlemanly person; altogether, this fraternity (one of the few institutions of the old republic which remains, and which owes its existence to the commercial intercourse of Venice with the East) presents an honorable contrast to the general apathy and indolence displayed at the present day by the monastic orders. The brotherhood devote themselves in a great measure to literary pursuits, and to the furtherance of Christianity in the East; they have their own printing-press, and annually send forth from it a great number of beautifully-printed works; we took away, as a souvenir of our visit and of our intelligent and agreeable guide, a beautifully-printed prayer book, containing prayers in ten different languages, including amongst them, even the Celtic of my native land; and I could not help feeling I had some reason to be ashamed of being so much of "a Saxon," or, as Lord Monteagle would say, "a west Briton," as not to know one word of that language which these Armenian monks could translate and write.

The palaces of Venice no longer contain the treasures and masterpieces of art, with which, in the days of her glory, they were adorned. Their naked walls have long since been stripped of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese; still, in the Ducal Palace, the gallery of the Academy of the Belle Arti, and in the Palazzo Manfrini, and Barbarigo, the lover of painting will still find some of the noblest productions of the Venetian school. We paid repeated visits to these places, and always with increased gratification; and, with respect to the ducal palace, it must be admitted, to the credit of the Austrian government, it has gratified

the just pride of the Venetians, in leaving everything nearly in the same state as they existed in the days of the republic; every care is taken to preserve it from decay—it still retains all its ancient splendour—and, walking through its magnificent halls and salons, the traveller acknowledges that it is a palace worthy of the princes of a state, "whose merchants were princes." We daily paid it a visit during our stay in Venice, generally concluding our peregrinations by musing awhile in its silent corridors. In one of these, the grand corridor, which runs the entire length of the building, the stranger's attention is called to three small apertures—the dreaded "Bocche de Lione," or Lion's Mouth, which communicated with the offices of the Three Inquisitors, and into which were put secret accusations; and on these marble slabs were formerly inscribed the directions, which it was necessary should be observed by the accuser—these were effaced by the French, at the extinction of the republic. This mode of secret accusation was not, however, confined to Venice; it existed in the republic of Florence, under the name of "Latamburagine," from the stone chests called "tamburi," or drums, erected in certain appointed places in the city, and into which these accusations were dropped. The original object of this fearful institution was, to enable citizens to accuse magistrates and others, whom, from their station or power, they might fear to accuse openly; but it was soon perverted to the ends of private vengeance, and we are astonished to think the Italians could have so long endured the existence of such terrible tribunals; but it is curious to reflect, that free countries should have always shewn a desire to erect some such extraordinary tribunals, to protect their liberties from domestic treason. The practice we are considering

differs but little from the Ostracism of the Athenians; the Romans, however, always required that the accused should be openly confronted with his accusers—of which, in the case of St. Paul, we have a memorable instance. In the great hall of the ducal palace is the great picture of "Paradise," by Tintoretto—the largest easel-painting, I believe, in the world; but the number of figures introduced, takes away from its effect, and gives it a confused appearance.

Round the walls of this magnificent stanza are splendid paintings, by Paolo Veronese, representing some of the most remarkable events in the history of Venice; amongst others, that great event in her annals, one which the Venetians are so fond of recalling, the humiliation of Barbarossa; and another of Catarina, the celebrated Queen of Cyprus, surrendering her crown into the hands of the Doge of Venice. No description can convey an idea of the vivid manner in which this great painter has brought before the eye, and perpetuated those glorious transactions; nothing can be more glowing than the colouring, or gorgeous, than the costumes of the various groups. The series of paintings of the different doges, from the first down to the last, in their chronological order, is highly interesting. In the place of Marino Faliero, the stranger will observe the empty frame, with the black pall and inscription I have mentioned. Leaving the great hall, a passage leads up to the council chamber of "the Ten," and the chambers of the Three Inquisitors; and a stone staircase from these rooms down to the dungeons below the palace; these were the ancient prisons used before the erection of the large building now called "Il Prigione," and which is also connected with the palace by the celebrated "Ponte

dei Sospiri," or Bridge of Sighs. These prisons are twenty-four in number, and vary in size and lightsomeness; the most confined and gloomy were used for refractory prisoners, who refused to confess.

Most of those dungeons are cased with wood, a circumstance which preserves them (as a Venetian gentleman, who accompanied us, was careful to point out) from that dreadful dampness of which so much has been said, and of which, indeed, one of the unfortunate prisoners themselves (several of whose memorials still remain on the walls) feelingly complains. But the Venetians take every opportunity of discrediting, as calumnies or exaggerations, the horrible cruelties said to have been here inflicted by the Venetian senate on their miserable prisoners; and, certainly, the prisons themselves are not so bad as they have been represented; they are not below water, as has been stated; and I am inclined to believe that many worse dungeons than these would have been found in the prisons of the United Kingdom, within comparatively recent times, for it was only of late years that the state of our prisons received the attention of the legislature.

In the Manfrini Palace are some of the most admired and beautiful portraits of Giorgione; and the Palazzo Barberigo still contains some of the most celebrated works of his great rival, Titian. I admired most a painting of Venus at her toilet: here is, also, his last great work, the "St. Sebastian," left unfinished. It is melancholy to observe, that these fine paintings are much disfigured by time and neglect.

We paid a visit to the Palazzo Mencenigo, to gratify our desire of visiting the residence of Byron, when in Venice; it is one of the best kept up of the Venetian

palaces, but possesses little beyond its connexion with the life of our great poet, to gratify the stranger's curiosity. It is, however, interesting, as the palace of one of the greatest families in the days of the republic. We sent up our card to the countessa, and while waiting permission to see the palace, we observed, cut on a large stone in the cortile, a curious extract from the will of Cristofo Mellini, who forbids his heirs, under penalty of heavy fines (gradually increasing to ultimate forfeiture of all their rights under his will), from losing more, in one day, from gambling, than twenty-five ducats, as he attributes the decay of his house to the propensity of his family to this fatal passion. The sala contain several portraits of doges which this illustrious family have given to the republic; and turning from their ducal ancestors into another room, the eye reposes on the agreeable portrait of the present countess and her sister. They show the bed in which Byron slept, as well as the room where he wrote.

In the gallery of the Belle Arti, the lover of painting will find collected the greatest works of the Venetian school that Venice itself yet retains. This fine building, and the care bestowed in the collection, are creditable to the Austrian government. It is particularly rich in the works of Tiziano, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; amongst the principal and most admired works of the first-named master, is the "Assumption of the Virgin," and a grand picture, representing "Samuel presented to Eli"—a noble work of genius, whose colouring and design are alike magnificent. I also particularly admired, in the long narrow gallery, two portraits of Venetian senators, the one by Titian, marked 1514, and the other by Tintoretto. The large paintings, by Carpaccio and Gian Bellini, of the canals and

palaces of Venice, crowded with gondolas, and filled with senators and noble dames, afford to the lovers of the costumes and habits of Venice in the olden times, a rich enjoyment.

As I have before remarked, the Venetians are universally and passionately fond of music, and concerts given in the day-time are the frequent points of reunion to the upper classes. During our stay in Venice, we attended several of these entertainments, and were charmed with the musical talents of the amateurs; but, I confess, that we were proportionably disappointed with the performances of the opera. We went in our gondola, several times, to the Fenice, the principal theatre in Venice, and a beautiful edifice; but the actors, in point of talent, were far below those of many of the minor theatres of Italy. The house was badly attended, two-thirds of the boxes being empty; while the presence of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, in the pit, did not add to our enjoyment of the entertainments.

We had now been upwards of a fortnight in Venice, and having visited nearly every object of interest, we began to turn our thoughts to our "Bambini," and Tuscan villa; indeed, with such ties, it was not surprising that we looked forward to returning to the vineyards and olive woods of the Val d'Arno with almost the feelings of "Home." We paid a farewell visit to the Arsenal, one of the most memorable localities of Venice, and made doubly interesting to Englishmen by the dramatic muse of their country.

Amongst the most interesting objects it contains is a model of the "Bucentaur," which is all that Venice now possesses of it—for I do not believe a stick of the ancient vessel remains. There is, also, the magnificent state-galley, built expressly for Napoleon and

Maria Louise, when they visited Venice together, during the splendid days of the Kingdom of Italy. The arms of the French hero are now replaced by the imperial scutcheon of the House of Austria.

It is impossible to contemplate the extent of the arsenal of Venice,* and to remember the early period when these magnificent basins were formed, without being forcibly impressed with her ancient maritime greatness. Long before the arrival of the French, however, the naval power of Venice had fallen into decrepitude, and the conquerors only found a few small vessels of war, and some shattered hulks in the arsenal. Still the naval valour of the Venetians did not depart altogether with their commerce.

In one of the bravest and most obstinately contested actions in the last war—that in which the late Sir William Horte gained so much honour—and fought in the Adriatic, the commander of the French squadron was a Venetian, to whose valour and skilful conduct the gallant Sir William, himself, has borne the most honourable and generous testimony.

At the present day, the small naval force of Austria is almost entirely drawn from Venice, and has been honourably distinguished on several recent occasions—particularly at the bombardment of Acre.† It is not, therefore, surprising, that Austria places so much importance on her possession of Venice.

In the armoury of the arsenal are several beautiful suits of armour, highly interesting, from their con-

* The above remarks are made, of course, without meaning to institute any comparison with modern dock-yards.

† It is unnecessary to remind the historical reader, that some of the most distinguished generals of the Imperial armies have been Italians.

nexion with the history of Venice, and the persons to whom they belonged. Amongst the rest, the visitor will be shown the armour of Henry IV. of France, presented to the Republic of Venice by that great monarch, as a mark of his affection; also the armour of Francisco Duodo, so distinguished in the war of Cyprus, and at the battle of Lepanto; as well as that of Carlo Zeno, equally distinguished in the war of Chiozza (1386), the most memorable, as well as perilous, in the annals of the republic.

Late in the afternoon we took boat, and bade farewell to the deserted palaces and lonely canals of the "brideless Queen of the Adriatic."

We kept silently looking back on the fading city, till, like the sun, it disappeared from our sight, in the waves from which it first arose in strength and beauty, invincible in the energy and daring valour of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIV.

Badness of the Forage at Padua—The saying, that "the eye of the Master makes the Horse fat," holds everywhere—Este—Visit to Arqua—Petrarch, his Claims upon Posterity—His "Rime"—His House—His Tomb—Road from Este to Mantua—San Benedetta—Bad Government and miserable Condition of the People in the Modenese—Modena, brief Description of—The Duke of Modena—His unpopularity—The Revolution here in 1831—Duplicity of Louis Philippe and his Government—Claims of the Italian People upon the free Nations of Europe—Splendid Opera at Modena—Badness of the Road to the Tuscan Frontier—Pleasure at finding ourselves again in Tuscany—Arrival in Pistoja.

I HAD left my horses under the care of an Italian servant at Padua, in excellent condition for travelling, during the fortnight we remained in Venice; but when we set out next day on our journey home, I was soon made to feel how much the poor beasts had lost, in being deprived of "the eye of their master." I fear they had got nothing in my absence but the infamous hay of Padua; they could scarcely drag the carriage along over the heavy sandy road to Monselice, and our minds became filled with melancholy anticipations of being altogether interrupted in our intended journey. I fairly lost my temper, and exhausted all my vocabulary of Tuscan complaints on the wretched Gaspero; the "birbone," however, bore it with wonderful philosophy, throwing all the blame on the forage of this "Maladetto paese," as he called it; al-

though it seemed to have agreed with himself exceedingly well, he said it was altogether unreasonable for me to expect that Tuscan horses would not suffer by the change to such a country, and thence took occasion to launch forth in praises of Tuscany, and ardent wishes to be speedily returned to it; in justice to the knave, it is, indeed, only fair to say, that the hay of Padua and Mestre (where it is usual for travellers going to Venice, to leave their horses) is of the very worst description. On reaching Monselice, we almost determined to abandon our intended route to Pistoja, by Mantua and Modena, and return to Tuscany by the way we came, as being so much shorter; but the desire to vary our journey proved so strong, that we resolved to take chance, and so struck off on the road to Este. We had no occasion to repent our resolution; by care and management our horses plucked-up again, so that, with a liberal allowance of good beans, they were at last enabled to get over thirty and forty miles a-day, without "trapello,"* even on the mountains of the Apennines, where the soil is not at all favourable. The roads in the Austrian states are excellent, and even in the territories of the Duke of Modena (the worst governed in Italy, if we except the States of the Church), the great military road between Mantua and Modena, is one of the best in Italy; but this ducal tyrant is so much disliked by his wretched subjects, and so completely dependant on the support of Austria, that we may well believe the excellent repair in which the road is kept is dictated more by a regard for his own security, than from any no-

* Trapello—relays of mules or bullocks, which are found at the foot of the mountains, to assist travellers ascending them.

bler or better motive. We stopped, early in the day, at Este, and determined to repose there for the night. Este has little to recall its historical celebrity, as the ancient seat of that illustrious family which has given so many princes to Italy and Germany, as well as sovereigns to England. The ruins of its ancient castle, however, still exist, and will repay the visit of the traveller; we found a delightful employment for the time we had to spare, by a visit to the celebrated hamlet of Arqua, the last residence of Petrarch, and where is preserved his honored tomb. To get to Arqua, however, we had to retrace a great part of the road to Monselice—the best point, indeed, to stop, for those who desire to visit it—although a pedestrian would find a far shorter and more direct way from Este on foot. There are few more secluded places in the world than Arqua; for even the tide of modern travelling has turned aside, nor broken the peaceful quietude of this mountain village. It seems just the place that a man like Petrach, tired of the world, oppressed even with the glory with which his own genius had surrounded him, would select for retirement and repose; and here, indeed, convinced of the vanity of all human ambition, did this great poet, at the close of his life, but in the full zenith of his fame, prepare with solemnity "to shuffle off this mortal coil," and meet his God. The same sylvan scenery—the scented walks, shaded by the clear bright streams, that attracted the illustrious scholar from his cloistered study at Padua, still are there; and still the traveller beholds his humble dwelling, almost as he left it; while down below, the simple villagers show his tomb, and guard it with honest pride, as the greatest glory of their village. To this

place, "piutosto tristo," as his biographer styles it, did Petrarch retire, in the year 1370, not quite four years before his death; and here did he ponder upon the course of his past life, and look forward

"To that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Some of the later of his celebrated sonnets, which are strongly devotional, tell us how painful were these solemn musings; but, alas! what mortal could ever arise from such a review with satisfaction to himself? Like our own poet, he reproaches himself "with wandering after love too far," as if he, too, had felt—

"That talents made haply for pure and high designs,
Were oft, like Israel's incense, laid upon unholy, earthly shrines."

What a humiliating lesson on human aspirations! What a solemn warning is conveyed to us in these confessions! We might well suppose that self-examination, in the case of Petrarch, would have been a source of complacency—a life spent in the pursuit of knowledge, and the cultivation of letters, the noblest and most elevating of all human pursuits; but, alas! how many have felt too late, that it is not these things "that can bring a man peace at the last;" and, with the grave opening at their feet, have confessed all other wisdom "foolishness," but that which "maketh wise unto salvation!" There is, indeed, something peculiarly solemn in these voluntary retirements of illustrious men from the world, which speak to us so strongly of the unsatisfying nature of all earthly enjoyments. To these quiet scenes

Petrarch, the glory of his age and country, retired, satiated with the applauses of the great and learned, and with a fame such as never, before or since, was accorded to any other man living. Here he lived and mused awhile, finding, as we may well believe,

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And here he died, or rather "fell asleep," yielding up his gifted spirit with a peaceful tranquillity, in harmony with the scenes that surrounded him. He was found dead, we are told, seated in his arm-chair, at his desk, with his beloved books around him; and thus, in gentle dignity, should a genius like his have passed away. It is to be feared that Petrarch is not sufficiently appreciated at the present day; owing to the extraordinary celebrity which his Rime have obtained, we confound amongst the Italian poets one of the greatest and most influential men of the age in which he lived. These celebrated Rime were only the recreation of his lighter hours, and little could he have deemed, that to them he should owe any part of his immortality. The labours of Petrarch were directed to the revival of classic learning in Europe, and to the regeneration of his own beloved Italy—he was not only the most learned man of the times in which he lived, but the very centre, round whom revolved, like "lesser lights," all the learned men of the age—he appears like the herald, preparing the way for that bright renewal of learning and science, which illuminated the world in the succeeding century; but this is not all—the friend and councillor of kings and popes, his love for Italian

liberty was still ever ardent and sincere; and if he could not remedy, earnestly and constantly strove to mitigate, the evils of his country. Such was Petrarch; but, nevertheless, so strange and uncertain a thing is fame, that he is better remembered now, and will be, perhaps, for ever, as the lover of Laura—the enamoured poet who, on the banks of the Torga, formed and modulated anew the Tuscan tongue, to sing more sweetly the praises of his mistress. It is certainly to the romantic associations connected with Petrarch's love for Laura, that the secluded valleys of Vaucluse and Arqua are indebted for their celebrity; for it is to passages like these, in the lives of illustrious men, that mankind in general ever turn with the greatest interest and fondness—passages which excite the feelings and sympathies which we feel in common.

The humble villagers of Arqua are not behind their countrymen in these feelings of veneration to departed genius, which I have mentioned as a strong characteristic of the Italians. They feel that their little hamlet has been glorified by the residence of Petrarch; and have carefully preserved the house in which he dwelt, and some of the furniture which he used, to perpetuate the recollection of his residence amongst them. This house is small, even for Arqua—"parva sed apta mihi," was, I believe, the poet's own description of it. The apartments shewn as those which he occupied, are only two—a study, with a bedchamber, and a little closet. The first contains his bookcase, also very small, so that his library must have been more select than numerous—as, indeed, it might, I believe, be said of that of every true scholar. The arm-chair in which he died; his inkstand, and, though last not least, a skeleton of his favourite cat, the faithful companion of his retirement,

placed in a little marble niche over the narrow doorway of his study, complete the inventory. This singular relic bears the following Latin inscription, said to have been written by Petrarch himself:—

"Etruscus gemino vates exarsit amore
Maximus ignis ego, Laura secundus erat
Quid rides? divinæ illam si gratia formæ
Me dignam eximio vatis amore fides
Signabat. Genium sacris dedit illa libellis
Causa ego, ne sævis muribus esca forent
Arcebam sacro vivens a limine mures
Ne Domini exitio scripta deserta donent
Imago trepidis eadem defuncta pavorem
Et vigit exanimi in corpore prisca fides."*

The walls are covered with the names (many of them illustrious) of those who have made pilgrimage here, to the shrine of genius; amongst others, those of Alfieri and Cæsarotti, with appropriate poetical contributions. The tomb of Petrarch, a large sarcophagus of red marble, supported on pillars, is placed just outside the church. We were informed that it had been opened, a short time before our visit, when the skeleton of the poet was

* Free translation of the Latin inscription beneath the skeleton of Petrarch's cat:—

"For Petrarch's heart should e'er a contest rise,
One half is mine, for th' other Laura sighs—
You smile, fair reader—pause, while I explain
The several merits that we each can claim:
Fair Laura's beauty, and a form divine,
Are hers,—a faithful term of service mine;
While Petrarch's books her learned hours engage,
My watchful eye defends each hidden page—
And drives marauding mice beyond the doors,
A jealous guardian of my master's stores;
And still, though dead, my spectre lingers here,
And still, my dreaded fangs and paws they fear."

found quite perfect, as well as the ecclesiastical habit which enveloped it. They also tell a curious story (perhaps, however, it is only a revival, slightly varied, of the classical one) of a hive of bees having lately settled within the tomb, and made the cranium of the poet the receptacle of their mellifluous stores. I have no reason to disbelieve the story, and, it is so poetical that I would fain believe it. Having passed a pleasant day, in wandering amidst scenes which the glory of departed genius has made memorable, we bid adieu to the humble villagers, and quitted the hamlet of Arqua, retracing our way through the Eugean hills, on our road to Este. The next day we continued our route to Modena. The road is beautiful, winding through a rich and well-cultivated country, having the whole range of the Rhetian Alps, with their snow-clad summits, in the distance; at one point, near Nogaro, are distinctly visible, the Alps and the Apennines. The season of the silk-worm was just commencing, and the country-people as busily employed as with us in harvest-time. Men, women, and children, were all seen occupied (mounted on ladders), stripping the green leaves from the graceful mulberry, while others bore them away in sacks, to their houses, where the insects are deposited. The management of the silkworms is one of the most curious and interesting of agricultural occupations; and it is so little known to us, that an explanatory lesson, from an Italian contadini, would be to many, as it was to us, a pleasant as well as profitable lecture. Little does the fine lady deem of the care and labour which one of the least-valued of her silken dresses, has required in its production.

We passed near the castle of Beve- l'Arqua, belonging to the countess of "that ilk," the head of the illus-

trious family of Drinkwater, who, among all the changes and vicissitudes consequent on the French Revolution, has still been allowed to retain some of her seignorial rights. Her dominions, we are told, are two miles in extent; and we were made to feel her sovereignty in the shape of toll, the demand for which, though unsupported by any great show of authority, my gallantry to the *beau sexe* would not permit me to question. We passed through Mantua, where, however, we only remained a few hours to refresh our horses; and, in truth, there appeared little to induce us to delay there; it is a sombre, dull-looking town—its fortresses are imposing, but its position, in the midst of a marsh, from which it derives its military importance, gives it an isolated and melancholy aspect; it is just the place that recalls all we have read of besieged cities, and all their attendant horrors, plague, pestilence, and famine; still it possesses some fine streets, and numerous, well-furnished shops, particularly those of the jewellers and silversmiths, who prepare the large and curious ornaments with which the countrywomen adorn their heads.

There is a numerous Jewish population in Mantua, who are said to be the direct descendants of the captives led into captivity by Vespasian and Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem.

The *Bourgeoises* wear the mantilla, and in other aspects appear to me to have still a strongly Spanish character. We paid a hurried visit to the old palace, anciently the residence of the Gonzagu family, the ancient lords of Mantua, but now occupied by the Austrian governor. The Palazzo del Te, in the neighbourhood of Mantua, should be visited by the lover of painting, as it contains some magnificent frescoes by Giulio Romano. Nevertheless, Mantua has little

but the memory of Virgil, and its military renown, to make it interesting. We crossed the Po at San Benedetta, a small village, with a handsome church, and one huge building, formerly a convent, but now converted to secular purposes. Here, we are informed, were lodged some thousand Austrian troops, who, in 1831, were marched down to Modena, to quell the revolution there. We slept at San Benedetta, and the next day proceeded on our journey, and soon entered the Modenese territory—our road, lying through a rich and well cultivated plain, with a fine prospect in the distance of the Apennines; this is, indeed, the finest part of the duchy, which is very mountainous and woody, but the appearance of the peasantry is still very inferior to that of the poorest in Tuscany; heavy taxes, and a jealous and oppressive government, mar the industry of the people, and frustrate the advantages which nature has so bountifully given them. The approach to Modena, by a very handsome bridge over the Secchia, is very fine, and the scenery, with the exception of the Apennines, reminded us of England; luxuriant meadows, divided by trim hedgerows, are pleasing, as well as novel features, in an Italian landscape. We entered the town by a handsome gateway, and were not, I am bound to say, detained long, either about our passport or luggage—no small boon to weary travellers arriving in an Italian town. We put up at the Albergo Reale, a very large and commodious hotel, patronised by the duke—indeed, conducted under the immediate direction of his highness, who owns everything it contains; this, according to our ideas, is rather a strange speculation for a sovereign prince; but at Modena, the duke interferes with everything, and, in this instance, I am bound to say,

that we found the advantage of such superintendence, in the cleanliness and comfort of the hotel, as well as in the moderate amount of the charges, which are upon a regular scale—the maitre d'hotel receiving a fixed salary, without reference to the profits of the concern, which is fortunate, as it did not appear very flourishing, no other guests having appeared at this great hotel during the time we stopped there. Modena is a handsome town, well situated and healthy; the streets are clean and regularly built, with more of a German than an Italian aspect; but, although the residence of a sovereign prince, it has a triste and deserted appearance.

The cathedral is a sombre and irregular pile of building, of the age of the Lombards; the only fine thing it contains, in the way of architecture, is a splendid marble column, taken from an ancient temple of Diana, a few miles off; the nave of the church is narrow and vaulted, and, what is singular, the high altar and choir are raised ten or twelve feet above the aisle; beneath the altar is the shrine of the patron saint of Modena, St. Gemignano. While I stood regarding those sacred relics with, perhaps, only a feeling of pity for the credulity of mankind, an old and venerable-looking peasant approached, and bending on one knee, leant for some time upon his staff in silent adoration and prayer; the age, and patriarchial look of the old contadino, coupled with his attitude, at once so touching and simple, recalled to my mind the pictures of sacred history. There is something, indeed, extremely touching in the deep and earnest faith of the lower order of Roman Catholics, which we cannot help acknowledging, however strongly we may dissent from and deplore, as in the present instance, the objects of it.

The cathedral contains no paintings of any celebrity; they show one of "The Presentation," and ascribe it to Guido, but it is much to be doubted.

From the cathedral we went to the palace, a very imposing and princely residence, indeed, so much so, that it seems hardly in keeping either within the town or duchy. Its façade is something in the style of the Tuilleries, and passing through the principal entrance, we enter a spacious and noble cortile, surrounded by handsome galleries; the interior of the palace contains little that is remarkable; there are, however, a few fine paintings, and some portraits of members of the ducal family, particularly those of the house of Este (of which now, by his maternal ancestors, the Duke of Modena is the head), which are interesting from their historical celebrity.

The palace is unfinished, and likely to continue so; for although the duke is said to be one of the wealthiest princes of Europe, the fate of his father, Hercules Reynaldus III., who died an exile at Treviso, during the occupation of the French, as well as the more recent events during his own reign, in 1831, have been calculated to warn him of the precarious tenure by which he holds his sovereign power. Unfortunately, he has omitted the only means of consolidating his rule—by gaining the affections of his subjects—and has preferred to place his reliance on the assistance of Austria. The Duke Francis is himself a member of the Imperial House of Austria, and married to a daughter of the King of Sardinia, he is thus, too, the brother-in-law of his neighbour, the Duke of Lucca. Indeed, it is a matter of policy with these Italian princes, to connect themselves thus closely, having the same common and hostile policy against their subjects. From all we heard while passing through his

dominions, it would seem that the Duke of Modena is the most unpopular sovereign in Italy; he seems to regard his unhappy subjects as if they were the inhabitants of some conquered province, and himself as an Austrian governor, rather than their native prince and natural protector. All the science of good government, in the estimation of his highness, consists in devising and levying contributions; and the only agents he employs are the soldier and the tax-gatherer. His tyrannical disposition is said to be equalled only by his ignorance and obstinacy. His father's exile, and the events that have passed around him, have all been lost on such a mind as his, and they tell some amusing stories at Modena, of the impotent rage he manifested on hearing of the revolution of July, and of his ridiculous threat, never to recognise the government of Louis Philippe.

His apprehensions of that event were not without good grounds: goaded by oppression, and naturally encouraged by the hope of assistance from the new government of France, the people of Modena, in the spring of 1831, in common with the inhabitants of the Duchy of Parma and the Roman States, rose against their tyrants. The insurrection, or, rather, revolution at Modena was completely successful; the Duke fled, the inhabitants elected a provisional government, enrolled themselves in a national guard, and maintained order and tranquillity for a month, during which they had undisputed possession of the capital. Indeed, it is a remarkable circumstance, and one that, in justice to the Italians, we should always remember, when treating of their political affairs, that they have almost uniformly succeeded in their rebellions against all the native power which their own government could oppose to them. That their revolutions have been fruitless, has not been owing to any want of bravery or

patriotism, but to the overwhelming military power of a foreign country, always on the watch, and ever prompt to crush the liberties of Italy. The finale of the revolution at Modena was just the same as at Naples, ten years before, when the king, after having sworn to the new constitution, which guaranteed a representative system of government, fled to Laybach, abjured the oath he had taken, invoked the aid of Austria, and returned to his capital, surrounded by 20,000 foreign bayonets. The Duke of Modena, imitating this kingly example, betook himself to Mantua, and implored the aid of the same sympathising power—never appealed to in vain by outcast royalty. He was soon enabled to return to Modena at the head of an Austrian force, that rendered vain all thoughts of resistance, and gave him the means of gratifying his vindictive feelings, as well as of gratifying his darling passion—avarice. The revolution was now crushed, but the temperate and respectful demand of his subjects for a redress of their grievances, was treated as treason. The leaders in the late movement, by whose exertions alone the people were restrained from acts of violence, and public order preserved, were banished for life; their estates, of every kind, confiscated to the Duke, and Menolti, the chief of the provisional government, and one of the most respectable citizens of Modena, was put to death. His divine right being thus vindicated, the Duke resumed his favourite system of government, heedless of the increasing number of empty palaces, which render still more melancholy the grass-grown streets of his capital. Thus has terminated (let us hope only for a time) the cause of constitutional liberty in Italy, in '31—how different would have been the result, had the revolution in France been allowed to take its natural course; but Louis Philippe soon perceived that it was not his

rolè to interfere either with Austria in Italy, or with Russia in Poland. Italy, and Modena in particular, of which the French had possession twenty-two years, had claims of the strongest kind on the sympathy and support of France; but what availed considerations such as these, when balanced against the individual selfishness of an usurper, made great only to betray. The people of Italy require not the assistance of French bayonets to aid them in overthrowing their tyrants, and regaining their liberty; broken and divided as they are, they have always had power enough for that. They only claim the right, which belongs to every nation, and which has been conceded by Europe to Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, of settling their own internal affairs; they require but to be left to themselves, and that their soil should not be invaded by a foreign army, at every call of their domestic tyrants. The power that will secure them this advantage will be hailed as the best ally of Italy: and surely there can be no nobler cause than that of assisting to restore the liberties of a country, to which, in common with all Europe, we are so largely indebted, and from which we have derived, if not our freedom, at least much of our boasted constitution.

The example of the free republics of Italy was not lost upon Europe; they kept alive the sacred flame of liberty during the long night of barbarism and ignorance of the middle ages; and elevated the name of citizen, when feudal tyranny had reduced all Europe to a state of common servitude. The Italian republics encouraged men to associate together in burghs and municipal bodies, by which they were, at length, enabled to resist the tyranny of the most powerful princes; and it is remarkable, that many of the most distinguished champions and leaders in the cause of freedom in England, in the time of Charles I., and

at the revolution, had travelled in Italy, and attentively studied the history and constitution of the Italian republics.

But whatever may be the result of these struggles (and for myself, I am convinced of their ultimate success), and the events of 1831, the blood so profusely shed in the cause of freedom in Italy and Poland, will not have been in vain, if the people of those countries have been warned of the fatal danger of relying on the support of other nations, or the promises of kings and statesmen. In union and self-reliance, and in their own determination and perseverance, a people worthy of liberty must depend for success; without these elements in a country, the cause of freedom is doubtful, if not hopeless; but with them, it is certain to triumph.

> "For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

The dulness of Modena, and the silence of its streets, broken only by religious processions, and the ringing of the church bells—the general, and frequently almost only indication of life in an Italian town—would be insupportable, even to the duke himself, were it not for the opera, which, it is only fair to say, is splendidly maintained by his highness; it is a beautiful edifice, and admirably arranged, in point both of elegance and comfort; the price of the tickets is so moderate as to place this most refined of all enjoyments within the reach of even the humblest citizens of Modena; the *corps dramatique* was far above the average—the singing very good, and the orchestra mag-

nificent; yet the house was badly attended, and more than half of the magnificent tiers of boxes quite empty; like the Albergo Reale, the opera must also be a very great drag on the revenues of his highness, but the cruelty and misgovernment that have banished so many of his native subjects, are as little calculated to invite the residence of foreigners; and it is striking, that while the neighbouring capital of Tuscany is crowded with strangers from every country in Europe, we did not hear of a single foreign family residing in Modena; and yet it is a beautiful town, the residence of a sovereign house, the centre of a rich and abundant country; but, alas! the blight of misgovernment is upon it, and distrust and bitterness within its dwellings. Having passed two days at Modena, with an increasing desire to get into our summer quarters, we set out for Pistoja. This part of our journey was rather severe and disagreeable; our road lay over some of the steepest mountains of the Apennines, and while in the Modena territory, which was the greater part of the journey, it was infamous; the people seemed nearly as wretched, having little to subsist on but bread made from the chesnuts, which was bad as well as dear. Madame Starke, the only guide-book which, unfortunately, we had with us, had led us, by her glowing account, into these rugged defiles, out of which it was only by extraordinary good fortune that, without dislocation of our bones or carriage springs, we ever escaped. This road must, indeed, be greatly changed from what it was when Madame Starke traversed it; or madame was, perhaps, in that complacent and happy frame of mind, when we are disposed to praise and admire everything, having, probably, prepared herself for encountering this road in the same way that she

recommends her readers, when passing through the tunnel at Posilipo, or when inhaling the mephitic vapours of the ruins of Pestum.

We found no relays of oxen to assist our horses in climbing the mountains, as on the more frequented routes, and altogether, had they not been active and hardy beasts, with a very light carriage, and scarcely any luggage, I do not think we should have succeeded so well in crossing this part of the Apennines. We at length reached the apex of the mountains, and arrived at Bettona, the Tuscan frontier; even in this wild ruin, the change for the better, both in the road and appearance of the people, was as observable as that which I have before said I remarked, in crossing from the Papal States into Tuscany, on my return from Rome. I was not, therefore, surprised when Gaspero, with a national vanity which might well be pardoned, taking off his hat, exclaimed, "Grazia a Dio Siamo in Tuscania," and, jumping from the box, was soon pouring into the willing ears of the sympathising Doganaieri, his comments on the "paese maladetto," and "la gente miserabile," which it had been his misfortune to encounter. Our horses were so done up, in labouring up the mountains, that, although the road from Bettona to San Marcella was an almost continuous descent, we found it impossible to reach the comfortable *locanda* of that retired and beautiful village, before nightfall, and were therefore fain to put up at the humble *capanna*, situated in one of the loneliest places in the Apennines, of a poor contadino; but we had already lived sufficiently long in Tuscany, to appreciate the integrity and simple virtues which distinguish his class; and it was therefore with a sense of perfect security and confidence that we reposed under his humble roof. Early next morning we set

out for Pistoja, stopping to take our "merenda" at San Marcella, which is beautifully situated in a lonely valley, amidst woods and fields, whose greenness rivals that of the Emerald Isle, rendering it a delightful residence during the heat of an Italian summer. Everything about San Marcella indicates prosperity and contentment; and not only is agriculture successfully cultivated, but a large paper manufactory has been established here, which largely adds to the industrial means of the people. We arrived early in the afternoon in the old republican town, the head quarters of the memorable factions of the Bianchi and Neri, which we had chosen for our residence. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the glorious view of the unrivalled Val d'Arno, as seen in descending from the mountains over Pistoja. The summer was but just begun, yet already, in this teeming land, the corn stood almost ready for the sickle; and wherever the eye turned, it was gladdened with the sight of all the fruits of the earth, in rich maturity and abundance; it was a sight, indeed, to gladden the heart of man, and to fill him with fervent gratitude to the beneficent Author of his being —the bountiful Creator of all good. Our hearts partook of the joyful aspect of nature, and warmed with the expectation of soon embracing those who made that land so dear to us; and, leaving our carriage and wearied horses therefore at the Hotel de Londra, we set out, shortly after our arrival, for Florence, and next day returned from thence with our family, and took up quarters in the villa Colle Gelato.

CHAPTER XV.

Brief Description of Pistoja—Our Villa—Absence of English Society and "English Comforts" compensated for—Agriculture—This part of Italy an Argument in favour of Small Farms—The Metaric System—Industry of the Tuscan Peasantry—The Pistojese—Dante's Unfavourable Character of them—Church of the Madonna d'Umilta—Tradition, that "the Real Corinna was a Native of Pistoja"—Hospitals—Their Praiseworthy and Admirable Management—Religious Devotions of the Pistojese—Processions and Ceremonies—Hymns of the Contadini—Festa della Spiga—A Harvest Home—Painful Interruption of our Tranquil Mode of Life—Departure from Pistoja.

TIME has wrought but little change, at least in the character of this ancient Tuscan city, which still presents to us the model of an Italian town, during the middle ages; its Piazza, Cathedral, and Palazzo Publico, all exist, as in the last days of this little republic, before it was extinguished by the jealousy and ambition of its more powerful neighbour. Since then, Pistoja has only passively followed the fortunes of her rival, and from a great and flourishing city, the centre of a powerful community, has become a poor and deserted provincial town; the same nakedness and shrinking in from the wide-extended walls, which mark the limits of the ancient town, while indicating the decay of the modern, and which I have observed upon when speaking of Pisa, is more striking in Pistoja, the present population of which, indeed, does not amount to one tenth of the number of its inhabitants during the middle ages; but, although we

may regret this vacancy, caused as it has been by the disappearance of the abodes of commerce and industry, yet, in point of beauty and health (as this great space within the walls is now occupied by gardens and vine-yards), the effect is, perhaps, more agreeable than melancholy—a beautiful avenue of acacia trees, within the walls, affords an agreeable promenade, and as Pistoja is overlooked by one of the finest and most picturesque ranges of the Apennines, there are few towns that from within themselves command more agreeable or delightful prospects. Though situated in the plain, its wide streets, and immediate proximity to the mountains, render it a very cool and healthy residence, during the summer; and as it is situated in the midst of a cheap and abundant country, I am surprised that it is not more frequented by strangers; but those who migrate from Florence usually limit themselves to Siena or Lucca, and, no doubt, to those who desire society, those places have far greater attractions than Pistoja, or its neighbourhood; besides, as to our countrymen, the Englishmen are, *par excellence*, the most gregarious, if not the most social of travellers; and few of our countrymen are bold enough to venture upon the heresy of straying out of the beaten track. Great was the astonishment expressed by some of our friends, when we announced to them our intention of passing the summer in a villa at Pistoja—what a strange idea! How was it possible to get on?—there was no English doctor—no English reading-room—no English grocer—it would be impossible to supply ourselves with antibilious pills, or with Souchong, Stilton cheese, or Guinness's stout; now all these advantages and comforts were to be had at Lucca or Siena, coupled with the advantage of constant English society, and English tea-parties. Our kind

friends could hardly be made to understand that a large airy house, and beautiful scenery, with our own family, amply compensated us for the loss of the English society of the Bagni di Lucca, where we should have been obliged to put up with a miserable apartment. To those who, having arrived in a strange country, are desirous of improving themselves in its language, in which, following the advice of Lord Bacon, they have already "some entrance," as well as to acquaint themselves with the manners and customs of the people amongst whom they are dwelling, study and, perhaps, to a certain degree, retirement from the society of their own country people, is necessary; but in Italy, above all other countries, this is doubly so, if the traveller desires to carry away with him any lasting benefit from his visit to this land of historical and classic reminiscences. What occupations can be more instructive and delightful than the history and poetry of Italy, and nowhere can they be better studied than in the mountains near Pistoja. I had, moreover, a practical object in selecting a villa in this neighbourhood for our summer residence. Interested in land myself, I was desirous of studying the Tuscan system of agriculture, and of observing the practical working of the metaric tenure, established in this country by the Grand Duke Leopold, afterwards Emperor of Germany. The Italians themselves say that Italy is the garden of the world, and Tuscany the garden of Italy; this must apply, as I have already observed, to the superior cultivation of Tuscany, for in general its soil is inferior to that of the other provinces; but the saying applies, in its fullest sense, to the delightful plain of which Florence and Pistoja terminate the extremes. From the balcony of our villa (built, as usual, on a steep

and sudden eminence) we enjoyed a prospect, such as, perhaps, no other country in the world could present. Enclosed by mountains, this happy and fertile region is everywhere studded with hamlets and picturesque farm-houses, whose white walls peep forth from the olive woods, or gleam in the sunshine, contrasting with the sombre hue of the tall cypress trees that surround them—grain crops and vegetables of every kind, fruits, but above all the vine, in wonderful profusion, spring, with prolific abundance, from this rich and teeming earth; two crops of grain, in the same season, repay the toil of the husbandman, who in his turn, by a persevering and admirable industry, shews his gratitude for the bounties of nature, by the admirable cultivation of his farm. Tuscany, and this part of it in particular, affords strong argument in favour of small farms, and against the engrossment system, now so general in England, and the application of which to Ireland is causing so much outrage and discontent. If we are to believe the poet—

> "A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man.

But, although I am of opinion that large farms, when the farmer is possessed of adequate capital, are more favorable to improvements in agriculture, and, still more, in the raising and feeding of stock, it may well be doubted, whether, with a dense population, as in England, it is desirable or safe to deprive the great bulk of the people of all direct title or interest in the soil.

The proper extent of every farm must depend upon the nature of the soil, the system of husbandry; and the condition of the people. It is impossible, therefore, to lay

down general rules; but having said that Tuscany presents a strong argument in favour of the small farm system, it is right that I should also mention how different is the soil, the plan of tillage, as well as the habits and diet of the people. Our soil, so much colder and heavier, not only requires draining and deep ploughing, but fallowing. These operations require that the farm should be of adequate extent, and horses are so necessary that we regulate their number by the extent of our farm; but here in this part of Tuscany, the hoe and the spade do the work of the plough—the rich and mellow earth requires no fallowing—while their system of house-feeding supplies them with abundant manure, and their mountain streams afford them the ready means of irrigation, which they carefully avail themselves of. The *Metaric* system, introduced into this part of Italy by the Arch-Duke Leopold, afterwards Emperor of Germany, one of the greatest reformers of modern times, and to whom Tuscany owes so much, was a heavy blow to the nobility and landed proprietors; it gave, however, an extraordinary impetus and encouragement to the industry of the farmers; but, like all direct interferences with the rights of property, it was accompanied by many evils. Notwithstanding the severe laws against fraud and embezzlement, it rendered both the one and the other at once too tempting to be resisted, and too easy to be practised; it has, therefore, been gradually modified. It is varied by special contracts, and, indeed, it is only in the absence of such agreements that this tenure, the common law of Tuscany, comes into force. Every proprietor I have spoken to, has complained of the system; and, certainly, a render of only half of the produce, even when honestly made, does not appear a sufficient one to the landlord, who is bound not only to maintain the farmsteading, but even to stock the farm. To the working of

such a system, accurate public surveys are absolutely necessary, and these the Tuscan government have been careful to supply; but, with every aid, it has not been found successful, even in Tuscany. Such a system is manifestly inapplicable to a large and powerful state, and would not be tolerated in a free country; and the introduction of this system in Tuscany, largely increased that estrangement and distaste to the country, and agricultural pursuits, common to the Tuscans as well as all Italians. A "villegiátura" of a month or six weeks, is the utmost extent of their acquaintance with their contadini, who are consigned for the rest of the year to the surveillance of the "Fattore del podere," whose watchfulness or remissness to his duty, it is to be feared, is rather measured by the "regalo," or bribe, of the farmer, than a regard for the interest of his master. Yet nowhere do a country-life and agricultural pursuits exhibit so many charms, or so much of that graceful simplicity which we love to associate with it, but which we only read of in the Arcadian scenes of the pastoral poets. In Tuscany, and in this favoured part of it in particular, the population seem in harmony with the beautiful country they inhabit, as well as the land they cultivate—now turning the soft and mellow earth with their yoke of milk-white oxen, irrigating or hoeing their "legume," or pruning and training their vines. The men are seen daily occupied in constant but easy labours, which sweeten rest without exhausting life, while the women occupy themselves with the household cares, spinning or tending the silk-worms; or groups of them may be constantly seen standing at their doors, platting that delicate and beautiful straw, which, made into bonnets, has become such a celebrated article of Tuscan commerce. They are singularly graceful in their persons and deportment, and these advantages they are careful to

heighten in their dress and in the becoming neatness of their costume.

The term "gentilezza," used by the Italians to characterize the Florentines, may in general be applied to all the Tuscan women; men and women, they are a peculiar people, and not to be indiscriminately confounded with the other inhabitants of the Italian peninsula.

The Tuscan character retains, perhaps, more of its simple and original simplicity in the neighbourhood of Pistoja than anywhere else in Tuscany; and he who is desirous of studying it in its purity, will seek it here. French tastes and fashions have been so long dominant at Florence, that they have not only affected the habits of the Florentines, but even changed, in a great many respects, the national character of the Tuscans in the Val d'Arno; but in the neighbourhood of this old republican town, we find the manners and customs of the people but little changed from what they were in the days of their Podestà and Gonfalonieri. When speaking, however, in praise of the people of this part of Tuscany, I would wish to be understood as speaking only of the contadini, or country people, and not, properly, of the Pistojese themselves; for I regret to say, that my short acquaintance with the citizens of Pistoja, rather confirmed the very unfavourable character which Dante gave of them, notwithstanding his friendship for their illustrious fellow-citizen, Cino da Pistoja; but I would rather account for the unTuscan-like rudeness of the Pistojese by other reasoning, than by attributing it to the influence of race; they claim, indeed, an ancient but certainly not a very illustrious origin, and are said to be the descendants of the desperate and motley associates of Catiline, the conspirator. We are informed by the

Roman historians, that Catiline and his nefarious band were overthrown in "the plains of Fæsulæ," under which, we may believe, they comprehended the country stretching from the mountains about Pistoja to the neighbourhood of Florence; but the Pistojese seem (strange enough) to be anxious to appropriate the glory to themselves, of having given an asylum to the traitor, for they have called one of their streets "la tomba di Catilina;" but after all, where lies the difference between Catiline and his associate and fellow-conspirator, Julius Cæsar? in nothing but in the success of the latter. They both conspired to destroy the liberties of their country, and both were equally abominable in their lives; but failure in one consigned his head to the "infernal gods," and his memory to everlasting infamy, while the successful treason of his fellow-conspirator, and the base homage of mankind, raised the other to the empire of the world, and mingled his name amongst the stars of heaven. So went the world, eighteen hundred years ago, and the old couplet of Hudibras, and our daily experience, prove it, alas! the same to-day. There are neither churches nor galleries in Pistoja to occupy the attention of the stranger; its cathedral and baptistry, or, rather, the latter on a small scale, recall those of Siena; indeed, the form and plans of the baptistries of Florence, Pisa, Siena, and Pistoja, are the same. The church of the Madonna d'Umiltà is the handsomest church in Pistoja, and is a fine edifice, crowned with a beautiful dome and lantern; it contains some good statues, and a few tolerable paintings. The old cicerone of Pistoja (by the way, quite an original character) used to show us a laurel crown, hanging near the altar, and tell us it was that used at the

coronation of Corinna, in the Campidoglio; for Corinna, according to him, was a native of Pistoja; but as the worthy little man seemed only too anxious to claim all that was distinguished for his native place, I believe Corinna and her birth-place must remain in the mystery that the Italians and even Madame de Stael have left it, "Stat nominis umbrâ."

It is only justice to Pistojà, to say, that it contains several fine hospitals, where the sick and necessitous are relieved, with a charity and zeal highly creditable to the Pistojese. Amongst the most remarkable of those institutions is a large Foundling Hospital; an aperture near the gate to receive the poor little stranger, and a bell to announce its presence, affords a resource to misery, and an escape from shame.

It is said that these institutions act as an encouragement to immorality; but, even admitting this, when we think for a moment on the frightful crime which they prevent, the lesser evil vanishes in the comparison. The laws of society, both written and unwritten, are already sufficiently severe upon women; their errors are visited with humiliations and punishments, even that seem to exceed the offence; for, although, we should guard against an evil so detrimental to our social happiness, as want of chastity in women, we should be careful not to impel them, by over stringency, to far greater crimes, and are bound to provide a remedy for the evils which are in a great degree consequent upon the artificial circumstances of an advanced state of civilization. These institutions have been too rashly abolished in England, and the result is, an increase in the crime of infanticide, which it is horrible to comtemplate. The new provisions of the law, as to the affiliation of natural children, have also aggravated this dreadful

feature of our criminal returns; but it would, in my opinion, be a much wiser and safer course, to re-establish the Foundling Hospitals on a better footing, than to have recourse again to the old law of affiliation, which not only acted as a direct encouragement, but as a *bonus* to immorality, at the same time that it led to the most profligate and wide-spread perjury. These hospitals of Pistoja, in common with those of all Tuscany, are admirably managed; the attendance of the sick, and the administering to their ills, both temporal and spiritual, form the most active duties of the different religious orders; and this example on the part of the clergy is imitated by the devout laity, who assist in these "labours of love," which are as honorable to their religion, as they are useful to poor suffering humanity. Why is it, again I would ask, that we only witness these scenes in Roman Catholic countries? Cannot we strike out some machinery consistent with our Protestant principles, that would be equally effective in relieving the distressed, and inculcating our religion? or must we submit to the reproach, that our purer form of Christianity cannot induce Protestants to make the sacrifices which Roman Catholics are everywhere seen to make, for the sake of their religion? It is idle to try to explain all this, by saying that their religion is a religion of works—ours of faith, for we know that "faith without works is dead." The façade of one of the hospitals of Pistoja exhibits a group of figures, the finest specimen of the curious enamel painting of "Luca della Roba.

Pistoja, as may be supposed, is a very dull place; indeed, I hardly know how its inhabitants could get through the year, were it not for the number of festivals and processions with which they relieve the tedium of

their lives. These constantly-recurring festivals are celebrated with much pomp—all classes, rich and poor, old and young, take part in the procession. Some, having donned the habit of their favourite "fraternita," with their faces concealed in a cowl that allows only their eyes to be seen, mingle among the friars—others carry the banners of the saints; while the most worshipful of the citizens consider it a high honor when chosen to support the gorgeous "baldachino" itself. The contadini or peasantry about Pistoja are, if possible, still more devoted to their religion. Every turn of a road exhibits the cross, with all the fearful accompaniments of the crucifixion—the scourge, the nails, the spear; while the fields and vineyards are protected by rustic chapels and altars dedicated to the Virgin. Round these the young of both sexes are accustomed to assemble of an evening and sing hymns. Nothing can be conceived more striking or pleasing than the effect of their blended voices, when heard at a distance amidst all the beauty of an Italian sunset; and often have we sat in the balcony of our villa, listening to the strain as it came wafted from the olive-woods and vineyards beneath us, and felt, as we surveyed the earth and sky above us, and inhaled the soft balmy breeze which seemed to invite to love and rapture, that it was hardly to be wondered at if the religious worship of the Italians was of so passionate and sensual a character. Some of these hymns were remarkable, as conveying the religious feelings of the Tuscan peasantry. The most popular was a hymn in praise of the cross—

"Evviva la croce,
La croce viva,
Evviva la croce,
E chi l'esaltò"—

chaunted to a monotonous and melancholy air; but very frequently the hymn assumed a softer and more pathetic tone, as the subject afforded a theme more congenial to the Italian character. The flight into Egypt, the dialogue between Jesus and the woman of Samaria at the well, and the story of Mary Magdalene, are the favourite subjects of these hymns, or canzonette, for so they are entitled. What I have preserved of the following will give the reader an idea of their general character. It purports to be the dialogue between Jesus and the Samaritan woman:—

"GE.—Sono giunto stanco e lasso,
Dal mio lungo caminar,
Ecco il pozzo e questo e il sasso
Per potermi riposar.
Qui mi fermo, giù vi aspetto
Una donna ha da venir
O bel fonte! e fonte eletto,
L'Alma fida a convertir—
Peccorella gia smarrita
Dal ovil cerando va,
Ma ben presto convertita
Al pastor ritornerà."

The woman arrives, and the hymn proceeds according to the Scripture narrative. When the Saviour tells her to go and call her husband, her reply is very characteristic—

"Il marito guardi il cielo
Sono libera di me!"

Finally, she devotes herself to the Saviour, who thus receives her:—

"GE.—Vi gradisco, si vi accetto,
Sià gi accetto il vostro amor,

E gradito, e sol diletto
Esser vuol del vostro amor.
SA.—Si! sacrete sposo mio.
GE.—Sposa voi sacrete a me.
SA.—Io in voi.
GE.—Ed in voi io.
SA.—E serberemo eterna fe."

But it is in their hymns in praise of the Virgin that all the passionate tenderness of the Italian character breaks forth. In her they worship not only the beautiful itself, but that which is most lovely on earth, female beauty and maternal love; and equally in these rustic hymns, or the elegant sonnets of their classic poets, "Maria Vergine" is ever the most beloved object of their adoration and rapture:—

"Donna del cielo, gloriosa madre
Del buon Gesù, la cui sacrata morte
Per liberarci dalle infernale porte
Tolse l' error del primo nostio padre;
Risguarda amor con saette aspre e quadre
A che strazio n' adduce ed equal sorte;
Madre pietosa a noi cura consorte
Ritramne dal sequir sue turbe e squadre."

This beautiful address we find amongst the remains of Fra Guiltone d' Arezzo, one of their oldest and most esteemed poets; and in this respect the Italians have undergone no change; they are still as remarkable as ever for the extent to which they carry the worship of the Virgin mother; their poets and painters still find in the Madonna the finest as well as the most popular subject for their genius—one that unites to religious veneration for the divine nature all that is most tender, affecting, and beautiful in our own. While living in

the Villa Colle Gelato, we had the pleasure of taking part in one of the most interesting festivals of the neighbourhood, La Festa della Spiga, annually held in the beautiful grounds of our neighbour, the Count Pucini, whose public spirit and munificence have done so much for Pistoja and the neighbouring country. This festival lasts a week, and, as its name implies, is something equivalent to our harvest home in a more enlarged sense, for it is a public *fête*, which embraces proprietors as well as tenants. While nothing was omitted to render the entertainment brilliant and agreeable, the higher and more useful objects connected with such a festival were not lost sight of. There was an agricultural cattle show, at which valuable prizes were given by Count Pucini for the best specimen of the different kinds of stock, on the principle of our agricultural societies, as well as for inventions and improvements in agricultural implements; and though the exhibition could not furnish the unwieldy monsters of fat horned-cattle, over which our English farmers glory, yet I am bound to say there were oxen there (particularly that beautiful, cream-colored breed, "the milk-white steer," for which Tuscany is celebrated) which for beauty and symmetry would have charmed the eye even of old Coke of Norfolk himself. It is right for me to add that the religious feelings and the gratitude that should be ever associated with such a season, when man meets "to make merry," and to rejoice at having gathered in the fruits of the earth, were not left without expression; indeed the ceremony was as much intended to be a religious celebration as a public festival; all the clergy of the neighbourhood were invited; there was a solemn "Rendimento di grazia," for the divine blessing which had crowned their "Raccolta," while one of the most eloquent preachers of Pistoja delivered a

fine and appropriate sermon on the occasion. Perhaps, one could have wished this discourse to have been more evangelical and less philosophical, but still the intent was there, the spirit of thankfulness and praise to God for his mercies; and the unanimous public display of the sentiment was equally striking and affecting. Nothing, indeed, is more striking in the national character and habits of the Italians, than this constant mingling of religious rites and feelings in their public shows and entertainments, as well as in all their seasons of recreation; but this observance, which, if properly regulated, would be deserving, not only of commendation, but imitation, has subjected them to much irony and ridicule, and Goldsmith wittily reproaches them with their

> "Processions formed for piety or love—
> A mistress or a saint in every grove,"

and it cannot be denied that in these festivals there is often much that is grotesque and incongruous. It was amusing, for example, to witness the burly friars, in their coarse black and brown dresses bound with the cord of St. Francis, sipping the Count Pucini's ices, and listening to the most beautiful and melting strains of Rosini or Donnizetti. It is not surprising that amid such scenes, and under the influence of this soft delicious climate, the heart o'erflows with joy, and tenderness, and love; and more than once, in the beautiful walks of the Villa Pucini, I watched the graceful Tuscan girl, as she sat listening to the vows of her rustic lover, or caught from the recesses of the grove, the responsive "la mia gióia," and "mio amore," which spoke of hearts full of contentment and happiness.

> "Lenesque sub noctem susurri
> Composita repetantur hora."

In scenes like these, in pleasant walks in the oak wood behind our villa, where, shaded from the noon-tide heat, and enjoying its leafy solitude, only broken by the ceaseless noise of the "Cicale," it was so sweet to meditate, or, perhaps, I should say to dream, that the summer would have passed away most agreeably, but I was doomed to undergo that trial which embitters the life of so many of our countrymen in Italy, and robs them of nearly all its pleasures.

The sudden and alarming illness of the dearest member of my family startled and terrified us, when in the full enjoyment of our peaceful retreat; we could not attribute this misfortune to anything connected with our residence. It was delightfully cool and healthful, for however hot and oppressive Pistoja and the plain might be during the day, the mornings and evenings afforded delightful seasons for exercise. Doubtless, it was one of those visitations intended in mercy by our heavenly father, to remind us that our abiding-place is not here, and to chasten us for having too far yielded up our minds to the enjoyment of the beautiful but transitory scene around us; I was obliged to send to Florence for an English physician, for although Pistoja, of course, had more than one good native practitioner, yet, in extreme cases, I quite share in the general English feeling in favour of our own medical men. This painful occurrence, and the necessity of having more conveniently the advice of an English physician, most reluctantly compelled us to give up our villa at Pistoja, which we quitted with much regret, and proceeded to the baths at Lucca.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Baths of Lucca—Lucca and the Lucchese—The Cathedral, the "Santo Volto"—Dante's Residence in Lucca—His love for the beautiful Gentucca—Compared with Milton as an epic poet—Arrival in Leghorn—Embark for Naples.

THE baths of Lucca are by many persons considered the best and most salubrious summer quarters in Italy. It is very difficult to decide this question; each person, and especially those who are invalids, will speak from their own peculiar or accidental impressions; but, nevertheless, the question will remain, as they say, an open one, however really important to the poor invalid—usually the latter has recourse only to his medical man, in his difficulty, and it would be well that he should, if the medical man were not too often actuated, in the advice he gives, by his own summer movements. As to ourselves, we found all the coolness in the baths of Lucca, for which the place is celebrated, and which it owes to its mountainous and enclosed situation. The baths are situated in a prolonged valley, "continui montes, nisi dissocientur opaca valle," through which dashes a rapid river, while the mountains on both sides are clothed with spreading chestnut trees, affording protection from the sun, more complete than any other place I know of; but the same cause prevents that free circulation of air, that we enjoyed so

much at Colle Gellato; and we thought the atmosphere during the day more oppressive. Fortunately we had only taken up our quarters temporarily, in the Hotel at the Bagni alla Villa, and were, therefore, free to move when we pleased. I would be far from understood, as presuming to give an opinion against the salubrity of the baths of Lucca, even if I were competent to do so. I am inclined, from all I have heard, to believe that the merits of this place, as a summer residence, are accurately stated in that very useful and valuable work to travellers, "Clarke on Climates;" and to rank the case of my dear ——, as an exceptional one; certain it is, that, while there, all the unfavourable symptoms increased—and we were glad to escape out of this wooded ravine, into the open country again, and proceed to Leghorn. The road is exceedingly beautiful; it follows, for some time, the rapid course of the Serchio, spanned by the splendid Ponte Moriani (which has been raised near the ruins of the old bridge, which gave way in 1819), and the ancient, and more picturesque, Ponte del Diavolo, the only one of the three great bridges erected here by the great Countess Matilda which remains. Here emerging from the valley of the Serchio, we pass the beautiful villa of Marlia, long the favorite residence of Bonaparte's sister, the Princess Elize, to whom Lucca and its baths are so much indebted, and enter the rich and beautiful country in which Lucca l'Industriosa is situated, the capital of that little state which once inscribed the proud device of "Libertas" on her gates, and, what was better, preserved to her citizens the benefit of free institutions, long after all her haughtier neighbours had fallen under the yoke of a common slavery. Her hour of visitation came at last, but there was nothing degrading in her fall; and it is only just to say that under

the mild and enlightened rule of their amiable sovereign, the Duke of Lucca, the Lucchese scarcely feel their loss of independence; they are still as honorably distinguished for their integrity and orderly habits, as their proverbial industry; so much so, indeed, that even a Lucchese servant will obtain higher wages than a native of any other of the Italian States. After the death of Maria Louisa, the Duke of Lucca is to obtain the Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, while Lucca is to be united to Tuscany; this, on the whole, for various reasons, appears a desirable arrangement, and it is difficult to say, admitting that their ancient forms of government cannot be revived, which are to be most congratulated—the sovereign who shall obtain such an accession of territory, with so fine a people, or the people who shall obtain such a sovereign as Leopold. Lucca, compared with other Italian towns, might be called "La Pulta," or the clean, as justly as the industrious; the streets are regular and well paved, with good shops, and altogether it has a cheerful and agreeable aspect, which is much increased by the beautiful promenades, finely planted and laid out on its old and now useless ramparts, and which form the place of re-union and exercise to all classes of the Lucchese.

The cathedral of Lucca is one of the most interesting as well as ancient ecclesiastical edifices in Italy; and, although (in common with most Italian churches) little can be said of the exterior, the interior is solemn and imposing in a high degree. The style of this great edifice is called the Tuscan Gothic, which is so far correct, that it implies it to be a modification of that style peculiar to this country; it approaches, however, in my opinion, nearer to what we associate with the term Gothic, than any other church I have seen in Italy, and will, therefore, per-

haps, be most admired by Germans or Englishmen. Early impressions influence all our opinions, but their effect is, perhaps, stronger and more endearing in all that is connected with our religious feelings; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Gothic cathedral is better associated with our ideas of a place of Christian worship, than the Roman temple. Indeed, it would require very little research to show that this bias (if I may so term it) of our minds, is caused also on higher grounds, and has more than early impressions to account for it. The view of the nave, and the effect of the bold springing arches, regarded from the transept, is very fine; nor is this effect broken or diminished by that load of gilding and ornament which generally disfigure Roman Catholic churches, while the fine stained-glass windows and beautiful marble pavement, with the fine frescoes and magnificent painting of "The Virgin Enthroned," by Fra Bartolomeo, leave nothing to be desired in point of richness. The cathedral of Lucca is celebrated in Italy for the possession of that wonderful relic, the Volto Santo, so highly venerated by the faithful Lucchese, and which they consider as their Palladium, and have recourse to it in all their public and private disasters. There is no doubt but this relic is one of the most ancient of those existing in Europe, and is said to have been brought to Lucca from the East, in the eighth century, which is a very probable epoch, as, at this time, the emperors of Constantinople, in their zeal against image-worship, were not only fulminating decrees, and pursuing with the greatest severity the worshippers of such objects, but were relentlessly destroying the images and relics themselves. Quantities of those objects were therefore transported into Italy by those who fled from the persecution of the Greek emperors; and the natural tendency of the human mind to the adoration of

sensual objects was excited to a passion by these unhappy zealots, and spread from Italy over all Western Europe, with a fatal rapidity—affording another instance, that of all means, persecution is the worst that can be used to eradicate religious error. One can hardly listen with gravity to the legend of this famous relic, which sets forth that after the death and ascension of our Saviour, Nicodemus was anxious to form from memory an effigy of his crucified master, and that having already carved in wood the cross and the body of Christ, he fell asleep while trying to recall to mind the true lineaments of his divine model. On awaking, he found the sacred head ("la sacra testa," or "il santo volto,") miraculously completed, by a celestial hand, and brought to wonderful perfection. Now that any one of the earliest disciples of that religion, whose most distinctive mark was, that "they walked by faith and not by sight," should have set about carving an image of their Divine Founder, does indeed seem at the outset hard to believe; but that Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, a member of the Sanhedrim; he, of all others, whom we must suppose to have had, in common with his countrymen, the strongest repugnance to the carving or veneration of images—that he should have been selected as the sculptor of this wonderful relic, does indeed seem altogether unaccountable. The truth is, that half of these Italian legends are so stupidly contrived, and betray such an ignorance of the sacred writings, as to reveal at once the superstition and imposture upon which they are based; and it is therefore amazing to witness the upper orders and those whom we must suppose educated, in appearance equally devoted in their adoration of such objects. It is a pregnant proof of the corrupting influence of example, of which the history of mankind furnishes us with so many striking instances, and realises that fearful

state of a people described by the prophet, when "the mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself;" and all classes, the ignorant and enlightened, are alike confounded in a common and degrading superstition. It is only just to say that having considered this subject, I am not inclined to attribute the invention of these stories to the priests; nay, I believe it could be easily shown that the Roman Catholic bishops and priests have frequently (although, unhappily, only individually) opposed themselves to the introduction of these superstitions; but, unfortunately, they allowed the period for a collective and vigorous effort to pass away, until toleration was at length construed into sanction; and the necessities of their ecclesiastical system finally obliged them to encourage their power by gratifying the laity, and adopting, as matters of faith, the fables and practices they were so fondly attached to, and which they had too long winked at.

As strong proofs that the adoration of the Santo Volto is not on the decrease, may be mentioned the massive lantern of silver, voted by the inhabitants after the visitation of the cholera, in '31, and which is hung up in the chapel of this Palladium of their city; as well as the prayers and addresses offered up by the clergy and people of Lucca to this celebrated relic, on the occasion of the late terrible earthquake, and to which my attention has been called by a friend, lately returned from Lucca.

If the stranger has not had enough of the marvellous in the legend of the Santo Volto, he may visit the old church of Santa Zita, the protectress of the city, where, in the affecting story of the fair and persecuted saint, whom a clever writer styles "the Pamela of Romance," he may hear much that is edifying. It was, indeed,

a strange vicissitude, as the same writer observes, for the poor but chaste servant-maid of Lucca, to become the protectress of a warlike republic; and now, when its great and redoubted condottieri, who knelt before her shrine, have passed away, nor possess even a sepulchre in the city that they governed, the ashes of St. Zita still repose there, while Dante himself has doubly assured her immortality by preserving her name in his "Divina Commedia." Lucca itself is associated with the history of the great Florentine poet by many memorable circumstances: it was here he found a secure and honorable asylum when banished from his own ungrateful country: it was from Lucca he wrote that proud and indignant letter, so characteristic of his haughty and unbending spirit, in reply to his father, who had proposed to him to accept the terms offered by the Republic, and to purchase his recall by submission, and the payment of a ransom; and, alas! for human genius and the constancy of poets, we are obliged to add, it was at Lucca that he forgot, for the sake of the beautiful Gentucca, the fidelity he owed to Beatrice. We have the humiliating confession from himself; but this circumstance has not softened the censure or the criticism of his annotators, but seems rather to have sharpened their industry in raking up old stories and vague allusions from old writers to other amours and peccadilloes of the illustrious poet. To base minds, this is ever a congenial task—to sully genius, and try to bring down greatness to their own sordid level, by gloating over its errors and weakness; but the lover of genius and of his kind will not pursue so painful an inquiry; and, though conscious of the frailty that all are born to, will prefer to contemplate man when exulting in the glorious powers that his Maker has endowed

him with. If we had nothing to except against the great poet, "il Cantore della Rettidami," as he has been called under this head, we might safely disregard his weakness and proneness to indulge the tender passion, and, with one of his apologists, attribute these amours, not to a love of sensual pleasure, but to a weakness or gentleness of heart, "gentilizza del cuore;" but when we consider the glorious mission and office of the epic poet, and the lofty object of all didactic poetry, but especially of that which aspires to treat of the dread mysteries of the Christian revelation, it is impossible to justify the indulgence which Dante allowed to his vindictive feelings, and the extent to which he suffered his own wrongs and personal feelings to influence his poem. States, cities, and individuals, by name—the torments of purgatory—the hopeless anguish of the "Inferno," are reserved for his personal enemies; while the condemnation of the judge is only rendered the more fearful by the art and imagination of the poet. Not only is it impossible to justify this on the grounds of poetic licence, but in our own more enlightened age we find it difficult to understand the state of religion and manners that could approve of or allow such a licentious liberty to the poet. I have already, in another place, contrasted the becoming conduct of our great epic poet, who sang of heavenly things, and "man's first disobedience," with that sacred awe and chastened reverence which suited so well the grandeur and sublimity of his theme, without weakening the imagination or restraining the soaring flight of that heavenly muse—

"That rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstacy,
And passed the flaming bound of space and time."

To what are we to attribute this great superiority, and the more correct and elevated view in which the great English poet seems to have regarded his office, and the solemn subjects which he had selected for his muse? I do not hesitate to say, the Reformation—that glorious event, which, opening to mankind the Holy Scriptures, rebuked the daring familiarity which had intruded equally into the mansions of heaven and the dark regions of hell.

It is natural and proper for genius and art to aspire to be the handmaidens of religion; it has been so, indeed, in all ages of the world; but where the knowledge of divine truth is darkened, we cannot expect, even from the poet, that just and lofty appreciation of the Deity, or "spiritual discernment" which can only come from the study of those inspired records which God has given of himself. I do not at all mean to imply, that Dante had no acquaintance with the Scriptures—far from it; but I mean to say, that neither the age in which he lived, nor his own individual views or sentiments, as far as we can judge from his great poem, were illuminated by their diffusion and study, as in the days of Milton. Had he been so, his muse would not have turned aside from its lofty course by the bitter recollection of his exile, nor would he at once have immortalized his enemies and his own implacable resentment by perverting his "Divina Commedia" to the purposes of revenge. Milton had endured wrongs and sufferings—he, also, had mingled in political strife, and had strong party feelings; but we find no trace of them in his immortal poem. With a party to oppose, and a party to support, the English republican never forgot that his muse was devoted to higher things; and, from the beginning to the close of his great epic, he never loses sight of his own elevated office, and the

grandeur and sublimity of the theme he had proposed to sing. Everything relating to himself, nay, to the age and country in which he lived, is not only avoided, but lost sight of and forgotten; and it is only when he would sing the ineffable glory of his Creator, as manifested in the first element of creation—light—that he allows himself to indulge in that deeply-affecting allusion to his own blindness—a lament, however, as remarkable for its pious resignation as for its poetical beauty. The scope and design of Dante was, however, quite different. While treating of sacred things—of the Christian mysteries, of a future state of rewards and punishments—he nevertheless intended the "Divina Commedia" to be, what one of his latest editors calls it, a political and moral picture of his own age, in which he represents himself and the men who figured in it. Consistently with this design, opposed as it is to all rules and precedents of epic poetry, the poet commences with a reference to himself, his age, and circumstances; and, making use of figures and allegory to suit his purpose, he mingles and apparently confounds the heathen mythology with the Christian dispensation in a manner as characteristic of his age and country, as it is incompatible and repugnant to a knowledge of the Scriptures and revealed religion. But the poet must be influenced by the age in which he lives, and the contemporaries with whom he mingles.

Dante wrote for a Roman Catholic, Milton for a Protestant country. The one lived in an age when tradition and fable had equally distorted and obscured religion and science—the other at a period of unparalleled religious inquiry and movement, when the great discoveries of Bacon and Galileo had produced in science as great a revolution as Luther and the Reformation had in reli-

gion. Dante wrote for the people and times in which he lived; nay, with the peculiar exclusiveness of his country, he views Europe as an Italian, and Italy itself as a Florentine. Nations, states, and cities, are only regarded according to his own political views and system; and it is not, therefore, so surprising, that in his judgment of them, as well as in his treatment of individuals who had offended him or his party, he is rather actuated by the feelings of "the banished Ghibeline" than of the didactic poet. He lived in an age and country darkened by the Papal power, and daily beheld it make use of its spiritual authority and of the religious hopes and fears of mankind to further its political purposes; it is not, therefore, surprising, that, availing himself of this licence, he scruples not to beatify his friends, or plunge his enemies in the dread regions of his "Inferno."

It seems at first, as I have said, almost incredible that Dante should have been allowed to treat with such boldness and freedom the most sacred subjects—nay, the persons of bishops, cardinals, and even the pontiffs themselves; but it is remarkable that the Roman Catholic Church, while ever most intolerant in all matters of doctrine, has ever been most indulgent in the liberty it has allowed to be taken with the person and attributes of the Deity, as well as in the scope it has allowed to the inventions of poets and painters. It is unnecessary to give instances of this in painting—the entire range of Italian painting, from the works of Orcagna and Gozzoli, which are, indeed, nothing but pictorial illustrations of Dante in the Campo Santo, to the great work of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel. It is only when mother church suspects the poet or the painter of an intention to discredit or ridicule its

saintly mythology, that it thunders forth its censures. The "Morgante Maggiore" of Pulci was condemned, while the picture of Dante, with the place of his "Inferno" itself, hangs on the walls of the cathedral in Florence—any liberty taken with St. Peter or the Virgin Mary is crying impiety; but there is nothing profane in usurping the judgment-seat of God, in anticipating the most awful event which awaits the world and the human race—nothing profane in that poetical "Inferno," which mingles in one common fate the persons of Judas Iscariot and Brutus and Cassius; or which represents Solomon in Orcagna's celebrated painting of the "Universal Judgment," as standing in a sort of neutral ground, between heaven and hell, as if it was doubtful to which he was entitled.

Having paid a cursory visit to the usual objects of interest, including the Ducal Palace, which we found as disproportioned to the state, and as splendid as the royal residences of Italy usually are, we proceeded on our journey to Leghorn, passing by Pisa, which we were all glad of having another opportunity of visiting; but my visit to the Duomo and Campo Santo, and a walk through this memorable city, while affording further materials for the recollection to dwell upon, altered so little my first impressions, that anything I could add to them would be but a repetition. Towards evening we reached Leghorn, or Livorno, as every one with an ear should prefer to call it. Next day we took up our quarters in the Villa Palmieri, a quarter that presented peculiar facilities for sea-bathing. We felt the sun decidedly stronger than at the baths of Lucca; but its heat was tempered by the delicious morning and evening breeze which prevails along these shores of the Mediterranean, with almost the regularity of the tro-

pics; and the result of the change was a considerable improvement in the health of my dear ——, though not, alas! in that of our poor little A——, whose drooping state now added another painful anxiety to my mind. It is commonly observed in Italy, that English children, weaned in Italy, seldom thrive; and certainly our experience would go far to justify the observation. These are sad drawbacks on a residence in this lovely land; and parents alone can understand the bitterness of watching over suffering infancy. On the whole, a decided change of scene and air seemed so desirable, that we determined to proceed to Naples, whither our desires had long tended. We took advantage, therefore, of those fine steamers which now regularly ply between Marseilles and the intermediate ports, and embarked our large party for Naples.

CHAPTER XVII.

Naples, impressions and description of—Its noise and uproar—Furious driving—Climate—The Sirocco at Naples—Pompeii and its sights—Impressions left upon the mind by a visit to this "City of the Dead"—Plans and disappointments—"Man proposes, God disposes"—Environs of Naples—Elysian Fields—Baia—Shooting excursion to the Lago di Morto—The Duke d'Aumale in search of a Wife—Policy of Louis Philippe—King of Naples' love of "playing at Soldiers"—Caserta—Pæstum—Capri—Museo Borbonico—Leave Naples for Rome.

HAVING touched at Civita Vecchia, a wretched place, where there was no better occupation for our time than, according to precedent, to attend the levee of a celebrated brigand, confined there in a sort of honorable captivity, we found ourselves, on the second morning after leaving Leghorn, passing the beautiful islands of Procida and Ischia, and entering the far-famed Bay of Naples. My boyish eyes had dwelt, many years before, on that enchanting scene; but my delight and admiration of its unrivalled beauty was not in the least lessened by the circumstance. We passed close to the bold headland of Misenum, rendered so memorable by the muse of Virgil, and Pozzuoli by the history of St. Paul, and coasted along those enchanting shores lined with villages, and country houses gleaming from amidst the orange-groves and vineyards, till at length, rounding the beautiful cape of Posilipo, Naples itself, in all its glory, burst upon our view, in the clear light of

an autumnal morning, its churches and palaces reflecting the rays of the sun, and the deep azure of the skies of "the blessed Campania." Not a cloud was to be seen, save those which rested on the summit of Vesuvius; and, turning for a moment from the gay and lovely city, our regards became fixed on that black mountain, so deeply and fearfully associated with the history of this land and its inhabitants, the only dark and threatening feature in the smiling and lovely scene before us.

Far to the right, following the sweep of the bay, toward the lofty mountains, is Castella Mare, with Sorrento and Cape Minerva, which mark the extreme limits of the bay, while midway, as if to guard the entrance to this favoured region, stands the celebrated Isle of Caprea. It was, indeed, with justice that the ancients here fixed the residence of the syren Parthenope, and called the place after her name. Nor can we wonder that it became the favourite retreat of the great and wealthy of the Romans, and that here, subdued by the delicious climate, the lords of the world forgot their greatness, and abandoned themselves to luxury and indolence. Here, Cæsar forgot his ambition; and Virgil sang not "Arms and the Man," but, allowing his muse to recreate in the soft and peaceful scenes around him, he sang, "on his rustic reed," pastoral songs, and the ease and happiness of the life of the husbandman—as he himself tells us, at the close of his "Georgics"—

> "Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
> Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti."

The Greek, the Roman, and the Goth, the Norman and

Spaniard, charmed with its surpassing beauty, have in turn possessed this land, till, captivated by its pleasures, and losing by degrees the virtues and hardihood of their native character, the conquerors have been at length subdued, and confounded with the conquered in the same general effeminacy and indolence which, in all ages, have distinguished the inhabitants of this lovely region.

I thought London noisy, but, compared with Naples, it is tranquillity itself. In London, the population pour themselves along the great thoroughfares in a steady and continuous stream, and at regular periods—eastward, or "city-ways," in the morning, and westward in the afternoon; and all wear the same occupied and business look; but the vast and motley crowds of Naples whirl about in groups like eddies, or collect in crowds brought together by the mere exigencies of their animal and vagabond existence. Here we come upon a mob collected round a showman, screaming and gesticulating with delight—yonder is a crowd listening to some crack-brained and half-starved poet, who is reading from a dirty manuscript his verses. A little further on, we come upon a group of fishermen, "i pescatori di Napoli," who, with loud cries, are launching their boats or hauling them in, while their wives are occupied selling their scaly prey, and adding, with all the proverbial volubility of their craft, their sweet voices to swell the general uproar. Here hungry crowds stand impatiently round the stalls of the maccaroni venders; while others collect round the stalls where fried fish is sold. One is astonished to find such life and activity in a people proverbial for their indolence and laziness; but what are they all about? whither are they all rushing? have they no

definite object—no particular motive for all this driving and moving about? No. Thus, day after day, they rush backward and forward, from one extremity of the city to another, heedless of everything, and in their wild enjoyment of the present hour, the most reckless and abandoned population in the world. Any description of Naples would be incomplete that did not introduce the countless fiacres, cabriolets, and carriages of all sorts, and the miserable animals that draw them, as well as the attempt to give an idea of the noise and confusion of Naples, without taking into account the cries and cracking of the whips of their wild and ruthless drivers, as if their legs could not carry them fast enough in the maddening pursuit of pleasure or excitement. All classes take to carriages, and whirl about from one end of the city to the other, with a mad rapidity that is truly astonishing—the nobleman, in his gaudy carriage, and lackeys in tawdry liveries —officers in bright uniforms—priests in couples, and burly friars—broken-down soldiers and buffoons, and washerwomen and lazzaroni, all seem equally to regard carriage exercise as a thing essential to existence. In their excitement, speed seems the grand object; the "De'il take the hindmost," seems to be the universal feeling; and for this the merciless jarvy, forgetful even of the value of his miserable horse, and who has not, perhaps, a ducat in the world to replace him with, belabours his lean and panting sides with a merciless perseverance only to be witnessed here. If there is a place in the world where the "Society to prevent Cruelty to Animals" is required, it is at Naples. The heart bleeds (that is, provided it be not Neapolitan) at the tortures inflicted by these ruffians on this noblest and most ill-fated of all animals. I have heard

of the wit who rebuked the cruelty of a London hackney-coachman by a humorous allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—"That's right, my fine fellow," cried he, "hit him hard; he was a hackney-coachman once himself;" but had he witnessed these scenes in the city of Naples, he would have rather said—"A Neapolitan Cocchieri."

As usual, for several days after our arrival, we were occupied in looking for suitable apartments, no easy matter anywhere, but least of all, at Naples; in truth, if we except the beautiful suburbs of this great but scattered city, the habitable part of the town is confined within narrow limits, and offers little selection. Santa Lucia, Chiatamone, and the Chiaja, but particularly the latter, are the favourite and general quarters of the upper classes, and of the strangers at Naples; but the rents demanded from the latter are extravagant; for such an apartment as I required, they thought nothing of asking me, on the Chiaja, one hundred and fifty and two hundred ducats a-month, and this for not less than six months; we, therefore, thought ourselves fortunate in being able to obtain an indifferent lodging, in one of the worst furnished palaces (for all these houses are dignified with this imposing title) on the Chiaja, for one hundred piastres a-month. Our apartment, however, was *au premier*, and overlooked the beautiful grounds of the Villa Reale, and spite of the dirty and motley group located in the vestibulum below, it was no slight advantage for governess and children, and, indeed, all of us, to be able, by merely crossing the street, to recreate both mind and body in its agreeable walks; but it would have been strange, indeed, even for the least curious of our party, not to have been content to remain

there long, amidst the never-ending variety of both scenes and objects around us; for myself, having grown accustomed, in some degree, to the noise and uproar, and entering into the common excitement, I at last found myself in a fiacre, and daily rattling along, "in more Napolitano," from the grotto of Posilipo to the Ponte Maddelena, till, at last, I began not only to comprehend but to feel something of that wild pleasure which this affords to the Neapolitans. Charmed with such a variety of objects, and occupied with the shifting scenes as they pass rapidly before us, we think only of the present, and feel, indeed, that life—simple existence—under that deep blue sky, with the power of motion, along that beautiful shore, is, in itself, an intense delight and source of continual enjoyment; so seem the Neapolitans to feel, and so have they ever felt; "*Carpe diem*" is there as favorite a dictum as it was in the days of the Romans. It is only when the oppressive and resistless breath of the sirocco is felt (but that, unfortunately, is very often), that all life, and joy, and motion, seem to be suspended; the prima donna can no longer sing, or the ballerina dance; the merchant dozes in his counting-house, and the shopkeeper wishes the customer who disturbs him "al diavolo," while the *cafés* are filled with crowds of languid and listless-looking beings, who in vain drawl out their demands, and call for ices or coffee to the jaded and careless waiter. What a contrast did these same places and people present; yesterday, there all was life, and noise, and enjoyment; to the demand "che gelate avete" came the quick reply, "tutte, tutte, signore," and a list so long and various, that the only astonishment was, that the fellows had either patience or breath to repeat

it so often. Now, contrasted with the life and motion of yesterday, there is not a single unnecessary word or gesture; this unnatural stillness seems like the exhaustion which follows the exertion and excitement of their own favorite dance, the tarantella. But the sirocco is all-pervading and impartial—there is no exception; and strangers as well as natives are found to yield to its all-powerful influence. But let the traveller comfort himself in knowing that, unlike our own land of fog and gloom, these dark days at Naples are the exception not the rule; that months of fine weather make us forget the rainy season, and that an occasional sirocco is amply atoned for by the constancy of those zephyrs which, laden with freshness as well as perfume, seem literally, in the language of the poet,

"To winnow fragrance round the lovely land."

Those only who are acquainted with the south of Italy and the Mediterranean, know how rapidly the tempest passes away, and how suddenly the deep azure sky appears again, while the black and threatening clouds hie far away, and become—

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Occupied with the constant enjoyment and novelty afforded me, in observing the motley inhabitants of Naples, as seen along its winding shore, or in its streets—a people, which seem to be divided into as many distinct castes as the Hindoos—I turned for some time a deaf ear to the suggestions of those of our party who were impatient to visit Pompeii. The truth

is, I had so much of stirring, actual life and reality before me, that whatever my ordinary disposition may be, I was for some time indisposed, and not in the vein for contemplating the dead, or conjuring up the past. But a re-perusal of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and a walk to the neighbouring tomb of Virgil, at Posilipo, soon renewed the sentiment of romance, and awakened my interest in the ancients. There was nothing to impede our desire, or even to delay it, for as if these true successors of the Sybarites could enjoy, with sufficient rapidity, all the varied beauty and delight of their land in their vehicles, the mighty power of steam is called in to bear them along its shore, with a rapidity and ease, that their indolent and effeminate ancestors could never have dreamed of, even in their most luxurious dreams. Proceeding, therefore, by the Castella Mare railway, we were soon at Torre della Nanziata, where we hired a carriage to take us to Pompeii. At only a short distance, we met a sign-post with the words "Via di Pompeii;" turning from the main road into a lane, our carriage-wheels sinking deep in the lava, we came in a few minutes to a wooden barrier, which defends the entrance into the Campus Augusti Felicis, or ancient suburb, outside of the Herculaneum gate of Pompeii, and in which is the celebrated street of tombs; we were admitted by an old soldier. When we at once came upon the great consular way, and trod the very pavement which, joining the great Appian way, according to the description of Strabo, passed through Campania to Rhegium, Bruttii, and Sicily, we were no sooner inside, than turning to the right, we beheld those beautiful marble tombs, perhaps, the most interesting and instructive monuments we possess of the ancient

inhabitants of Italy. Leaving both sides of the way leading to the ancient gate of the city, we were about to move forward, and begin by observing them, when one of the regular cicerone stepped, with the greatest politeness forward, and appropriated to himself the charge of our movements. It is the fashion to ridicule and make light of the services and information of those fellows; but for a first visit, I have always found their local knowledge has saved me much time, and I would never advise a traveller, not even the most learned and philosophical, to disdain their assistance; let him first acquire a general idea of the place—he may afterwards muse and ruminate alone, and plunge as deep as he will in classic lore and antiquities. Before our self-appointed guide would allow us to examine the tombs, he led us into the house, or rather villa of the freedman, M. Arrius Diomedes, rendered so familiar to us by the graphic description of Lytton Bulwer, whose genius has again peopled the deserted and roofless dwellings and streets of Pompeii with the gay and luxurious beings that once inhabited them. What a happy idea, what a noble subject for a novel! the wonder is, that it was not caught-up long before; and yet, the idea must have suggested itself to many great and imaginative minds; but, perhaps, the higher these powers of imagination, the greater appeared the difficulty of doing justice to such an idea. When, alas! the great enchanter of the north at length visited these memorable scenes, the powers that had so long delighted the world, and recalled past ages, and men and manners, as if with an enchanted wand, had died away; but yet, the involuntary and repeated exclamation of the greatest of modern novelists, as he paced mournfully through

their deserted streets, was descriptive and full of meaning—

"The City of the Dead—the City of the Dead."

Volumes might be written on Pompeii, and yet, they would only be to realise and carry out this brief but comprehensive summary—the profound impression which the ruins of Pompeii leave upon the mind of the beholder. But there is nothing dark, or noisome, or gloomy in this "City of the Dead;" it is only sad because without inhabitant, and from the recollection of the fate that overwhelmed it; still all looks bright, and fresh, and beautiful; the gay paintings on the walls—the marble fountains, which seem about to play, as if their stream had been only just suspended—the Atrium, with its beautiful Mosaic pavement—the classic peristyle—the cubicula, or alcove for sleeping—the vestibule, with its hospitable "salve," that invites you to enter—and the beautiful and deep-blue sky over all; there is so little of ruin or desolation, in the ordinary sense of the word—even the roofless state of the buildings does not convey to us the common idea, for we behold the hooks or marks for the velamen, or awning, which they were accustomed to draw over them, and which, in this fine climate, answered all the purposes of a roof; nay, the very tombs would hardly look mournful, did we not feel (although we can hardly bring ourselves to believe it) that the pious crowds that once daily issued from that gate, would never more come forth to scatter chaplets and flowers on the tombs of those they loved; yet, at last, a feeling of deep melancholy takes possession of us, increasing as we pro-

ceed through the deserted and noiseless streets, and enter mansion after mansion, alike tenantless and deserted. Where are the crowds that once thronged, or the owners that once possessed them? We look for both; at first, we almost hesitate to enter uninvited, and every moment expect some member of the family will come forth to rebuke us for our intrusion; but vain is the thought—we pass from house to house with impunity—we search their vacant chambers, but no footfall is heard on the echoing pavement but our own—no voice responds to ours but those of the persons who have chanced to accompany us. Where are the Pompeiians? and echo answers, where? We pause and meditate—filled, overcome by an inconceivable feeling of melancholy. But we are about to enter the house of Diomedes—let us enter by all means; but think not, my gentle reader, that I am going to weary you with a lengthened description of a place now so familiar, or with an idle dissertation on the domestic architecture of the Pompeiians and ancients in general; this has been done so often and so well, that it would be not only wearisome, but presumptuous.

"Melius est petere fontem quam sectari rivulos."

Still, for the satisfaction of the matter-of-fact, I will venture upon a few details, more especially as to describe the interior arrangements of the house of Diomedes, will be, in a great degree, to describe those of Pompeii in general—for they are all built after a common design, perfectly in accordance with those plans of the houses of the ancients, which we have derived from the

writings of Vitruvius, as well as with the references and allusions of ancient authors. The house of Diomedes differs, however, from the rest of those in Pompeii, in this respect; it is, if I recollect rightly, the only two-story house existing there; and being a villa, its courts and chambers are not quite upon the plan of those houses within the gate, which, of course, we are to regard as town-houses. The house of Diomedes, however, is one of the largest, and, all things considered, one of the handsomest and most commodious, in Pompeii. Its materials are a sort of grey tufo, mixed with the volcanic stones, usually found in all the houses at Pompeii; there is a lavish display of colour, and great profusion of ornament. The columns are painted a deep purple, and the walls are everywhere adorned with bright paintings and designs; there is, however, in the house of Diomedes, generally, a want of that correctness of taste and classic beauty, which reigns in the other houses of Pompeii; and this, with the many indications of wealth, as well as the circumstance of Diomedes having been a freedman, has furnished Bulwer with the happy, and probably correct idea of making its possessor a rich and aspiring *parvenu*. Mounting a few steps, covered with large tiles, and adorned on the sides with columns, we come to the quadrangular court, which the ancients called the Impluvium. It resembles, and, no doubt, served as the model for the "Cortile" —the finest and most distinguishing feature of the Italian palaces; this is surrounded by columns of brick, covered over with stucco, to imitate marble, and forms the peristyle, or covered portico. It is beautifully paved in Mosaic, formed of little pieces of brick, intermingled with white marble. In the centre of the

court is a marble fountain, which was supplied with water from the roof of the portico. From the Impluvium, as a common centre, branch, in this, as in all the other houses of Pompeii, the galleries that lead to the various apartments of the mansion. But the most remarkable of all the rooms in the house of Diomedes, are those devoted to the bath. The number and variety of those, as well as the ingenious contrivances used to heat them, give us the highest idea of the luxury of the Pompeiians, and the pitch of extravagance to which they carried all their arrangements for this, their grand enjoyment.

The Emperor Commodus, we are told, went to the bath seven times a-day; and, generally among the Romans, the bath was as much resorted to for pleasure as cleanliness. These apartments are also situated near the Impluvium. In a more remote part of the mansion, and separated by themselves, are the gynæceum, or apartments of the women. These rooms have been quite overwhelmed and filled up with the lava. It is from the ground-floor that we descend into the subterranean corridor of three sides, used as a wine-cellar, "cella vinaria," and celebrated as the place in which were discovered the seventeen skeletons of the unhappy persons, who, it would seem, there sought in vain an asylum from the dreadful showers of ashes and stones, which overwhelmed the houses of the Pompeiians. From the circumstance of one of these skeletons, that of a woman, being adorned with a necklace and bracelets of gold, it has, with good reason, been supposed that this was the mistress of the mansion and her unfortunate family. We were afterwards shown, in the Museo Borbonico, the print of this woman hardened in the ashes, and in which the bosom, and even the fine vestment, could be plainly

distinguished. Ascending from this subterraneous corridor, we came at once upon the garden, surrounded by a peristyle, and adorned with a fish-pond and marble fountain: from the garden a door communicates with the country outside; and it was here that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, with a bundle of keys in one hand, and with money and several valuable golden ornaments in the other, and behind him another, supposed to be that of his slave, transporting some vases of bronze and silver, were discovered.

Leaving the house of Diomedes, we step at once into "the street of tombs;" and the first which salute us are those erected to different members of the family of Diomedes himself. From the inscription on the largest of these monuments we collect all that we know of his history; it has also served to ascertain the name of this locality of ancient Pompeii.

"M. Arrius C. L. Diomedes,
Sibi suis memoriæ,
Magister Pag. Aug.
Felic. Suburb."

Conveying to us that Marcus Arrius Diomedes, the freedman of Caius, the master of the suburban district of Augustus Felix, erected this sepulchral monument to the memory of himself and his family. There is something peculiarly awful in thus stepping from the dwelling, which the dread catastrophe that overwhelmed Pompeii converted into a common tomb for himself and all his family—it is, I say, a fearfully solemn thing to come and regard, only a few yards off, the splendid mausoleum that the vain and short-sighted possessor intended for himself—what a mockery!—what a lesson upon human vanity! Yes; care was bestowed—the fine arts displayed—the sculptor

employed, to gratify the pride of the wealthy and pompous Diomedes—when already the hidden fires beneath his feet, and yonder black and threatening mountain, were preparing a tomb as magnificent as dreadful. There is much that is beautiful in these tombs of Pompeii, and frequently their brief and simple inscriptions, and classical emblems, are extremely affecting as well as appropriate. What a beautiful and touching emblem is that which represents the ship, engraved in relief on one of the funeral altars, which recalls to us that sea of life, wherein man is appointed to strive and buffet. The vessel is represented as going into port with her sails furled, to intimate that death is to be regarded as the end of the voyage: but, alas! we know that those only "who die in the Lord," can calmly and serenely regard it in this light. Whatever the tombs or writings of the ancients would lead us at first to believe, we know from inspiration itself, as well as from our own consciences, that the idea of death was abhorrent and dreadful to them, as it must ever remain to the natural man. They sought, with pompous funerals, and splendid monuments, to defy the grave, and disarm death of his terrors; but they sought in vain—it is only the peace which is given, and the hopes that are brought to light by the Gospel, that can enable man to raise the exulting cry, "Oh, death! where is thy sting! Oh, grave! where is thy victory!"

Passing successively the Ustrina, or place where, according to the rites of the ancients, the dead were burnt, and their ashes collected, as well as the place where the friends of the deceased met to eat the funeral repast, or silicernium, and a variety of other tombs and monuments, we approached the gate of the city, just

outside of which is the caupona or Inn, frequented by the country people. The gate of the city, as well as the walls generally, are covered with notices and advertisements in red characters; amongst the most remarkable and curious are those which announce gladiatorial shows and combats. Nothing can be conceived more solemn and affecting than the wide prospect of public and private edifices, which, deserted and roofless, meet our view on entering the city. The first house which we meet, and close to the gate, is the post house—one of those which Augustus caused to be erected in all the principal towns, along the great public ways, where travellers could, at all times, provide themselves with vehicles and horses; and now we beheld not only private dwellings, but wine shops; and bakeries with their ovens; mills with their grinding apparatus; and even cafés, as the modern Italian would call the Thermopolia, or shops, in which hot drinks of various kinds were sold, and which prove that the ancients were not less luxurious in their "bibiti" than their descendants. The stains of the liquor, and the marks of the pocula, or goblets, are still plainly discernible on the counters.

We visited the beautiful houses of Sallust (so remarkable for its elegance and classical decorations), of Pansa, and of Marcellus, places now rendered, as I have said, so familiar to us by the novelist, and of which we are not left in any doubt, for each dwelling is inscribed with the name and title of its ancient possessor. We then visited the noble Forum and Basilica of Pompeii, which, remembering that this was only a minor provincial town, give us a high idea of the magnificence which the Pompeiians, in common with all the ancients, manifested in their public buildings;

and having crossed a great square, we came to the Temple of Isis, situated in a distant part of Pompeii, and of which Bulwer has availed himself, in the closing scene of his novel. The barrack, or quarters of the soldiers, is in this neighbourhood, which presented us with many objects of deep interest. Our party were now very tired, but we determined not to stop short of the amphitheatre, the greatest and most memorable of all the ruins of Pompeii. It lies at a considerable distance, and quite separated from the rest of the town. Within the gates there are the ruins both of a tragic and comic theatre; but this immense building was reserved for those great gladiatorial shows, and combats with wild beasts, of which the Pompeiians, in common with all the people of Campania, were so passionately fond; and of which, indeed, it is said they were the inventors.

We can hardly believe that the soft and luxurious beings, such as everything in Pompeii attests its ancient inhabitants to have been, could have brought themselves to witness, with pleasure, those dreadful sports, did not experience, in this, confirm the voice of ancient history, and daily shew us how often effeminate softness is united with cold-blooded cruelty; so insatiable, indeed, became here the desire and rage for these bloody exhibitions, that they were no longer confined to the amphitheatres, but, at length, no joyous feast, or friendly banquet was deemed complete, that was not attended by two or three pair of gladiators, whose bloody struggles might serve to rouse and excite the flagging spirits of the exhausted guests.

"Eo luxûs provecti sunt (Campani) ut convivias vocarent ad paria gladiatoria quorum numerum pro dignitate cætuque convivii augebant, minuebantve."—Strab. lib. v.

"Occide, ure, verbera, quare tam timide incurrit in ferrum, quare parum audacter occidit, quare parum libentur moritur?" These, we learn from Seneca, were the brutal and inhuman cries that rose from the Roman amphitheatres;—see his eleventh epistle.

When we recall those atrocious spectacles, and look upon the deserted benches and now vacant arena of the amphitheatre, we look upward at that black mountain with a deep and increasing feeling of awe, as the dread minister appointed by the offended Deity to vindicate his retributive justice. Yes, that lava-covered arena has oft been deluged with the blood of the wretched beings who there in desperation fought for life or an infamous glory; and those benches thronged by the crowds who in turns stimulated or terrified them by their ferocious cries.

But oh! it is not only in the amphitheatre, but in every street and house in Pompeii, that we read the same awful evidences of the depth of depravity and guilt into which man falls when God has abandoned him to the guidance of his own "reprobate mind." The overwhelming eruption—the torrents of lava which buried their city—the revolution of seventeen hundred years, which had well nigh erased its existence and history from the records of mankind, have not been able to destroy or conceal for ever the fearful monuments and obscene relics which too well declare the manners and customs of its ancient inhabitants; they are no longer hidden, they stand in the light of day, or preserved with care in royal museums, forming together the most striking and awful commentary that can be offered of the truth of St. Paul's description of the world, as given in his first chapter to the Romans. A visit to this doomed and ill-fated city is well calculated to fill the mind of even the least reflecting with serious meditation; and many may find it a profitable exercise

to pause awhile in their mad pursuit of pleasure, and leaving the gay saloons of Naples, ponder alone in those silent yet eloquent streets; haply they may there hear a voice powerful enough to arrest them, ere it be too late, in their blind and ruinous career. For ourselves, I hope we returned, in the evening, to Naples, with a deep and solemn impression. O may it be as enduring as it was solemn and impressive!

For some days after our visit to Pompeii, I occupied myself in excursions to the immediate suburbs of Naples, which vie in interest with the most distant, or in exploring the different quarters of this strange and beautiful city itself, and day after day felt more charmed.

The weather was delightful, the sky cloudless, while a fresh and exhilarating breeze was alternately wafted from the surrounding mountains, or the rippling bosom of "the dark blue sea." Now I sat musing near the tomb of Virgil, at Posilipo, at another time gazing with delight on all the glories of Naples, and its unrivalled bay, from the beautiful gardens of Capo di Monte; indeed, so charmed did I feel with this beautiful region, that I reproached myself for not having visited it sooner, and half determined to settle there for the rest of the time we purposed remaining in Italy. I busied, or rather puzzled myself, in selecting our future residence; at one time I was on the point of concluding an agreement for General Maia's beautiful villa, at Capo di Monte, till my discovery of a charming residence in Pizzo Falcone, with grounds commanding the most beautiful views, again threw me into doubt and uncertainty; but "while man proposes, God disposes:" it was ordered that our stay at Naples should be of a much more limited duration, and however painful at the time, these dispensations may appear, we should bow in submission to the divine will,

knowing that "all things work together for good to them that believe." I have heard it said that Naples, and even its varied and yet continued beauty, fail at last to charm the stranger's eye; and even amidst these lovely scenes it is certain the Englishman will often sigh for the nobler pursuits and manlier occupations of his native land; while even the learned and philosophical, admitting all the interest that Naples presents to them, will long for a more intellectual society than that which the thoughtless and pleasure-hunting crowds of Naples afford them. The Happy Valleys failed to satisfy the desires of Rasselas, or to charm his discontent, and so even Naples itself, with all its delights, cannot fill the aching void which all are doomed to feel, and none, perhaps, more bitterly than those who travel farthest in the vain search after happiness; I rejoice, however, that our stay at Naples was not prolonged to that point. I continued to prosecute my excursions with renewed pleasure, and Naples, its bay and unrivalled coast, daily appeared more beautiful and enchanting, as we discerned new points of view from which to regard them. The convents of St. Elmo and Carmaldoli present the most favorable positions, and he who has contemplated "the blessed Campania" from those sacred heights, has seen the loveliest prospect that earth can present him; and yet man cannot even rest satisfied or contented here—he still desires something that he does not possess, still hopes and strives to obtain, and is still disappointed, yet hopes again, and renews the struggle, which ends only with the grave. It seems strange that in every country the monastic orders should thus have selected the most beautiful situations imaginable for their convents; for we would suppose that those who had abandoned the world would not desire to be constantly called to the contemplation of its beauties.

When the great tempter proposed to assail the Son of Man with the allurements of ambition, he led him up, we are told, to "an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." The tempter failed, for Immanuel himself was there; but for a poor, weak, and sinful man to select such a site as that of the Convent of Carmaldoli, for mortification and retirement, does, indeed, seem strange and inconsistent; even charity can hardly restrain us from thinking that many a monk, who has paced beneath the lofty cypresses of that delicious walk, with Naples and its glorious sea stretching beneath him, has pined again to taste the pleasures and enjoy the freedom of the world he had too rashly abandoned.

We now extended our excursion to Pozzuoli, the Lake of Avernus, the Elysian fields, the Stygian marsh, and Phlegethonian plains—the most sacred region of the ancients—the memorable scene of the sixth book of the Æneid; but, alas! the classical inquirer will find his Virgil but an uncertain guide-book in this land of earthquakes and volcanoes. The face of nature itself has been changed—lakes have been filled up, or have become pools; moles have been overthrown; nay, mountains have sprung up, to change or to obliterate the scenes which Virgil and Horace have described and sung. Where is the Julian Port, whose formation the former has celebrated as amongst the wonderful examples of Roman power? Can this be the Lucrine lake—this shallow and muddy pool, where we may even look, and look in vain, for the oysters for which it once was so famous? It would require no self-denial now for Horace to exclaim—

"Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia."

Still, there is enough in that gloomy lake to identify it with the Avernus of the poet—enough in those dark caves, reeking with sulphureous exhalations, and "burnt fields," to account for the sacred awe with which they were regarded by the ancients. Without revelation, and unenlightened by science, they attributed all extraordinary phenomena to the capricious agency of supernatural beings, and not to natural and certain laws, which govern matter in accordance with the purpose of the great Creator. Volcanic action was, therefore, only to be accounted for by mythology, which, supported by tradition, poetically explained in the story of the overthrow of the giants, the burning mountains, and the frequent earthquakes of this wonderful region. But, amongst all the changes that time has wrought around it, the shore of Baia remains as enchanting and lovely as ever.

"Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prolucet amœnis!"

exclaimed Horace, than whom there was never a better judge of all that was pleasing and delightful. Here the greatest and wealthiest of the Romans fixed their most loved retreats; and when the narrow shore could no longer supply sites for their splendid villas, built moles and foundations in the sea; and exhausted regal fortunes, so that they might possess a dwelling in this enchanting region. Here rose the villas of Pompey, Marius, and Cæsar—here the young Marcellus died, whose untimely death is so affectingly introduced by Virgil in his Æneid. Those splendid palaces and villas have disappeared, and scarcely a vestige of their ruins is to be seen; but the same delightful shore, the same beautiful sea, and soft and delicious climate that attracted

the luxurious lords of Rome to settle there, still invite the stranger to linger on that favoured strand. Here did the Romans abandon all restraint, and give themselves up entirely to those sensual indulgences to which they were ever so prone, and to which every thing around them ministered—here was the abode of pleasure—here Venus alone was worshipped. This was "the golden shore of Baia and blessed Venus"—"Littus beatæ veneris aureum Baias."—Martial, lib. xi. ep. 81. Still does her beautiful temple adorn the shore, and arrest the stranger's attention—the most remarkable as well as most beautiful of all the ruins of ancient Baia; and even still within the ruined fane there are chambers and figures, that recall too well the rites with which Venus Genetrix was worshipped. From Baia we proceeded to Misenum, which also would appear to be little changed since the time of the Romans. It was one of their two great naval stations, being intended for the fleet which was to guard the Tyrrhene sea, as that of Ravenna was to protect the Adriatic. A large Neapolitan frigate was at anchor in the bay, between Baia and the Cape, so that we may suppose the place still presents advantages as an anchorage. Having duly explored the "piscina mirabilis" and other subterranean regions, we were shown, near the promontory, the ruins of the famous villa of Lucullus, so celebrated for its splendour and beautiful situation by Roman writers, and rendered memorable as the scene of the death of the Emperor Tiberias, who was here prevented by tempests from regaining his beloved Caprea. Near to Misenum, at a little place called Bacola, we were shown some ruins as the tomb of Agrippina, the mother of Nero. The place is certainly associated with the fearful tragedy which terminated her infamous existence, and has consigned the memory of her monster son to everlasting

execration; but there is little reason to believe that these ruins actually formed her tomb. We are told, indeed, by the historian Tacitus, that a small tomb (*levem tumulum*) was erected to her near Misenum, overlooking the bay; but these ruins are too extensive to answer this description; and doubtless Nero would have been careful to destroy all traces of her wretched memory, as well as of his own horrible impiety. Having wandered some time in the Elysian fields, we re-entered our carriage, and again taking the road to Pozzuoli, returned to Naples.

In my desire again to visit this most interesting region, I accepted, a few days after, an invitation to form one of a shooting party to the neighbourhood of the Lago di Monte, in the woods about which I was told we should find abundance of woodcock. The weather had become suddenly cold; and, seized with a desire for a good manly walk in our English fashion, as well as caught by the idea of shooting woodcocks on the banks of the dreaded Acherusia, I prepared for the expedition with much anticipated pleasure, disregarding all E———'s kind and prudent objections. We had six or seven hours to drive before reaching the scene of operations; and it required all the enthusiasm, caused by again feeling myself in a shooting-jacket, and girded with a shot-belt, to reconcile me to leaving, at three o'clock of a cold December morning, the warm precincts of the Chiaja, for a six hours' drive in an open carriage. Taking a hasty cup of coffee, and a mouthful of bread, a miserable apology for that most important meal, a good breakfast, I got into the carriage, and proceeded to the house of Mr. D——. I found him waiting for me; and, after a hurried salutation, he informed me that the two other gentlemen, who were to have made up our party, had sent excuses. I could

not help inwardly applauding their superior wisdom; but my friend, who, notwithstanding his "black cloth," was an enthusiastic Nimrod, assured me that it was all the better, that we should have all the sport to ourselves; and then he went on to inform me of all the arrangements he had made, as to cacciatori, guides, &c. "We have leave to shoot all the woods, save those actually reserved by the king to himself; we may not, indeed," said he, "shoot the boars, but then, in self-defence, you know, we may do more than that—and if one should come in our way, I am prepared with ball to anticipate his tusks." My blood mounted at the thought—I had never seen a wild boar "come foaming from the thicket;" and now I was about to see, perhaps to encounter one. Anticipating all the excitement and glory of our battue, I no longer thought even of the classical interest of the scenes we were to visit, or those which we were traversing. Smoking my cigar, and listening to my friend's rather long-winded stories and sporting adventures, we had passed and turned aside from Baia, and were approaching the scene of operations, before I even remembered that I had not breakfasted; at last, however, I was too sensibly reminded of the fact, and began to inquire as to my friend's commissariat arrangements; the indulgent reader will, therefore, understand the painful feelings of surprise with which I heard that one of the deserters, who had constituted himself our caterer, had forgotten, with his note of excuse, to send the promised hamper; and that a few biscuits and a little brandy constituted the entire extent of our provision for the day. There was no help for it; however, we *might* obtain some bread, and then we could *of course* manage to roast one of the woodcocks; and, my friend assured me besides, that, knowing

the nature of the country we were about to visit, *he* had taken care to eat a hearty meat breakfast before we started, early as it was—would that I had been equally provident! We at last reached the heights of the Lago di Monte, and were met by the cacciatore and guides, whom Mr. D—— had sent to engage—the fellows took care not to lose their carlini by being out of the way. I managed to obtain a piece of coarse brown bread, at the house where we put up the carriage, and we now prepared in earnest for the *chasse*; but, alas! we were soon filled with melancholy forbodings of the miserable failure that was to attend our shooting expedition, as well as of the deception which had been practised upon us. We were about to enter at once one of the woods that seemed to present the most likely covert for game, when our cacciatore (gamekeeper) stopped us, by saying that it was reserved for the king. We passed on a little further, when again, as we were about to enter another copse, he cried out, "Eccelenze, eccelenze, non si puo entrare, questo bosco è servato al Re." Much irritated, my friend produced the order he had obtained from some of the royal household of Naples, but we were told that that licence extended only to a marshy strip of land, bounding the forest; but here, the rascally Capo di caccia assured us we should find abundance of game. Thither we then proceeded, and, after much beating and splashing about, and often knee-deep in water, we at last succeeded in starting a few outflying birds, which, as invariably as we put them up, dropped down again within the royal limits. In desperation, we tried the range of our pieces, in shots as long as even Bob Acres could have desired, but without even appearing to frighten, much less draw a feather.

As to boars, we did not even get a glimpse of one, though, I think, the guides were careful to show us some of their tracks. The upshot was, we perceived we had been made fools of, and that our sporting expedition was a miserable failure; in this frame of mind we came upon some furze and thorn-bushes, when all at once, the nondescript mongrel dogs of the Capo caccia began to wag their tails, and grow unusually lively, although never venturing to beat twenty yards in advance. Our guides made signs to us to hold ourselves upon the alert, when, lo! up started a flock of thrushes, but to the utter astonishment of the Capo caccia and beaters, we pulled not our triggers, but brought our guns down again, with an exclamation which, though purely English, is universally intelligible—"perche non tirate, signore?" they all cried out together, "sono eccellente"—why do you not fire? they are excellent!" Sportsmen in Italy, and even in France, do not disdain to fill their bags with whatever comes in their way—linnets, blackbirds, or even sparrows—for their ideas of the *chasse* are, indeed, quite different from ours. I remember at ————, an old gentleman, *an ancient militaire*, who used to make his servant scatter some corn under his windows, where, having taking his station, in full sporting costume, he used to fire away at the sparrows with wonderful contentment, and meeting him in the evening, he was always sure to reply to your inquiries by telling you he had been at *the chasse*. Thoroughly disgusted with Italian field sports and gamekeepers, and determining, after this day's experience, never to be again led into a similar enterprise, I prevailed upon my friend to terminate our vain pursuit, and having dis-

pensed a couple of piastres to the Capo di caccia and the hungry rascals who had assisted him in humbugging us, we got into the carriage, and, after a miserable drive of six hours, cold, wet, and famished, late in the afternoon again reached my lodgings in the Chiaja. Looking back upon that day, I have reason to congratulate myself that I did not terminate my excursion to the dread Acherusia, by taking my passage in the boat of Charon himself; but having escaped, I think myself bound to warn any of my readers, who may feel his sporting propensities excited by the interested accounts of the Neapolitan cacciatore, to beware of being duped, but at all events, to avoid any expedition to the Lago di Monte.

A French war-steamer has just arrived in the bay, with the Duke d'Aumale on board, on his return from Algiers. He comes, it is said, in search of a wife, and is a candidate for the hand of the fat sister of the king.

Louis Philippe is, no doubt, desirous of strengthening his dynasty by drawing still closer the ties which unite him to the other members of the House of Bourbon. He has had a hard card to play, but the king of the barricades could not be surprised if the old monarchies regarded him with repugnance, and his most friendly overtures with suspicion. The king of the French is not, however, a man to be easily repulsed or turned aside from his object, and year after year he has succeeded in conciliating the powers who were most opposed to him, in disarming his enemies, and, in short, dispersing, with consummate wisdom, "all the clouds that lowered upon his house," and which have so often appeared, charged with certain destruction. But the truth is, Louis Philippe, as

long as he remained true to the principles of the revolution of 1830, must have prepared himself for the continuance of such hostility. The king of the French, carrying out the ideas and principles of the charter, would have been a constant object of fear and hatred to the members of the holy alliance, who would regard him as the chief magistrate of a country and people, the natural allies of liberty and progress in Europe. This was neither the desire nor the game of Louis Philippe—a Bourbon, his sympathies were never with the people, although he availed himself of a favorable juncture to carry out the darling object of the House of Orleans, by expressing devotion to their cause; but his object accomplished, his policy has been like that of most successful usurpers, rather to strengthen his dynastic interests than to support the principles of those who placed him on the throne.

The revolution was to be buried in oblivion, or, at least, all allusion to it confined to the three days' commemoration which, having been too rashly sanctioned, could not easily be abolished. Able representatives were chosen, the fears of absolutism and divine right subsided, till, at last, even the autocrat and Prince Metternich understood the design, and recognised the mission of Louis Philippe, to secure his own family on the throne of France, and to act as a drag-chain on the car of liberty. Some doubts, as to ulterior design, might, indeed, cross the minds of watchful statesmen, as they observed the favorite design of Napoleon carried into execution, and Paris girt with an impregnable wall; but there were answers suited for all; the "forts détachés," it was whispered in the saloons of diplomacy, were intended to keep the Parisians in order, while the chambers were invited

to vote the requisite supplies to secure France from the disgrace of another foreign occupation of its capital. At length, indeed, restless spirits began to ask themselves what France had gained by the Three Days, and to discover that their fine scheme of a monarchy, surrounded by republican institutions, was but a utopian vision. Meantime, the cause of liberty retrograded as, successively, the unhappy people of Poland, Italy, and Spain, saw themselves betrayed and abandoned by the power in whom they had most confidently relied, in their struggles for freedom; but all this was of little consequence; the sacrifice, even of national honor, to gain the northern powers, and tranquillise the fears of the Pope. Hitherto Louis Philippe has succeeded; it is said that the emperor Nicholas is shortly to be a guest at the Tuileries, while the Duke de Bourdeaux vegetates at Gratz; and as for the Pope, Louis Philippe is again "his most Christian majesty," "the eldest son of the church," in whom he places his main reliance, to stem the tide of revolution, and keep out alike liberalism and railways from the patrimony of St. Peter.*

The political sympathies of the King of Naples are, no doubt, with the elder branch of the Bourbons; but he is the nephew, by marriage, of Louis Philippe, and is only too sensible of the advantages of his powerful protection. The late sulphur business, and the decisive tone taken by the English admiral which terminated the absurd contest, deeply irritated his Neapolitan majesty, who, it is said, uttered many impotent and ridiculous threats, and was only compelled to yield by the united expostulation of the entire *corps diplomatique*.

* The French revolution has occurrred while this sheet was passing through the press.

Since, the mighty king of "the Two Sicilies" has continued in high dudgeon with England and the English, and has thrown himself into the arms of France. Our countrymen must now give place to "la grande nation;" and those amongst them who are fond of bowing to royalty will be made to feel the change that has taken place in those saloons since, under the all-powerful will of Nelson, the beautiful Lady Hamilton and her creature Acton ruled supreme in the court of Naples.

The Duke d'Aumale was, therefore, received with the greatest *eclat* and distinction. We were stunned with salutes from St. Elmo and the Castel del Ovo, while the king took advantage of the occasion to display all his military power, and get up a succession of grand reviews, to do honour to his illustrious visitor. The streets resounded with military music, the mustering of troops, and the clash of arms; while the soft *mobile* Neapolitans, as if answering to the call of their sovereign, abandoned the city, and, in immense crowds, poured out to the field of mimic battle. We might have fancied ourselves transported to the military court of the great Frederick, did not the beautiful sky, the soft balmy air, and crowds of priests, remind us that we were still in Southern Italy.

Truth to say, those soldiers of his Sicilian majesty did make a goodly show that day, both horse and foot. The men were fine, tall-looking fellows; they were exceedingly well-dressed and appointed, and the cavalry splendidly mounted. The greater part—indeed almost the entire of the revenues of the state goes to support this enormous military establishment, the use or object of which, however, it is not easy to point out, as the Neapolitan army has not played a very distinguished part. "Forme di Leone con cuori di lepri"

is said to have been the unhappy Murat's description of them, when the brave and ill-fated sovereign had in vain tried to lead them against the Austrians. They make, however, excellent mercenaries for quelling domestic troubles, and cut down an unarmed fellow-citizen with the most admirable *sang froid*. The sons of Louis Philippe are remarkable for their docility, and the filial obedience with which they carry out his political views; but, nevertheless, it began to be currently rumoured in Naples, after the duke had seen his intended, that even his recent residence amongst the Moslem at Algiers had not reconciled so much *embonpoint* with his ideas of female beauty.

I took advantage of the opportunity offered by some friends of ours having accepted the invitation of an officer of the king to visit the royal palace of Caserta —certainly the most magnificent palace in Europe— the splendid architectural design of Vannitelli. Ancient temples and amphitheatres—the wrecks of Pompeii and Herculaneum, have all been laid under contribution, or, rather, have been ransacked to furnish forth marble columns and ornaments worthy of adorning this single royal dwelling; but we are amazed as much at the choice of Caserta as a royal residence, as at the extraordinary vastness of this wonderful palace itself. It is in the midst of an arid and mountainous country, so badly situated for even a supply of water, that, as a preliminary step to the building of the palace, a vast aqueduct (one of the most extraordinary modern works in Europe) had to be constructed to carry the water from Ariola, a distance of twelve miles. There were many other difficulties; but Charles the Third, with an obstinacy worthy of his race, was bent upon having a palace at Caserta; and, possessed of great

wealth, and the command of the richest building materials, he determined that it should exceed, in size, and design, and sumptuousness, Versailles itself. He was fortunate in finding an architect to his purpose; and the result certainly is a palace worthy of lodging an Assyrian king. It was intended that all the ambassadors at the court of Naples should take up their quarters here, otherwise not all the crowd that are wont to attend on royalty could have occupied a third of its extent, unless, indeed, that Charles had been equally blessed with old King Priam, and could have filled all the chambers of his enormous palace with his own patriarchal progeny.

> "Quinquaginta illi thalami spes tanta Nepotum
> Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi."

But, whatever may have been his projects in this respect, they have all come to nothing. Caserta and its great palace are alike deserted; and the latter only remains, a splendid monument of wasted means and misdirected power. The palace is not half furnished—of works of art and pictures it contains none, if we except some portraits of different members of the Spanish Bourbons, and only remarkable for their truly royal ugliness. Having now visited most of the places of interest in the immediate vicinity of Naples, I prepared for an excursion to Pæstum, and was fortunate enough in finding two very intelligent companions (one of them a Cambridge man, and a member of my own profession) to join me. The weather was delightful; and, leaving Naples on a beautiful morning, with good strong horses and an open carriage, we set out for Salerno, where we proposed to spend the night. We passed through

a succession of small but interesting towns, some of them the earliest settlements of the victorious Normans. It seemed, indeed, curious enough to us that, as we left the shore of the bay of Naples, and struck inland, a very remarkable change was observable, not only in the country, but in the appearance of the people. The Neapolitans are nearly as dark as Asiatics; but these people were fair, and taller—often with the blue eyes that bespoke their northern origin; and, while surrounded by umbrageous beech-trees, and ample green pastures, with the cattle feeding at liberty in the fields—so rare a sight in Southern Italy—we might at times almost fancy ourselves passing through parts of Normandy. Having surmounted a rather long ascent, formed by a spur of the Apennines, we beheld La Cava, embosomed amidst lofty mountains, and surrounded by verdant hills. Crowned with little villages and country houses, it presents one of the most delightful views imaginable to the traveller and the artist. It was amidst the solitude of these beautiful and picturesque scenes, that Salvator Rosa gratified his love of nature and retirement, and found the subjects of his wondrous landscapes. There is a hotel and some accomodation at La Cava; and, certainly, there does not appear in Italy a more delightful place for a summer residence. From La Cava we gradually descend the mountains, passing alternately through wooded hills and green umbrageous valleys, watered by cascades and rivulets, and rich and well-cultivated fields, till at Veitri we beheld the sea, and the beautiful Gulf of Salerno, with the islands of the Sirens; Luccosia and Cape Enipeus marking its azure limits. A short drive along the curving shore of the gulf brought us into Salerno. We occupied a couple of hours before dinner,

in visiting the cathedral, adorned by Robert Guiscard, the celebrated Norman leader, and conqueror of Sicily and Apulia, with many beautiful objects, taken from the ruins of Pæstum. They consist of columns of verde antique, of broken capitals, and vases of porphyry; and an enormous one of granite, of sixty-six palms in circumference—used, it is said, as a basin to receive the water from the aqueduct, in one of the fountains of Pæstum. An agreeable walk along the sea-shore gave us a good appetite for our dinner, at the Albergo del Sola; and our cordiality was heightened by an excellent bottle of Lacryma Christi. Next morning, at an early hour, we proceeded to Pæstum; distant about twenty-six English miles. The road, for a while after leaving Salerno, passes through a well-cultivated, though thinly-populated country, the inhabitants of which seem a peculiar and remarkable people, differing greatly, in their manners and customs, from those of any other part of Italy I had visited. Gradually the country became wilder and less cultivated, the farms fewer and farther between, as we approached the Silarus, a small river, over which we were carried by the ferry-boat, as there is no bridge. Having gained the opposite bank, we entered upon one of the most dreary and desolate plains it was ever my misfortune to traverse: a dead, boggy flat, in parts overflowing in stagnant marshes, with jungles of briars, and reedy ferns; the undisputed dominions of brigands and malaria. There was scarcely a sign of any attempt at cultivation; for it seemed as if desperation alone would dispute here with the destructive malaria. This region has, indeed, long rejoiced in an infamous celebrity, although it is now less dangerous than formerly; yet, the Calabrian farmer and peasant we met along the road, the former mounted

on his wild horse, and wrapped in his ample cloak, with pistols and stiletto, peering from beneath, the latter stalking savagely along, in his shaggy sheep-skin, and a carbine thrown across his shoulder, did not at all tend to confirm the assurance we received at Salerno of the peaceable state of the country.

It was impossible to resist the melancholy feelings suggested by the dreary aspect of all around us; gradually we appeared to be leaving not only the regions of civilization, but even of life itself, as we pursued our melancholy way, and penetrated further into this desolate and Stygian plain; even our horses' feet were no longer heard on the swampy and shaking soil, while, as if by common consent, we suspended all conversation, and kept silently looking out for the ruins of Pæstum. Was this really the blessed region celebrated by the poets, which once bloomed with perpetual flowers, but above all, with the queen of flowers—the rose of Pæstum—"biferique rosaria Paesti?—Was this the once-favored abode of opulence and commerce, nay, the delicious suburb—the chosen retreat of the luxurious Sybarites? Here Nature herself seemed to have changed, and in vain we looked around for something to identify the desolate place with the glowing language of ancient writers. The melancholy description of one of our own poets can alone convey a just idea of the desolation of the scene—

> "Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
> 'Tis all one desert, desolate and grey,
> Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone;
> And where the rank uncultivated growth
> Of rotting ages taints the passing gale."
>
> THOMSON.

We now approached the ruins of Pæstum, of ancient

Possidonia, the City of Neptune, in whose antiquity Rome and its history appear but as things of yesterday. For a long time before we arrive at the walls, the majestic columns of the Temple of Neptune fix our attention, and, regarded midst the desolation of the surrounding solitude, excite more strongly our interest; there seems a peculiar fitness in these lofty columns of Neptune's ruined fane, being the first object that meets the eye of the traveller in approaching the ancient Possidonia. A solitary house, that affords the traveller some temporary shelter and refreshment, received the horses and carriage. Here we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of wretched-looking beings, whose emaciated forms and jaundiced-coloured visages bore frightful evidences of the ravages of the malaria; these miserable beings are induced by want and pinching misery, to come down to this Acherontian plain, to reap and gather in the scanty and precarious harvest; those who can manage it make their escape before nightfall to the villages on the sides of the neighbouring mountains; but those who are so wretched as to have no refuge to fly to, remain, and are uniformly struck with the withering and pestilential breath of the destroyer. But the enemy is not only in the air—the bituminous and putrid waters that spring from this Stygian plain, are as deadly and bitter as the waters of the Dead Sea. No one who has not beheld the miserable beings, who haunt like ghosts the ruins of Pæstum, can have an idea of the awful power of the malaria, which, like a curse has smitten the inhabitants, and withered the once fertile plains of ancient Italy. Never, oh! never can the glazed eyes and haggard looks of that wretched group—the first objects who presented themselves—

the only inhabitants of ancient Pæstum, that came forth to greet us, pass from my recollection The objects of antiquity that make up the remains of Pæstum are few, but these are great and wonderful—the massive and cyclopean walls, whose construction and amazing solidity carry us back to a period of the world, ages and ages before the foundation of Rome—the sepulchral barrows, all those splendid ruins, the Temple of Neptune, the Basilica, and the Temple of Ceres. The Temple of Neptune is not only the most remarkable building in Italy, but, perhaps, in Europe: Greece itself has nothing like it, for the portico of the Parthenon does not convey to the eye of the beholder such an impression of solemn grandeur. It is a quadrangular edifice, presenting on each side fourteen magnificent columns, and six in each of its fronts. These immense columns are composed of only six enormous pieces; they verge smaller towards their capitals, which are severe and simple; a flight of steps which surrounds the temples, serves for their base. The entablature is without ornament—in fact, the people who raised this wonderful structure, seemed to have disdained ornament, and to have set their whole design on erecting a temple which should endure as long as the sea itself, to whose ruler it was dedicated; its massive strength and stability is combined with wonderful skill and justness of proportions, and the result is, an effect on the mind at once, solemn and religious. The number of columns enlarging towards the base, the vast extent of the building, the unbroken uniformity of its exterior, all minister to the same idea. Leaving the Temple of Neptune, a few paces bring us to another magnificent building, called the Basilica, and supposed to have been the Comitium, or place of

public meeting to the citizens of ancient Pæstum. It scarcely differs in style or design from the Temple of Neptune. The Temple of Ceres, on a much smaller scale, preserves also the same simple design of the Temple of Neptune. They shewed us some remains of an amphitheatre, which, however, present little that is remarkable. Having strolled about an hour amidst these lonely but majestic ruins, and here and there plucking, from amidst the rank grass, a wild-rose to insert in our note-books, the approach of evening, and the warning of Madam Stark, made us hasten to return to our carriage. The guide we found an intelligent and decent fellow; he is appointed by the government, who are now beginning to take some care of the classical remains of the country; he told us, however, that he is careful to leave this baneful region always before sun-set, for the mountain village, which he pointed out to us, about four miles off. At the solitary inn, or halting-place, we were again surrounded by the same forlorn group of malaria-stricken creatures, who had met us in the morning; the poor wretches had collected a quantity of coins and *terra cotta* images, to extract from us a few "grani;" having tried, as far as we could, to appease their importunities, we got into the carriage, and set forward for Salerno; but long did our eyes rest upon these lonely and majestic ruins—the only signs of civilization upon that desolate plain—and recall that group of wretched creatures—the sole possessors of ancient Pæstum! We congratulated ourselves upon passing the Silamas, and finding ourselves clear of that desolate and dangerous region, and again among the cheerful habitations of men, on the pleasant beach of Salerno, as the night closed in. The next morning we returned to Naples; what I had seen of

the beautiful Gulf of Salerno, however, made me more anxious not only to visit it myself again, but to induce E——— to share with me the pleasure of a second excursion; having, therefore, made up an agreeable party, again leaving Naples at an early hour, and taking the same beautiful road through La Cava, we found ourselves in the afternoon walking on the beautiful strand of Salerno. As we purposed to visit Capri, and return to Naples by Sorrento, we at once hired a boat, and crossed over to Amalfi, where we slept. No pen can do justice to the beauty of the situation of Vietri and Amalfi; which, closed in by lofty mountains, as if separated from the world, embosomed in orange and lemon groves, impend from their airy heights over the azure bosom of the Mediterranean. It was necessity that compelled the people of Amalfi to maritime pursuits; till at length they became, during the middle ages, the most commercial people in the south of Italy. A few fishing boats, or a passing felucca, now alone are seen on the deserted shores of Amalfi. Next morning we embarked; and, coasting along the beautiful shore, in sight of the fabled islands of the Sirens, which, however, we passed in perfect security, we looked forward to double Cape Minerva, and reach Capri at an early hour; but a heavy ground swell began to heave in-shore—the premonitory sign of one of those sudden Levanters, which so suddenly spring up in the Mediterranean. The ladies of our party became uneasy, and having in vain tried to appease their fears, we at length landed at Scaracatoja, and having spent some time in mounting its rocky steps, we at length reached the summit of the cliff, when a short walk brought us to a place were we found donkeys, which took us across to Sorrento. I confess

I was disappointed with this place. The view of the Bay of Naples from Sorrento, is, indeed, magnificent, when you can see it, which, however, is only from the mountains behind, or from the immediate *bord* of the sea. The little narrow roads are surrounded on both sides with high walls, and even the houses themselves are actually buried and over-topped by the groves of oranges and lemons. I cannot think Sorrento can be the delightful summer quarter they say; indeed, I have been told by several who have spent that season there, that the heat is oppressive to the last degree. They showed us the house supposed to occupy the site of that of Bernardo Tasso, the father of the immortal author of the "Gerusalemme," and where he first saw the light. What a life was his—what trials—what vicissitudes—what sufferings! Could even his father himself, a poet, have foreseen the future, how he would have started back, dismayed at the glory which his illustrious son was to obtain, at the cost of so much woe. Better—far better—to have lived and died in peaceful obscurity, than to have experienced all the bitter vicissitudes of his strange and unhappy life. At one time, courted and caressed—reciting his poem in the saloons of princes, or pouring his melting strain into the willing ear of beauty; now thrust forth, a banished exile, from the court his genius had adorned—wandering houseless and unfriended like Homer—begging his bread through the cities of Italy—carrying his immortal poem in an old drum, till, broken by fatigue and suffering, standing at the gate of Turin, in tattered doublet, he is indebted to the casual arrival of a passing stranger for admission within its walls! But he has had the poet's reward—glory and honor unexampled

(from age to age increasing) have surrounded, and will for ever surround, the name of Tasso. Even his own age, in the person of the most distinguished of earthly potentates, proposed to expiate its crime, by accumulating on his head the highest poetical distinction in the "Eternal City;" but the atonement was too late, and ere it could be rendered, the spirit of Tasso had done with this world, and was equally beyond the reach of princely tyranny, or papal flattery. From the cloisters of St. Anne, that restless and soaring genius had taken flight, we may hope, to the mansions of the blessed—to that pure and serene heaven, whose ineffable glory he himself had sung with such fervent rapture, and there found the rest his vexed and broken spirit had in vain sought upon earth. Although the evening looked very threatening, I was not to be put off from my visit to Capri, but I could only prevail on one of our party to accompany me; we proposed to pass the evening there, and devote the forenoon of the next day to visiting the different points of interest. We reached the marina of Capri before nightfall, and put up in a little place they called the inn. We whiled away the evening in witnessing a variety of dances, performed by the girls of the village, who had dressed in their beautiful Grecian costume, and came to the inn to amuse us. Next morning, at a very early hour, we proceeded on our rambles, and scaled the summit of that steep cliff which crowns the eastern point of the island, and upon which are still to be seen the ruins of the palace of Tiberius. Hard-by we were shown that awful cliff, down which, we are informed by the historian of the Twelve Cæsars, this monster of lust and cruelty was accustomed to make his

miserable prisoners fling themselves, for his amusement; while below, to prevent any chance of escape, boatmen were placed, who dispatched with spears those who showed any symptoms of life. This fearful cliff is still called "il salto," or "the leap." Reading the pages of Suetonius, and particularly those which relate to the life of this brutal tyrant, our horror and disgust are sometimes mingled with incredulity. We are tempted to believe that the historian is describing some dreadful creature of the brain, and not a real man; but when we examine things more closely—look into our own hearts, and reflect upon the tendencies of our depraved nature—we feel too deeply the conviction that such things may have been, and would be again, without the blessed light of that revelation, which restrains and purifies, even while it pardons. Vast masses of brickwork, arches, and fragments of Mosaic pavements, constitute nearly all that now remains of the Tiberian Palace. A little chapel and hermitage, dedicated to the "Madonna del Soccorso," is perched amongst these ruins, to which the holy hermit himself is the guide. I regretted the state of the weather prevented us from fully enjoying the magnificent view which this lofty height affords; but the same cause also prevented us visiting the beautiful "grotto blene;" indeed it is a mistake to visit the island, except in very settled weather, for there are many inviting excursions to be made, and many other ruins existing, equally deserving of attention with those of the Villa Jovis. We began, however, to be impatient to return, as the Levanter continued to blow with increasing violence; reflecting how uneasy the rest of our party would feel without us at the Hotel des Sirens, I went down to the beach, and began

to consult with our boatmen, the majority of whom I found were well disposed to remain snug, at our expense, in Capri; but, not at all inclined to supply them with maccaroni for the next two days to come, during which they told me it was very likely this wind would continue to blow, I told them they must at once address themselves to St. Antonio, and prepare to face the burrasco. It was what sailors call "a leading wind:" and I felt if our cranky boat and patched canvas could only be relied upon, I could manage to lay her over to Cape Minerva. I had no difficulty to persuade my companion to trust to my seamanship; and the opposition of the boatmen, if not their fears, being overcome by my determination to cross over with or without them, we got into the boat, and were pushed from the beach of Capri by the fishermen, with many ominous warnings. Pulling up to windward, under the lee of the island, till we came near the eastern promontory, we there put up the mast, and laid our boat's head off for Cape Minerva. I then began to feel in earnest what a cowardly set of rascals I had got for my crew; they seemed, with every lurch of the boat, and flap of the sail, to lose all presence of mind; when told to "haul aft the sheet," they pulled away at "the haul-yards;" and, shouting and tumbling upon each other, every moment, seemed as if determined in their madness to overset the boat. Fortunately, amongst these cowardly rascals—for sailors, or even boatmen, I can scarcely call them—I found one stout-hearted fellow—a Genoese belonging to a felucca come to Sorrento for oranges—who appeared to feel that something else was more necessary than shouting in the name of the Madonna or St. Antonio. He cheerfully and promptly obeyed my orders; and having, by threats and even

main-force, compelled the rest to keep themselves quiet, we at last seemed to have a chance of reaching Sorrento in safety. There is no species of knowledge which the man of the world will not find useful to him in life; but, although it had occurred to me before, I never felt greater occasion to congratulate myself on my knowledge of boating, than in working this miserable Sorrento skiff from the Island of Capri. Once across the strait, and under the high-land, we were not only out of all danger, but in calm water; our boatmen suddenly recovered their voices and their energy; the sails became useless, and they took to their oars again, with their old cry, "tirate, tirate, per il maccaroni." Pulling along the beautiful shore, we soon reached the point of Sorrento, where we found E——— and the rest of our party waiting, anxiously, to welcome us on shore. We lost no time in getting a carriage, and setting off to Castella Mare and Naples.

We devoted some days, after our return from this excursion, to visiting the Museo Borbonico, distinguished, even amongst the galleries of Italy, for its wonderful collection of antiquities, consisting, principally, of ancient frescoes, bronzes, and sculptures—the treasures rescued from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Though surpassed by many galleries, in the department of sculpture, yet the possession of the celebrated Toro Farnese and Hercules, the beautiful and touching figure of Agrippina (which at once impresses the observer with the conviction of its being an original), as well as the splendid group of the Balbi family, the patrons of ancient Herculaneum, render this Museo altogether one of the most interesting in Europe.

But now a variety of circumstances, and particularly the increasing delicacy of our dear little Alice, and the anxiety of E——— to consult Dr. K——— about her, made us determine to give up our house at Naples, and proceed to Rome for the winter. Our landlord was induced, by a compensation, to free us from our contract with him; and, again taking to the water, we proceeded to Rome, by Civita Vecchia, and, early in December, found ourselves comfortably settled (that is for Italy) in the Palazzo Ciccaglia, in the Corso of the "Eternal City."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Winter at Rome—Religious Festivals—Gaieties—"Why is there no English Minister in Rome?"—System of Government by Ecclesiastics—Roman Manners—Domestic Sorrows—Removal to Albano—Journey to Florence—An honest Vetturino—Return, by myself to Rome—The Holy Week—The Ceremonies—Break up of the Foreign Society of Rome—Still linger in "the Eternal City"—My last Visits in Rome—Farewell Reflections—Return to Florence—Departure from Italy—End.

ROME was very much crowded this season. Russian princes, English "milords," and German barons, daily arrived to swell the processions of carriages on Monte Pincio and the Corso, while the religious ceremonies in celebration of the Nativity fully occupied the time of the wonder-loving multitude, of which our own countrymen form so large a portion. The pope was carried about in St. Peter's, dressed and undressed, as usual; the miraculous "Bambino" and "Prœcessio" was displayed to the faithful in the church of Ara Cœli; and, in short, every thing went on in Rome *in more Catholico*, as they say, and as things have gone on there from generation to generation—for the court and church of Rome equally affect unchangeableness in all their ceremonies. The carnival came, and with it those splendid festivities and delightful reunions of rank, fashion, and intellectual distinction, which give such a charm to Roman society. The saloons of the Austrian and French ambassadors, of the Princess Torlonia and Prince Canino, were thrown

open with all their wonted hospitality. Those who were so fortunate as to witness the grace with which the amiable lady of the French ambassador presided over those elegant festivities in the Palazzo Colonna, sigh to remember that she is now no more. Torlonia was, as usual, untiring in his desire to render Rome agreeable to the "forestieri." His different palaces were put in requisition, and selected according to the nature of the proposed festivity; while even the strict rules of mother church could not impede his hospitable designs, but, when the "festa di ballo" was forbid, he took care to provide against English *ennui* by concerts and *tableaux vivants;* and in this, the favourite seat of music and painting, it is needless to say, that the great banker was able to command such an array of talent as ensured the success of those entertainments. But we must not forget another of his advantages, and one that has contributed so largely to his popularity—namely, the possession of the most beautiful wife in Rome. What man has ever gazed on that pale and beauteous brow—that classical-shaped head, and those sweet features and soft Italian eyes, without an aching of the heart as hard to restrain as to account for; and yet, there is something so pure in the graceful simplicity of her manner, that our admiration is always mingled with the respect which we so willingly pay to this beautiful daughter of the noble house of Colonna.

Why has not England an ambassador at Rome? It will not do to refer any longer for an answer to the old statutes of premunire. The relief act of 1829 has rendered a change of policy imperative in our dealings with the court of Rome; and, regarded in any point of view, this continued adherence to antiquated rules

and by-gone diplomacy, is as unwise as it is inconsistent. Prussia and Hanover are states not less Protestant than our own, yet these, in common with all the other powers of Europe, have their ministers in Rome. While we recognise the pope as a temporal sovereign, it seems hard to explain our maintaining this isolated position towards the papal court in our diplomatic relations. Certain it is, however, that the political importance of the question, connected as it is with the future government of our large and increasing Roman Catholic population, must be considered at no distant day; meantime, our not having a minister at Rome only renders the splendid hospitality of the Austrian and French ambassadors towards the English visitors the more honorable and striking. Of all societies in Europe, that of Rome is the most difficult to understand correctly: its manners and habits differ from those of all the other great European capitals, for its sovereign is a priest, its rulers priests, its princes and "senators" cyphers! Go where we will, this strange order, or, rather, disorder of things, forces itself upon our observation. Of the inhabitants of Rome, the priests and religious orders number not less than nine thousand; and it is only justice to say, they are not only the most powerful but most active part of the population. Everything is done by them, through them, and for them. They occupy all the avenues of the state,* and fill all the offices of power and emolument. The departments of justice and police, of finances, and even war! are presided over by ecclesiastics, or monsignori; and under their

* The reader will remember, this was written during the late pontificate.

direction all things are made subservient to the one grand object, the maintenance and extension of the papal supremacy, and the aggrandisement of their own order. "To-day," said one of the popes, "we have made religion with money, to-morrow we will make money by religion;" and every one who has lived at Rome, and studied the Roman system of government, will acknowledge how ably this happy idea has been carried out by his succession of faithful ministers. The good of the people is a secondary object. As long as the price of bread is kept within the reach of their *bajocci*, and their minds are kept occupied with a varying round of religious ceremonies, all the functions of government are fulfilled. Should any grumbling Carbonare require more, his voice is soon silenced by banishment, or the dungeons of St. Angelo. I have said that it is difficult to rightly comprehend the true state of Roman manners, for it would require the residence of years to penetrate the veil of mystery and outward decorum which guards the domestic life of the Romans. It is only upon occasions such as the last week of the carnival, that they permit themselves, or rather are permitted, to give way to their natural impulses; and certainly, from what the stranger then sees, he may well doubt that such vivacious beings assume voluntarily so much outward reserve and decorum during the rest of the year. "Nella corte di Roma quello che mostra di saper tutto sa griente ma chi finge di saper nulla sa il tutto."—"In the court of Rome, he who pretends to know everything, knows nothing, and he who pretends to know nothing, knows everything." This Italian saying will, I suspect, be found to embody the spirit that actuates Roman society, at the same time that it should make us cau-

tious in crediting all the idle stories that circulate so freely, particularly amongst the English at Rome. The carnival, and all its fêtes and follies, had past away. Rome had put on for some time its usual aspect of ascetic dignity—the long days of Lent were dragging away—Cerito had vanished—the Argentino was closed—the Romans had relapsed again into all their listlessness and apathy, till at length the great epoch of the year at Rome, "la Santa Settimana"—the holy week, or "Carnival of the Priests," as passion-week has been called—drew nigh, and filled all Rome, but, most of all, our wonder-loving countrymen, with the hope of some excitement; but, alas! neither E—— nor myself felt much in the mood for such sights, however grand and imposing in themselves. To those who cannot regard them with a religious feeling, they must, after all, remain mere sights and spectacles; and our hearts were too much touched by sorrow to allow us to share in the pleasure anticipated by all our acquaintance, as they impatiently waited for the advent of these great ceremonies. Our poor little A——, a tender flower, upon which all our care has been lavished in vain, had drooped and died.

E——'s health had suffered much from sorrow and anxiety, and the air of Rome seemed to disagree with her; still, as this was the second spring I had found myself in the "Eternal City," I confess I did feel somewhat reluctant in quitting it without witnessing those far-famed ceremonies. Albano, we were told, offered all that could be desired from change of air, and its great hotel ample accommodation. But I found less difficulty in disposing of our apartments in the Corso, than in persuading E—— to protract our residence in the neighbourhood of Rome. There are times when an unac-

countable yearning for home, that strange "*mal de pays*," takes possession of the heart, and will brook no obstacle or delay; but there is no time when this feeling is so powerfully awakened as when, in a strange land, domestic sorrow has invaded our temporary home, and death has deprived us of some of those dear objects whose presence around us had served to make us forget our native country. Thus it was with E——; all her desires (with which, indeed, my own were in unison) now tended northwards, and she liked not, therefore, the proposition of removing, in the contrary direction, even the short distance between Rome and Albano. However, not to oppose herself to my wishes, she consented, and with governess, children, and all, we were speedily provided for in the immense palace-like *locanda* of Albano. I confess, I had little less reason than Sterne for his journey to France, to justify my pertinacity in not quitting Rome or its neighbourhood—he was mortified at not being able to reply to the remark that "they managed things better in France," made to him by one who had travelled as far as Calais, and I dreaded, having wandered about so long in the Italian peninsula, to be asked what I thought of "washing the feet in St. Peter's," or "the benediction of the people in Piazza by the Pope?" and to be obliged to reply that I had never witnessed these ceremonies. But how many journeys, since the days of Sterne, have been both postponed and undertaken for no better reason.

Our short residence, however, at Albano, afforded us an opportunity of enjoying some very agreeable excursions to the different interesting scenes about the Alban lake, the site of ancient Alba Longa, and the temple of Latian Jove, the memorable "Mount of Triumph," in the days of the Roman Republic. Those pleasant rides did much

to restore E——'s health and spirits; still, as I found her so strongly desirous of moving towards England, I assented to the plan of passing a month or two at Florence, till the passes of the Alps would allow of our crossing them; E——, in return, promised that there should be no objection to my returning to Rome for "the Holy Week." We travelled *en voiturin*, and were fortunate in securing an excellent fellow for our vetturino, with four of those wonderful black Roman horses I have already described. Never did a better or more light-hearted fellow than Diamonte Pacifico crack a whip or carol an aria along the highways of Italy. We chose the Strada di Perugia, the longest route, by far the most preferable; Diamonte left it to us to choose, and when we had done so said he was "*molto contento*," for that he had his wife at Foligno, "il suo paese." The recollection of this circumstance did not seem to disturb him much, however, for the fellow seemed only too well known to all the *belle ragazze* along the road; even my little L—— could not help falling in love with him, as he presented her with flowers, and even one morning with a beautiful linnet in a little cage, lest she should be wearied, *annojata*, as he said, with the tedium of the journey, as children are apt to be. There was a gentle thoughtfulness in all this, rarely found in the lower orders of any other country but Italy.

I have already described this beautiful road, but I rejoiced in the opportunity of again beholding the memorable lake of Thrasymene, and of visiting, in company with E——, the magnificent cascade of Terni. As we approached Florence we experienced a considerable change in the temperature; indeed, considering that it was towards the close of the month of March,

the reader will be surprised to hear that in sunny Italy we were detained the last stage of our journey by a heavy fall of snow; but this is often the most severe and trying period of the year in Italy, and particularly in those parts of it which are situated near the Apennines. It grew milder, however, as we descended (on the morning of the sixth day from our leaving Rome) from the mountains in the neighbourhood of Florence, into the beautiful valley of the Arno. How beautiful the graceful olive trees looked, bending beneath the weight of snow that lay upon them.

Passing in quick succession the innumerable villas which on all sides surround Florence, we at length entered the Porta Romana, and rolled along once more over the flagged streets of "Firenze la bella," and settled in our hotel. In the evening we had a visit from our good friend Pacifico, with whom we parted, mutually pleased—he with his "buono mano," we with his good conduct; so much so, indeed, that it was arranged that at the end of a month he should take us on to Milan. I know not how it was, but after the solemn grandeur of old Rome, Florence, and all it contained, looked insignificant and common-place; so that after taking apartments in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, I found it impossible to reconcile myself to remaining there, while so many of the Florentines themselves were hurrying off to the "Eternal City," for "the Holy Week."

In this mood I was reading, one evening, in Sir Humphrey Davy's "Consolations in Travel," a beautiful description of a moonlight scene in the Colosseum, which so revived my desire for a farewell visit to the scenes that had given me so much pleasure, that no longer able to constrain my wishes, I

threw myself into the *mal poste*, and found myself once more entering the Piazza del Popolo, within a fortnight of our leaving it. I was in time for all the ceremonies; but Rome was crowded to excess—I could scarcely get a nook anywhere, till, at length, a friend of mine was induced to yield me one of his rooms at the Hotel Angleterre. And remembering the old adage, that when at Rome, one must do as the Romans, I found myself like the rest of the world, running from church to church, soliciting orders for the "funzione," pushing through crowds at the risk of my life; and, in short, making myself as great a fool as any of the most insatiable sight-seers. But was I repaid for all this exertion? demands, perhaps, some matter-of-fact reader—hardly: for, if we except the benediction scene in the Piazza San Pietro, and the illuminations of St. Peter's itself, there is little in all these boasted ceremonies to repay the stranger for the pain and fatigue it will cost him to see them.

Many of them are only saved from absolute contempt by the glorious building in which these ceremonies are celebrated. I have excepted, however, from these remarks, the benediction of the people by the pope, on Easter Sunday, and the illumination of St. Peter's; these, indeed, are grand sights, and, perhaps, in themselves, worth a longer journey than I took to witness them. There is something of the soul of the old Roman in the aspiring pride with which the pope, regardless of all the changes in the world, still stretches forth his arms over the prostrate multitude, from the balcony of St. Peter's, as in the days of the great Gregory—something grand, even in the obstinacy with which he refuses to contract the limits of his spiri-

tual empire, and utters his benediction in the proud words of the ancient formula—"Urbi et Orbi;" and amidst the salvoes of artillery, from the Castle of St. Angelo, scatters, in assertion of his power, (although, it is true, with a very sparing hand) indulgences, to be scrambled for by the eager crowds that throng the steps of St. Peter's. But what is the moral effect of this most imposing ceremonial on the mind of the Roman people? One has not to go far to answer the question. More than once I heard the fierce imprecation, and saw the knife grasped in anger, by those who had so lately prostrated themselves in the dust, to receive the benediction of his "holiness," as they struggled and disputed about the worthless slips of paper—not that they have any great veneration for them, or desire to appropriate their virtue to themselves—but it is said, for the purpose of selling them again to some of the curiosity-collecting forestieri, who willingly pay large sums to obtain them.

The illumination of St. Peter's, and the magnificent fireworks at the Castle of St. Angelo, which terminated the proceedings of the holy week, exceed, in magnificence and effect, all I could have anticipated. It is, indeed, when we have beheld, from Monte Pincio, that majestic dome, towering in a blaze of light towards the star-lit skies, that we can fully estimate the aspiring design and glorious genius of Michael Angelo. The night was serene, the air soft and balmy, and for hours, in company with some friends, I promenaded the gardens, regarding the great cathedral, till its illuminated cross, like the stars with which it mingled, and thousand lamps began "to pale their ineffectual fires" before the approach of morning. Day had scarcely

dawned, when every street in Rome resounded with notes of departure; travelling-couriers thronged the way, and carriers and postilions were seen running about in all directions; vetturini were busy packing their great unwieldy vehicles; the offices of the *mal poste* and *diligences* were besieged by impatient crowds, till, at length, as if with one common impulse, all the strangers of Rome were seen rushing from its gates, as if the city had become suddenly infected with the plague. I remained in Rome a day or two after the great crowd had departed. I felt that, in all probability, it was the last time I should ever tread its memorable streets; and I know not how it was, but I could not think of this, or bring myself to quit it without a lingering feeling of regret. In the few imperfect notes of our residence in the "Eternal City," I have excluded much that made it interesting to me, as being personal. Every day we live in Rome, it wins more and more upon the imagination, and at length upon the heart. We forget the bustling every-day world elsewhere, and, unmindful of the present and almost of the future, seem only to live in recalling the past. Our residence in Rome is ever afterwards the great, because the intellectual, epoch of our lives; for it is impossible, if endowed with even ordinary powers of reflection, for it not to give a colour and a tone to our future meditations. It was in the afternoon of the last day I spent in Rome, that, taking the way of "the Repette," and the course of the Tiber, I strolled along, musing and meditating on this great city, which, yielding to the common usage, rather than as giving any credit to the vain and boastful prediction on which it is based, I have called "Eternal,"—what will be its fate? "O altera Reina

che fato preserva le tue bellezze dalle lunghe injurie del Tempo?" exclaims the eloquent Verri; and, certainly, considering all the mutations of time, the existence and present condition of Rome, and the pretensions that, in spite of all its hoary decadence, it still puts forward to universal dominion, is the grandest and most portentous circumstance in the present condition of the world—considered in any point of view, whether we regard the religious or political movement which is now agitating almost every country in Europe, and the increasing activity of the Romish Propaganda, of that power which wields "a sword, whose hilt is at Rome, and its point everywhere."

Will this movement be successful? Will pilgrims, from all nations of the world, again throng the courts of St. Peter's, in unhesitating belief in her infallibility; and turn again to the pretended successor of the Fisherman and his Council of Cardinals, as the only sure guide in matters of faith, and the mighty concernment of man's salvation? Who can answer this deep—this momentous question?—None but God, and those to whom he has given power to read his oracles—those who, in watchfulness and prayer, wait for the coming of their Lord; and who, for their comfort, take heed to prophecy, as "a light that shineth in a dark place"—those faithful servants need not be dismayed, though the powers of heaven be shaken—what will be the fate of Rome?

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> And while Rome stands, the world ——"

So runs the ancient tradition; but it is not for man to pry into futurity—let him rather "watch and pray, and walk humbly with his God."

I had passed the Bridge of St. Angelo, and passed the Ponte Rolto, and now, near the house Cola di Rienzi, stood contemplating the yellow Tiber, as it flowed by me, concealing, under its sluggish course, the accumulated ruin of ages. Yes; it was here that, forgetful of the ruin and degradation of all around him, and of the long centuries of slavery that had fallen on his country, that the last of the Tribunes—the "Spirito Gentil," as he is called in one of Petrarch's most beautiful sonnets, indulged in the vain dream of Roman regeneration. I felt sad, and became sadder as I continued, from time to time, to meet travelling carriages, crowded with strangers whose presence had enlivened Rome during the winter, now hurrying away from her gates, as if leaving her to that solitude which best becomes the "lone mother of dead empire."

I recalled the pleasant parties I had joined in visiting the churches, the palaces, and ruins—the pleasant walks in the villas—the rides in the Campagna—the excursions to Tivoli and Frescati—and those happy social evenings, where the wanderings of the day and of the morrow formed the most interesting topics of conversation. In Rome, one hears, even amongst the English, but little scandal or vulgar gossip. It would appear as if even the most frivolous minds became restrained, if not elevated, by the solemn grandeur of the objects around them. I was myself to depart on the following morning, but still I had something to do in Rome—one of those duties to perform which causes mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. I desired, once more, and probably for the last time, to behold the grave of our little Alice, and see what progress the roses had made which we had ordered to be planted near her tomb. These things are vain and trifling to the wise men of the

world; but they are sweet and cherished unto those who mourn. If I could have forgotten that lonely and distant quarter of the dead, where sleep so many of our countrymen, who have in vain left their native land and sought for health in this sunny clime, I would have been recalled to it by a present I received the day after my arrival from Florence: it was a beautiful and faithful sketch of this most interesting of all cemeteries in Europe, in which the plain and humble tomb of our little girl was made the principal object. It was intended for E——; and need I say that it was a woman's heart that suggested that thoughtful offering of friendship? Full of joy and peace may thy heart be, kind and gentle girl! nor may it ever be thine to know the sorrow thy tender friendship tried to soften. Taking the well-known way to this distant quarter of the city, I at length reached the sacred enclosure, and calling the custode, and telling him my object, I was at once admitted within the gate. Few of our countrymen can walk there unmoved, amidst so many memorials of blighted hopes, and unavailing sorrows.

"Rest of the exiled! sacred place,
Beneath the walls of Rome;
Hard by the pyramidic base
Of Cestius' giant tomb—

"How little recked I, when I moved
Thy solemn precincts round,
That ere the form of aught I loved
Should make thine kindred ground—

"How little deemed I, when I read
The few brief records there,
With which affection lauds the dead,
And claims a passing tear—

"That soon the humble name I bear
Should mingle with the great,
And innocence and childhood share
With age a common fate;

"And there, midst cypress gloom attest,
We 'scape not death's cold hand;
But vainly seek for health and rest
E'en in this sunny land.

"Brief was thy short career of life,
Sweet child! thy spirit bright
But dawned upon this world of strife,
Then heavenward winged its flight.

"Oh! may we meet, ne'er, ne'er to part
Within those worlds of bliss,
When, midst the joys that fill the heart,
We forget the woes of this!"

The following morning saw me on my way to Civita Vecchia. Rome, its churches and palaces, its obelisks and majestic ruins, had passed away, perhaps for ever, from my sight; but I still continued to ponder upon them, as we pursued our way over the undulating and woody solitude of the Campagna. Oh! may I hope that my residence in Rome was not without its fruits—that, touched with domestic grief, and musing here amidst the wrecks of vanished empire, I have acquired a more correct appreciation of the great business of life, and of the nothingness of earthly glory—Oh! may I prove this in my life; then will my residence, indeed, prove to have been a blessing—one of those resting-places in mercy afforded to us by our Heavenly Father, to give us time to examine our past career and present condition, that, from the retrospect, we may learn wisdom to guide us for the future. May

such, too, be the experience of any of my readers, who, with this feeble volume in their hands, may find themselves within the walls of the "Eternal City!"

I joined my family at Florence; and having again paid a cursory visit to its well-known places of interest and attraction—the Pitti Palace, the Uffizi, the Duomo, and Santa Croce, with the beautiful chapel of the Medici in San Lorenzo, we at length began to prepare for our long and often-protracted departure from Italy. Diamonte Pacifico arrived, with his great but easy and comfortable vettura, and the four black Roman horses, whose goodness we had already tested—himself as merry and free as ever. Commending ourselves, then, to his guidance, we quitted the pleasant valley of the Arno, for the woody Apennines and the road to Bologna, which I have described already in the course of this volume. Nothing could exceed the honest zéal of our faithful vetturino: he took us to the best inns, and everywhere saw us served with the best fare and accommodation the several towns we passed through could afford. I mention this to his particular honor, as too often his class are found to be the most accomplished rascals—"birboni del primo classe"—which Italy can furnish. Successively we passed through Bologna, Parma, Reggio, &c., till, arrived at Milan, we gave *congé* to Pacifico, who left us with the warmest protestations of devotion and gratitude on his side, and of good will on ours. Next day we steamed over the clear and tranquil waters of the beautiful Lake of Como, and arrived at nightfall at the verge of those mountains, which were soon to separate us, perhaps for ever, from that lovely land, in whose fortunes and condition we had learned to feel so deep and warm an interest. Such, indeed, it may be hoped, is one of the best

effects of foreign travel: it expands the affections of the heart—we no longer confine our sympathies merely to our native country, but, carrying out the precept of the poet—

"All human weal and woe, we learn to make our own."

We were, however, still in Italy—we still heard the soft language of the South, however corruptly spoken; but, on the following day, we crossed that most magnificent of Alpine passes, the Splugen; and then the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, with its clear blue lakes, and green mountain slopes, dotted with châlets, stretched away before us; and soon another, and oh! how different a tongue, saluted our ear in the first inn we arrived at in the country of the Grisons! Little Lizzy, who had made the soft Tuscan her own during our residence in Italy (indeed it was her first language), stood listening with surprise in the courtyard of the inn to the postilions, as they talked to each other in German. "Papa! che bruta linguaccia è questa?" she exclaimed; and the question, and all around us, indeed, proclaimed we were no longer in Italy. The business of life and its duties call me now to other climes; but never can I forget the many happy days I spent in "that sweet, pleasant land"—never cease to feel an interest in her cause, and to look forward to the day when she will again take her place among the nations of the earth, rejoicing in the attainment of that liberty, for which she has so long sighed, and vainly struggled.

"Rettor del cielo Io cheggio
Che la pietà, che ti condusse in terra
Ti volga al tuo diletto alma paese!"—PETRARCH.

"Ruler of Heaven! I ask that the mercy that conducted Thee on earth, may turn Thee to Thy own beloved and benign country."

APPENDIX.

VENICE.

In the "Venetiæ ducum series et Gesta" of Gasparis Contarini, himself a Venetian patrician of high rank, we find Marino Faliero and his tragic fate thus briefly alluded to:—

"A.D. 1354. Marinus Falierus. Hoc duce magna clade accepta ab hostibus et intus periculosissima conjuratione laborata cujus Dux ipse auctor plebis cujusdam indicio proditus securi percussus fuit."

"Marino Faliero, under whom a great victory was obtained over the enemies of the state—at home a most dangerous conspiracy was planned, of which the doge himself was the author: he was betrayed by the evidence of one of the common people, and beheaded."

The Venetian Government.—Much has been written on this interesting subject; but writers have differed widely in settling the exact nature and form of the Venetian government.

It would seem, according to some, to have embodied the fine theory of the British constitution—namely, a blending of the three grand elements of government—

the popular, the aristocratic, and monarchical. In the "Variorum Judicia Republica Venetorum," printed in 1626, the writer quotes this as the opinion of Contarini:—

"Contarinus idem judicandum putat de republica Venetorum quam ipse ex tribus confusam esse scribit est, inquit, in duce regia quodammodo potestas, in senatu aristocratia, in consilio maximo democratia."

Contarini thinks that we must thus consider the Venetian state, which he describes as a mixture of the three different forms of government. "There is," he says, "in the doge, the representation in a measure of the regal form, in the senate, the aristocratical, and in the great council, the democratical." But, however fine and specious all this would appear, we know too well that the government of Venice was an oligarchy, the most jealous, selfish, and tyrannical that the world ever witnessed.

THE END.

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NAPLES.

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